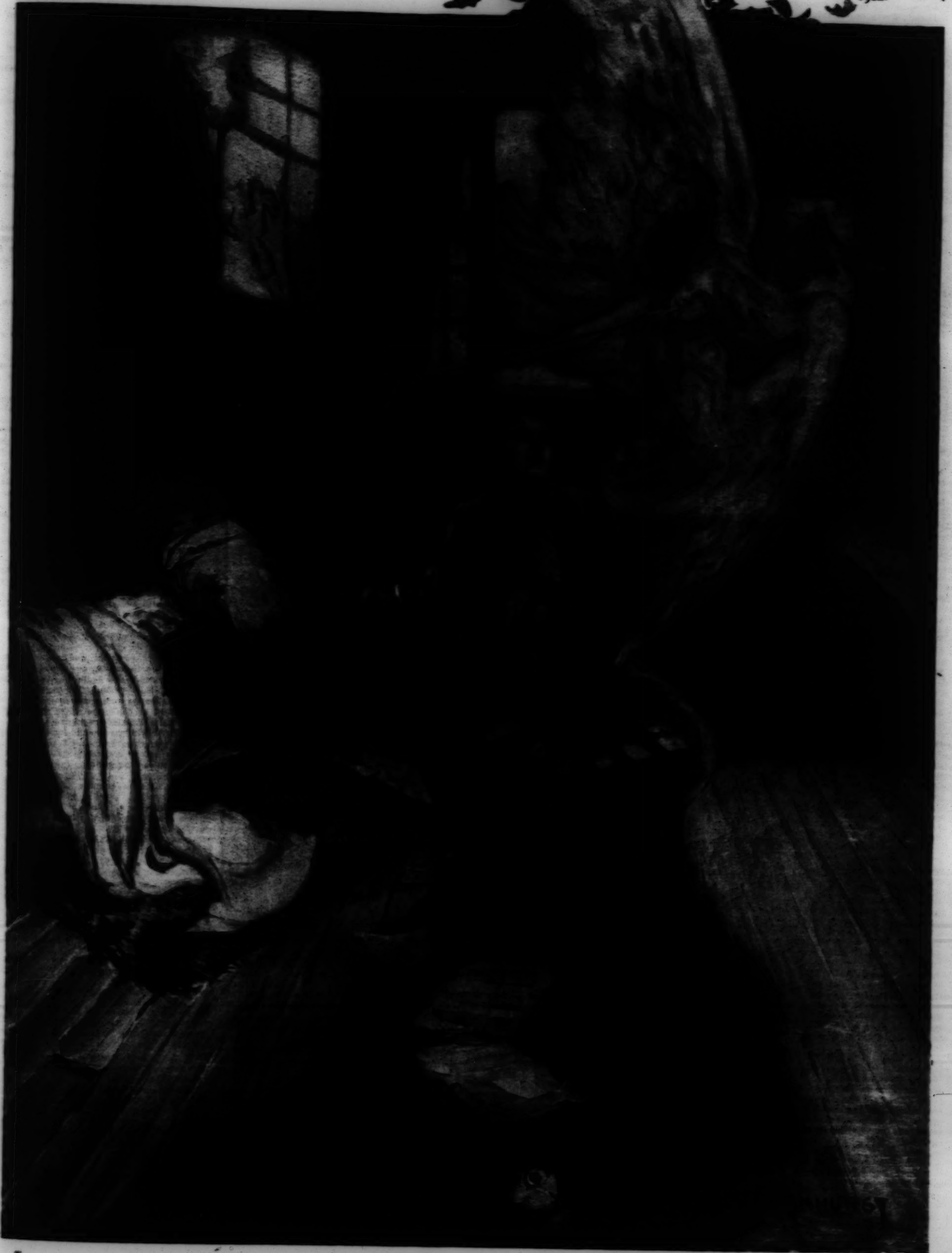


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## YARLEY OF YALE.

(A Playlet.)

PERSONS:

MR. CECIL BRUCE, a matinee actor.

MR. GARRETT, his landlord.

JAMES, a co-operative valet.

YARLEY, a mysterious visitor.

SCENE: Mr. Bruce's apartment in Paradise Flat. Fells and boxing-gloves on the wall. Photographs, pipes and books on mantel. Couch piled with pillows of evident feminine manufacture. Piano open with songs on the music rack. A bonjo is also in evidence. A table spread for breakfast is drawn close to the hearth, where logs are burning. Flowers in vase upon it. Newspapers, telegrams, letters and cards on a silver tray. Glimpse of bedroom off right. Sounds of splashing water from the bathroom. JAMES enters with more letters, and places them on table, reading the addresses and nodding knowingly.

JAMES: Every one of them from wimmin! An' they do be sayin' that he's a married man! The wains be pruned! (Rolls up his eyes and rubs his arms depressingly.) Ah—but he's the devil among the girls!

Enter CECIL. He wears a rose breasted dressing gown corded about the waist. Red morocco slippers. Holds a good-morning to JAMES, casts himself by table and begins to go through the letters nonchalantly. Sees bored. Opens one envelope after the other, glances at contents and sighs.

CECIL: Invitations—bills. Bills—invitations! One about as monotonous as the other! James—my coffee!

JAMES: Yessur. (Exit.)

CECIL picks up the first telegram, opens it and reads it. His manner changes to one of extreme excitement. Whistles, laughs loudly, and slaps his knee delightedly as he reads aloud:

"Coming unexpectedly to town on the 2.30 express. Will drive direct to your hotel. Have luncheon ready at 2. Tick."

(Delightfully.) Good! (Rings bell violently.) James! James! James! I say!

JAMES enters with coffee service on tray and proceeds to serve.

CECIL: James, I wish you to fix up these rooms in a hurry—by two o'clock! Can you do it? Dust everything! Freshen linen covers! Flush up the pillows. Open the windows and let out the smoky air—see? And James?

JAMES: Yessur.

CECIL: Go around to the florist's and get all the roses he has in the place. Put them round in the vases and bowls. And there's luncheon to be ordered, too.

JAMES: Will you lunch at home, sir?

CECIL (laughing): Will I lunch at home? Will I—Oh, James—James! What do you think I am preparing for? A funeral? I am to have a guest—James—a guest!

JAMES: A guest is it, sir?

CECIL: A lady—James—a lady! (Laughingly pokes JAMES in the ribs.) A lady!

JAMES (stille—rolling up his eyes aside.) A lady, sir?

CECIL: A lady—and I'll order luncheon sent round from the club, and James—

JAMES: Yessur?

CECIL (Pulling up his collar.) How do I look, James?

JAMES: Very well, sir.

CECIL (scrubbing at JAMES): Think I'll do, eh?

JAMES (confusedly): Oh, yes sir; yessur. But—

CECIL: Now, run along, James—run along.

JAMES: Beg pardon, sir; but—

CECIL: Run along now. (Looks at his watch.) We haven't a minute to spare! Get the flowers—

—at the florist's.

He dismisses JAMES out while the man endeavours to comply. Calls after him:

CECIL: Get a big bunch of violets!

JAMES (in the distance): Yessur.

CECIL: And a white flower for me—a—gar-

denia.

JAMES (still more feebly): Yessur.

CECIL: And now for the luncheon! Let me think what I'll like. It's so long since we've dined together! But women always like the same things! Very sweet or very sour! Sandwiches tied with ribbon. Cakes with lace paper frills. Chops with rouille on 'em! (Rings the telephone bell.) Hello! Hello! I say there! Good-morning! Oh, very well, thank you! Ha ha! So you liked the play. Oh, thanks, thanks! Just let me have 15-0-3 Madison, please! Night—O—two—yes!

(Wells, humming nervously): Is this the Grillers? I say is this the Grillers? Just ask the head waiter to step to the 'phone? Mr. Bruce—yes! Is this Philippe? Huh—huh? I want some luncheon in a hurry sent here for two thirty? How many? Why two, of course. Just two! Something very fine—salutary, impressionistic—that will please a lady! What's that? A lady—L-A-D-Y—understand? Ha—ha—ha—ha! Yes—that will do nicely—not too well done! Yes. And a partridge? Yes—Yes? And cakes, Philippe—with bow knots—pink bow knots—And some champagne! Cold—very cold! Sweet—very sweet—I! Special? Well, I should say it is special! Ha—ha—ha! Good-by!

(He goes about arranging things. Takes off his coat and begins to dust in burlesque fashion. Puts away some of the more daring of the photographs. Looks in the glass. Brushes his hair. Pooce.)

What keeps that man? He'll never get this place fixed. (Goes in bedroom and begins to see things about, whistling. Knock at the door. Waiters enter and begin to arrange luncheon on table. Enter JAMES obscured by doors of flowers. Messenger boy carrying others. Great confusion and excitement. CECIL begins to open leaves and place flowers about. Waiters call with boy.)

JAMES: Beg pardon, sir?

CECIL: Yes—yes? What is it, James?

JAMES: Beg pardon, sir; but they allow no ladies in the house!

CECIL: What?

JAMES: It's a strictly bachelor flat, sir. That's why they call it Paradise! They won't even let in a washerwoman unless it's a Chinaman!

CECIL: What an outrage!

JAMES: It is, sir—but it's the rule! Mr. Garrett, sir—the owner—lives on the first floor, and he'll discharge any one, hall boy or elevator man, that'll let a woman cross the threshold.

CECIL (takes a bill from pocket. Winks at JAMES): Can't you fix it with them, James?

JAMES: That's been tried too often! They're afraid to lose their job. Mr. Garrett is that strict.

CECIL: Strict! That chap that was in here playing poker the other night. He—strict! Bosh! JAMES: He is, sir! About wimmin! In his own house!

CECIL: By Jove! We must think of some plan. Wait a minute! (He walks up and down tapping his forehead. Goes to bedroom and returns with long rapier coat and Alpine hat. He pushes them in grip, first putting a flower ostentatiously in lapel of the coat. Gets a stick from stand and gives it with the bag to JAMES.)

CECIL (triumphantly): There!

JAMES (confusedly): Where—sir?

CECIL: Take a cab and drive to the Grand Central Station. Meet the train from Boston that gets in at 2.30. Look around for a stunning girl who'll be looking around for me. Brown hair. Little curls over the ears. Dimples. Turn up nose. Here's her photograph! (Shows JAMES a picture from the mantel.) Explain the situation here. Tell her I stayed here to avoid suspicion. Have her put on the hat and coat in the cab. See? Give her this stick. Drive here, and

CECIL: Jolly fellow, Yarley—Yarley, of Yale, we call him!

GARRETT: Ah—yes! Going to have candy, I see.

CECIL: Oh, Yarley is crazy about candy! Lives on chocolates and all that! Thought I'd surprise him!

(Knock at the door—three times—slow and very distinct. JAMES puts his head in cautiously, and says: Hist!)

CECIL (affecting gaiety): Come in, James. Is Mr. Yarley with you?

(JAMES enters, followed by a young woman wearing a long coat and Alpine hat. She carries a cane jauntily. The disguise, although in no way a good one, is chic, and GARRETT endeavours to conceal his smile. CECIL slaps the newcomer on the back, while JAMES stands the picture of guilty dismay.)

CECIL (with forced gaiety): Hello, Yarley, old chap—how are you? Glad to see you. This is my friend Garrett. Garrett, this is my chum—Yarley—Yarley, of Yale!

GARRETT (smiling himself): Oh, if you insist, Bruce, of course.

(CECIL drags despairingly to chair. YARLEY drags opposite simultaneously. Their eyes meet. JAMES begins to open the champagne. Cecil begins to serve. GARRETT evidently enjoys the situation.)

GARRETT (raising his glass, meaningly, looking at YARLEY): Here's to our sweethearts!

CECIL (reversely—looking at the ceiling): And our wives!

YARLEY (reluctantly raising her glass and looking at them both): May they never meet!

(They begin to eat luncheon, JAMES serving in burlesque fright. CECIL catches YARLEY's hand under the table. YARLEY endeavours to signal CECIL with her foot. They get in a hopeless tangle. All laugh hysterically.)

GARRETT: This is the sort of thing—what? Good old bachelors three! That reminds me of a ripping good story! There was a girl with those open work stockings.

(JAMES drops a dish with a crash.)

CECIL: Oh, say—

GARRETT: Listen. There was a girl who wore those—

YARLEY: Oh, break it off! Break it off!

CECIL (laughing): Yes; that's an old one. Garry! Eh?

YARLEY (laughing, slaps, pointing at GARRETT. CECIL joins in the repulse.)

"In the days of old Rome, are you on?"

Are you on!

In the days of old Rome, are you on!

In the days of old Rome, that story had

parade.

Are you on—are you on—are you on!"

GARRETT: Well, you tell us a good story, Mr. Yarley.

(YARLEY rises with one foot on the chair and bends on hip to say after dinner story-telling pose.)

YARLEY: When I was in Cuba.

GARRETT: Yes—yes.

YARLEY: I met a girl there! I tell you she was a looker, and no mistake! A high stepper! I took her out to dinner one night. You know you can't take a girl out to dinner in Cuba as you do here!

GARRETT: Can't, eh?

YARLEY: No; it's deemed improper!

CECIL: Never was in Cuba myself. Were you, Garrett?

GARRETT: Go on with the story.

YARLEY: Well, we had dinner, and this girl—this girl—(begins to laugh helplessly.)

GARRETT: Yes—yes—go on.

YARLEY (laughing immoderately): She—she—she butter on the celery! (She shrieks with laughter, in which CECIL joins.)

CECIL: Butter on the celery! Ha—ha—ha—

—ha! That's the limit! He—ha—ha!

GARRETT: Well, go on!

YARLEY (indignantly): Go on! That's all!

GARRETT: Oh, I say—you're pulling our leg!

(CECIL picks up the bonjo and begins to strum upon it. YARLEY hums an accompaniment. Both seem to realize that GARRETT sees through their plot, and the girl commences to coquet with him under the rim of her hat. CECIL gets uneasy. GARRETT is evidently impressed with the girl's brightness and daring. Aside to CECIL, as she hums she whispers:

YARLEY: Will he never go?

CECIL: Hush! He owns the house.

GARRETT: What's that?

YARLEY: So you live here too, Garrett?

Charming place isn't it? There's no place like home, eh—old chap?

CECIL (with sudden inspiration): I say, Yarley, wouldn't you like to take an auto spin through the Park. Yes?

YARLEY (winking at BRUCE): Good idea. Hurry and get one!

(CECIL puts on a hat, and exits. JAMES fetches clearing the table, and exits also. YARLEY sits at the piano and begins to play softly. The atmosphere has suddenly grown serious. GARRETT leans on the piano, and looks fixedly at the girl, picking up a photograph written over. He holds it up so YARLEY can see it.)

GARRETT: Pretty woman, isn't it? Another of Bruce's victims, I suppose? I tell you these handsome actors are and dogs. Here is Cecil with all the pretty girls in town running after him, while I—

YARLEY: You're running after them, I suppose?

GARRETT: Oh, no; I'm not that sort! I am serious in my love affairs. Bruce isn't faithful to any one but himself!

YARLEY (looking up, playing softly and smiling): You seem to forget that Mr. Bruce is married. Perhaps he loves his wife? That would be funny, wouldn't it?

GARRETT (laughing derisively): His wife! Why, his wife is an actress! I happen to know! She's off on the road ten months of the year. You know what these theatrical people are! He don't think of her when she's out of sight!

YARLEY (still playing softly): How do you know?

GARRETT: How? Why, by the fact that in her absence he gives little luncheons on the quiet—to Yarley, of Yale!

(With a laugh he suddenly takes off her hat. Her hair falls about her shoulders. She stands blushing and confused but smiling.)

GARRETT: Did you fancy that I didn't see through your silly disguise? Ha—ha—ha—ha!

But I'll forgive you—on condition that you give me—

YARLEY (proffering the flower from her coat): A rose—Mr. Garrett?

GARRETT (putting his arm round her): No—a kiss!

(She pushes him away with a little scream as CECIL enters, facing GARRETT, who has suddenly turned toward the door. Seeing the danger of a quarrel she jumps on a chair, gathering her skirts about her trim feet.)

YARLEY: A mouse!

GARRETT (smilingly pointing at YARLEY's over feminine figure on the chair.) Your friend seems to scare easily, Bruce. By the way, introduce me, won't you?

CECIL (realizing that the joke has gone far enough gives the girl his hand and helps her from the chair): Mr. Garrett, allow me. My wife, Mrs. Cecil Bruce!

(GARRETT stands confused. She again proffers the rose. He takes it, bowing over her hand as though in apology. JAMES, who has overheard, stands in the background, his eyes and hands upraised in surprise.)

Curtain.

KATE MANTERSON.



THE STAGE CHILD'S CHRISTMAS DEVICE.

come in with a swagger—hat pulled down over eyes. If they ask anything you answer and say it's my friend Yarley—Yarley—of Yale. Don't get the wrong girl now. Remember the name—Yarley!

JAMES (hesitatingly as though not quite approving.) Yes—sir—yessur. (Exit, admitting waiter with wine in cooler. Waiter exits. There is a knock at the door. Cecil makes a gesture of impatience and stands quietly without answering the continued and impressive knocking. Door suddenly opens, and GARRETT enters and closes it behind him. Confronts CECIL, looks at table, flowers, etc. Smiles.)

GARRETT: Ah—Bruce—not deaf, I hope?

CECIL (nervously, confused): No—no—that is—

I—have a drink—I mean a chair—a cigar—

lovely day, isn't it—oh, confound it, sit down!

GARRETT (coolly): Hope I am not intruding. Expecting some one, I see.

CECIL: Yes—no—that is—a friend of mine is coming in for a bit of lunch with me. I've got a little surprise for him!

GARRETT (looking at the flowers): I see!

CECIL (with affected ease.): Capital chap he is, too! A Yale man!

(GARRETT lifts the bunch of violets from the side of plate and smells them. Looks at the wine, then at CECIL.)

(CECIL nudges YARLEY, who immediately sees how matters stand. She does not appear to realize that her disguise is easily penetrable. With perfect self-possession she approaches GARRETT with a dainty stride and shakes his hand pomp handle fashion to the air.)

YARLEY (with pronounced English accent): Awfully glad to meet you, Garrett! My word, Cecil, but you're snug here! (Goes about with a pronounced football stride examining the bric-a-brac.)

GARRETT: Take the gentleman's hat and coat, James.

YARLEY (obediently with upraised hand): Thanks, no—old man! Always wear my hat and coat in the house. It's fad of mine, isn't it, Cecil?

CECIL: Yes—always wears his hat and coat! Used to at school! (Aside to GARRETT.) Eccentric—little beggar!

YARLEY (looking at luncheon): Got a beastly jolly feed here, I see, old man.

CECIL (nervously): Garrett, it was good of you to run up! Come again! (Tries to edge GARRETT toward the door.)

GARRETT: Oh, don't mention it! I'm in no hurry! Don't mind joining you if you should ask me.

CECIL: Oh, wouldn't think of it! (Aside to him): Glad to have you, but Yarley is shy as a bird!



# MISDIRECTED THOUGHT WAVES A PROBLEM PSYCHIC F

in this announcement, and Dinah read it over slowly and more than once before she observed two lines, in small capitals, forming a second announcement under the first:

TO-NIGHT, AT 8 O'CLOCK, WILL BE GIVEN A LECTURE ON HYPNOTISM BY THE WORLD-RENOUNDED PROFESSOR MORGAN.

Had each of the words been one of the fabled snakes forming the coiffure of the Medusa, the effect on Dinah could not have been more startling or more terrible. Every drop of blood in her body seemed to rush back on her heart, leaving her lividly pale; her breathing stopped and a cold dew like the damp of death came out on her brow and temples and on the palms of her gloved hands.

The next instant the blood rushed violently to her head and a broken sob struggled through her parched lips. Her eyelids trembled and unclosed, and her gaze fixed itself on the words that had so affected her. She read them again, then turning away walked forward, but not with the light step of a few minutes before—she tottered as if suddenly grown old and infirm. With the movement of an automaton she joined the people going into the hall, and paying the entrance fee because she saw others do so, she walked down the aisle to a seat. If she had any intention it was to be lost in the crowd—to drop somewhere, unseen, till the capacity for thought returned to her—if it would ever return—if her brain could ever recover from the crushing blow that had fallen upon it. Poor Dinah was ever in extremes of joy or misery—the present moment was always eternal.

The hall was dimly lighted, and by contrast with the outer world it seemed almost dark; but when the slow stream of people ceased coming in the lights shot into sudden brilliance, and a tall, thin man glided onto the platform. He had long hair, dark eyes, and a forlorn expression generally, except for a humorous look that sometimes twitched the corners of his mouth. This was Professor Hopkinson, and the audience received him with friendly applause. All eyes were turned on him; and Dinah, notwithstanding her extraordinary beauty, remained unnoticed. Professor Hopkinson began to speak, and the audience—except Dinah—leaned forward and listened with interest. His voice was pleasant and his enunciation clear and distinct; and his remarks occasionally received the compliment of a faint ripple of laughter accompanied by not too loud applause. Dinah did not hear one word, or if she did it was in a manner to illustrate the action of the subliminal consciousness, which the lecturer was then describing; but suddenly her senses became alert and she, too, leaned forward, listening with painful intention.

"And that is the secret of the old tales of witchcraft, when one who would rid himself of an enemy set up a waxen figure of the doomed person and prayed his life away—it was the thought that killed, for thoughts are things. There was no need of a waxen image except as a means of concentration. The murderous thought was and is the two-edged weapon if we accept as true this mystery in thought-waves. To wish is to have, to desire with the whole mind and heart is the direct means to accomplishment, and that is why—"

Dinah leaned back in her chair, and to her the speaker's voice trailed off into nothingness. The Professor at times became facetious as he went on, and his mild efforts at humor were now and then rewarded by laughter; but Dinah heard no more. The seed of a terrible thought had dropped into her mind, and there it germinated, growing so rapidly that already she saw the deadly fruit it was to bear. The horror of it crept about her throat like a cold chill, and seemed to stir the roots of her hair, but she could not drive it away. Could not? She would not—she did not even try.

By and by there was a final ripple of applause, and a general stir among the audience, and rising with the rest Dinah felt herself carried along with the moving throng till she was again out on the avenue. But by this time her scattered faculties had gathered themselves together and she was conscious of a fixed intention, and directing her steps homeward she walked rapidly till she stood at the door of her dwelling-place. It was an unpretentious, old-fashioned brick house on a side street, and though she owned it Dinah's home occupied the first floor only—the rest of it being rented for varying amounts that formed her small and precarious income. She had pulled the bell with such violence that her servant was breathless with haste, and the mistress was half-way along the wide hall before Phillis had recovered breath enough to express her feelings.

"Bress de Lawd, Marse Dick, how you's scart me! It's mos' dark an' Marse Dick comin' too! Oh, Miss Dinah, what's happened to you—has you seen a ghost, honey?"

"Yes—bring me some hot coffee, Phillis."

She followed the old mammy, who had hastened to open the door of a small sitting-room—her boudoir, the girl called it—at the further end of the hall. It was a pretty room, dimly lighted by a lamp the flame of which was only half turned up, and further softened by a pink silk shade that made the light very soft and soothing. A bright fire of aromatic wood burned in the open grate, for the evenings were still cold, and Phillis never forgot that her young mistress had been born and reared among the roses and orange trees of the sunny South.

At other times such warmth and softened brightness would have been very grateful to Dinah, but now she did not feel it; and seeing that Phillis stood looking at her, in evident trouble that would presently break out into more exclamations, she repeated her last words in a tone that Phillis hastened to obey—from habit, probably, for Dinah's commands when most imperative seldom inspired terror. Phillis was the only living creature that had ever been overawed by "Marse Dick," and when she now returned with the coffee it was with evident trepidation that she drew the attention of her young mistress to a couple of tiny birds on toast, assuring her they were the first of the season, and not too dear, either, because the poultry man favored her.

"No, Phillis, I can't eat—the coffee only, just now—by and by, perhaps, because of course I must eat—oh, how I wish I were dead or had never been born!"

She gulped down the coffee, though it burned her, and then sank into the comfortable low chair which Phillis had drawn up in front of the fire.

"And now leave me alone, mammy dear. By and by, when it's all over, I'll tell you about it. When Mr. Fitzgerald comes you are to say that I can't see him to-night—"

"Can't see Marse Dick! An' he comin' here after a journey! Why, honey, he hasn't laid um eyes on ye foh a week!"

"Phillis, don't interrupt me, and do as I have said. You will tell Mr. Fitzgerald that I cannot see him to-night—say I am not well—tell him to come to-morrow—oh, anything you like, but I must be alone now! Then when he has gone away, mammy, come and put me to bed."

Phillis carefully righted the small silver tray that had nearly slipped out of her hand, placing the empty coffee-cup in its saucer; replaced the cover she had removed from the tempting little birds; and finding it impossible by such devices further to prolong her stay, at last, with a heavy heart, turned away and with slow and ominous shaking of her turbaned head returned to her kitchen.

"Not a quail," she muttered to her dishes and saucepans. "Can't be a quail, cos she hasn't seen um yet! Can't be a lettah, cos she was happy as a hummin'-bird when she went out—oh! Lawd-a-massy, what has come to Marse Dick?"

Phillis was still turning over that question in every form suggested by a lurid imagination when she was a second time startled by an imperious summons of the door-bell. As she hastened to answer it she saw that the door of Dinah's room still stood open, and the hurried glance she cast within told her that her young mistress sat just where she had left her—except that her face was turned to the door. The warmth of the fire, or some more potent fire within, had sent a color like the blood of roses to her cheeks and lips and a glowing radiance to her eyes. She heard her lover's eager voice, in answer to the hurried greeting of the old mammy, and she half rose as if to go to him—then sank back, choking down the sob that rose to her lips.

"You can't come in, Marse Dick! You can't see her—she's not well," panted Phillis, stammering wildly in the effort to be convincing. "She can't see you—an' she won't—an' she must be alone!"

"Can't see me? Won't—and not well!" The perplexed, disappointed tone was like a blow to Dinah, and she put up her little quivering hands to shut out the sound. "You don't know what you are talking about, Phillis! If Miss Dinah is not well, that is all the more reason why I ought to see her—go at once and tell her so."

He made a step forward as if to enter the drawing-room, but the ample form of Phillis barred the way.

"No, Marse Dick—please—'twould be more'n my life's woth—Marse Dick neber forgive me 'f you don't go 'way now, honey. 'Deed, Marse Dick, I tells you true—sump'un awful's come to Marse Dick—she 'as that white when she come home to-night—white's yo' collah, Marse Dick, an' she say she's done see a ghost—an' she look so scart, Marse Dick, worse'n you do now."

Fitzgerald looked frightened, and when he spoke again the tremor in his voice sent a pang to Dinah's heart. She longed with all her soul to rush out and comfort him, but she wrung her hands together and sat immovable—listening.

"But this is dreadful, Phillis; and don't you see that you are driving me mad with all this mystery? If your mistress is in any trouble I should be the first to know of it. I only ask you to tell her this—"

"But I can't, Marse Dick, to-night—I jest can't—it's more'n my life's woth, an' wat do I

care foh ma life? Dis po' niggah on'y jest live foh Miss Dinah! But come agen in de mawnin', Marse Dick—Marse Dick say come in de mawnin'—mebbe it be bettah—"

"Why didn't you say so before? To-morrow—very well! I shall come early in the morning. Phillis—tell your mistress, and oh! Take care of her—but I know you will—"

"Fo' de Lawd, Marse Dick, you know I'd die any minit to make Miss Dinah well or happy"—and having at length got Dick on the outside of the door, Phillis made haste to close it against him, making it secure with the chain and drawing the bolt. She had not forgotten that she might have to open it again at any minute for some one of her lodgers, but these precautionary measures helped to strengthen her resolution against further entreaties on the part of Fitzgerald. Her devoted old heart ached with sympathy, and she knew that even her awe of Miss Dinah would not save her if the interview with Marse Dick had been prolonged another minute. With a long sigh of relief she hastened to her mistress, whom she found in silent, pitiful grief.

"How could you keep on refusing him, mammy? You have no heart."

"Jes' what I thinks mysef, Miss Dinah—on'y I reckon they's two ob us made dat s'way, honey!"

"He loves me so, Phillis."

"Umph! Bechon dat's no such won'erful thing! Does yer want to be put to bed now, Miss Dinah?"

"Yes, mammy dear—I'm so tired, and so—oh! Don't talk to me, Phillis! Just get me ready for bed."

Phillis closed the door, and then brought from the adjoining room a long, loose robe, and brushes and combs. It was the hour of all the twenty-four that she most enjoyed. She turned up the flame of the lamp and the increased light added to the brightness and warmth of the room; then, having exchanged the girl's walking dress for the loose kimono, she placed the easy chair where Dinah could see herself reflected in the pier-glass on the opposite side of the room. But it is doubtful if she even saw the ravishing vision it reflected. Dinah was so beautiful and had so long been aware of it that she accepted the fact like any other fact of existence. She was not elegant and she was not vain; and beauty, as an element of power, was unknown to her. She loved it and rejoiced in it as she did in flowers, in sunshine, in music; and when she became aware of it in herself—as she did very often—it was in the same impersonal manner. This gave her a rare and unusual charm, and doubled the effect of her beauty on the observant beholder. But to-night she was unconscious of her outward self in every way. A burning pain was consuming her heart, and a cold horror was again chilling her veins—a horror so overwhelming that it benumbed the pain. Phillis withdrew the pins from Dinah's hair, and the rippling mass of ruddy gold fell about a neck and shoulders as soft and snowy as the petals of a white rose. She put up her hands and pushed it impatiently from her face, and the wide sleeves falling back showed arms as polished as alabaster, and every feature in the face had its own superlative loveliness. The ayiph-like grace of the figure, hiding in the flowing drapery of the kimono; the feet, dainty as Cinderella's, playing hide-and-seek in the loose Turkish slippers—the old mammy heaved a sigh that all this beauty should be wasted, even its possessor not deigning to look at it; and then she caught up the ivory-backed brushes and began gently, steadily, to use them on the glittering, perfumed tresses. Minute after minute passed in silence—ten, twenty, a half hour, three-quarters—then, glancing into the mirror, Phillis saw that tears were dropping from the beautiful eyes of "Marse Dick," faster and faster; and long restrained sobs were shaking the slender shoulders. The poor old mammy uttered an inarticulate cry, and casting aside the brushes flung herself down at Dinah's feet and gathered her nursing into her dusky arms.

"Fo' de Lawd, honey, my pore ole heart is bruk to see you so sad and sorry—can't ye tell me, Miss Dinah? Can't ye tell ole mammy what hurts ye so?"

"Phillis," said Dinah, holding the dusky face between her own slender little hands, "you know how he loves me—you know how I love him—oh! It is wrong to part us—nothing ought to come between us—it would not be right."

"Foh suah, honey—dat couldn't be right."

"If something you loved, Phillis—something you loved best in the world—"

she stopped with a catch of the breath.

"I loves you best, honey," whispered Phillis.

"Then if something hideous—a poisonous thing, a crawling snake, was to come between you and me, Phillis—to take me from you forever—"

"Huh! Where, Miss Dinah? Where, honey? Let me kill it!"

"You would kill it, mammy? It wouldn't be wrong?"

Phillis was a quadroon in color, and now as the blood receded from her face it became of

It was the first warm, bright day in Spring. Pansies were blooming in the flower beds of the parks and in the great vases that stood before many houses on the avenue, and the balmy air was soft and sweet with the odor of flowers on every street corner—violets, daffodils, roses, lilies-of-the-valley.

"How lovely the world is! How happy everything looks!" thought a young woman who was coming down the avenue with light, quick, springing steps—and quite unconsciously a half sigh had followed the unspoken words. For it was not so very long since Dinah Foote had found the world anything but lovely, and to her tear-clouded eyes nothing had looked happy. But that was more than a year ago, and she was still of an age when a year seems a very long time in the past and time beyond limit in the future. She came back to the present with a joyful realization that the world is lovely and everything is happy. People looked at her as she passed on with the elastic step that betokens youth and health as well as happiness; and having looked once many turned and looked again with such lingering admiration as clings to an object of more than usual attractiveness.

"What a beauty!" exclaimed one young man to his companion. "It is many moons since I have seen such a handsome girl."

"Of course you know who she is, Clarkson," said the other. "No? Oh, I forgot—you've been out West this year or more. That's the girl Dick Fitzgerald is going to marry—lucky fellow! Fate, having given him a million or two, leaves him free to do what he will with it and with himself. Others of us might like to marry the fair Dinah—if we had a chance—but Fitzgerald is the one who dares."

"Is it so much of a dare, Macallister? What's the matter with the fair Dinah—besides being fair? That she certainly is, but it isn't considered a serious obstacle to happiness."

"To be so handsome as that? Oh, I don't know! Rather trying to a fellow to have every other fellow in love with his wife. But it isn't alone her beauty—Dinah Foote has been married before—"

"Mrs. Foote is a widow, then?" Clarkson inquired, with a slight emphasis on the prefix, for Macallister's persistence in the use of the Christian name offended his severe taste.

"That's what no one seems to know, exactly—whether widow or divorcee. But she has been married and now she chooses to be known as Miss Foote, the name to which she was born, it seems; and no one—except Fitzgerald, of course—knows who or what the husband is, or was, or whether he is divorced or dead."

"Oh!" replied Clarkson, with a prolonged intonation. "Well, besides being a beauty she has a most lovely face, and the chances are that Fitzgerald is to be envied."

Clarkson's tone seemed final and the speakers continued their walk in silence. Meantime the young lady who had been the subject of these remarks was equally unconscious of the general admiration or the special discussion of which she had been the object. Though insensibly aware of the beauty of the day and the freshness of the flower-scented air, her mind was too preoccupied to be really conscious of anything except the delightful fact that her lover, who had been out of town for a whole week, was home again and would be with her at the usual hour in the evening. And why she should suddenly have stopped abruptly in front of the large building near Sixteenth Street she never afterward could explain, except on the theory that it was the beginning of the final act in the drama which she liked to call her Fate. On the billboard in front of her she read the following announcement:

"Professor Hopkinson will lecture this afternoon on the subject of Psychic Phenomena, including the mystery of Thought-waves; the power of the Will, acting on distant objects or persons; and the intimate connection between Wishing and Having."

Capital letters were frequent and very large



that ghastly, livid pallor peculiar to her race under the influence of hate or fear.

"Has some one tried to harm yo', honey?" she whispered. "Does yo' want to put a hoodoo on um?"

Dinah answered with a short, dry laugh, and sitting up suddenly, shook back her hair. She pushed the old woman gently away.

"I have had enough of hoodoo, mammy! Sometimes I think a hoodoo was put on me before I was born. What have I done—what have I done that I should suffer so? If our lives are all laid out ten thousand years before we are born how can we change it? How are we to blame? And why, why should be made to suffer so?"

"Oh, Miss Dinah!" moaned Phillis, wringing her hands in utter misery. "Let me do it—tell me, honey! Ole mammy wuk de hoodoo fo' yo'!"

Dinah flung her arms about the old mammy's neck and laid her own fresh rose-leaf cheek against the dusky face.

"Finish brushing my hair, Phillis—it ruins me; and then bring me a bit of supper. I think I'm hungry—and sleepy. Then you may tuck me into bed for the night."

Phillis was accustomed to sudden changes of

he could not trust himself to read it under other eyes he hurried from the room and from the house, and in a few minutes found himself in one of the small parks belonging to that part of the city. It was quite empty, being as yet early morning—not even a nursemaid had invaded the place. He dropped into the first seat he came to and began to read the letter.

"Our dream is over, Dick—my husband is not dead, as we had thought and believed—as you had even proved to yourself. You know, dear, when you told me you could not find the grave I have more than once doubted his death. This afternoon as I walked down the avenue I saw his name advertised to lecture to-night at Chickering Hall. I have looked among the advertisements of several papers since I came home and I see that he will give two or more lectures this week, so you can convince yourself that I have not gone mad—that this is no delusion. What am I to do, dear? How am I to live? You can bear it better than I, because you are a man, and men are stronger than women. Even had men are stronger, but you are so good—you have been so good to me, and I do so love you for that—for everything. But, Dick, dear—dearest in all the world, I must never see you again while my

would the Jeweler do nothing—would he leave the child in quiet possession?"

"Fool that I am!" exclaimed Dick, starting to his feet. "This news has stunned—stunned me! It is not true—the poor child is the victim of some mistake. The man is dead—he is dead. Dinah does not know that I went to that far-off Mexican town a second time to find the fellow's grave. I did not tell her of that—the subject was too painful and we both avoided it. But now I will get farther proof—proof such as will convince her forever!"

His glance sought the letter once more, and the first line it fell on turned him cold to the tips of his fingers—"here—and delivering lectures—"

"Can it be that those Mexicans deceived me, seeing how eager I was to prove the fellow's death? It must be so! The man is alive—perhaps he has even her, threatened her—that, at least, must be stopped—no power on earth shall give her back to him—she never shall—"

He broke off, shuddering—then this was a matter of conscience with Dinah, how far might conscience carry her? But no—Dinah had left her husband before Dick had met her; and it was with a thrill of triumph he now remembered how

could never remember, but when eight o'clock struck he was one of the small audience gathered to listen to Professor Mowman. His seat was in the front row, centre, for he had determined to observe at close range; but he neither clearly heard nor understood what was said. All his senses seemed absorbed in that of sight. He was conscious of nothing but the small man who stood before him, with clasped hands and the look of some frightened, hunted animal. The professor was short, about five feet in height, and thin to attention; and his heavy hair, of a reddish red, was combed back from a shiny brow and suggested the mane of a surreal horse in the way it fell over his shoulders. He had a weak, tremulous mouth, from which a torrent of words poured forth against his will—to Dick he seemed like a creature possessed by a power beyond his own control, compelled to speak but terror-stricken because of it. The only noticeable feature was a pair of extraordinary eyes—large, very prominent, of a clear, pale blue, and burning like a steady flame. They held his audience and gave compelling force to his words, which were listened to in a sort of trance of silence. But they possessed neither power nor fascination for Dick—he was conscious of one thought only. This

"Then, glancing into the mirror, Phillis saw that tears were dropping from the beautiful eyes and long restrained sobs were shaking the slender shoulders."

husband lives. You know this is right, Dick, because it would be more than I could bear. We have gone all over this subject long ago, when I first learned to love you, and before we made the mistake of thinking that he was dead. It may be, as you then said, that I have sufficient grounds for di-

vorces, and it may be that a divorce could be obtained without trouble or scandal. But it wouldn't do—I can never believe in divorce. I was brought up to be faithful to any contract I entered into, and marriage is the most solemn of all contracts. Death alone can dissolve it. I was not hypnotized—I was not incapable of judging for myself when I married Mowman. I loved the man—at least I believed so; and if I was mistaken I must bear the consequences of that mistake. I know I am not clever and perhaps not very strong-minded. I'm afraid this will kill me—it is so hard, so hard. I can die if I must, but I cannot go against my conscience. Oh, you don't know how I suffer—the temptation—the horror that is about me just now—I fight against it, but it comes again and again—all night, like some monstrous devil, it has stood before me. But it will go—it will leave me in peace if only you will have patience, dear, till I can overcome it. You must not do or say anything that will make things harder. When I feel that I am strong enough I will see you once more—"

The letter ended so, and left Dick staring at the incoherent words. It was the sound of a stifled groan from his own lips that roused him. He smoothed the crumpled letter and read it again, and for a moment tears dimmed his sight and slowly dropped on the paper. He was man enough not to be ashamed of them.

"My poor little girl!" he murmured. "Oh, my poor little girl—what must I do, what may I do to help her?"

The mingled strength and childishness of the letter stabbed him to the heart, though certain phrases in it seemed so cruel. Why need she speak of that wretch as her "husband"—why remind him that she had once loved him, or even thought she had—but he was a fool to think of that. The letter showed plainly enough the frantic state of the writer's mind. At one moment Dick felt that he must catch her up in his arms and see with her to the end of the earth—in the next he would have died rather than pain her by a look or word! And yet to love her, perhaps forever, this pearl of beauty and sweetness—in all the world there was none to compare with her, and he had thought her all his own—oh, it was maddening. A Jeweler who had found the Koh-i-noor only to have it stolen from him by some hideous thief might appreciate the loss, but not the grief—not the grief. But

she had told him that she had grown to detest the man with such loathing that she felt it a crime to remain under the same roof with him. On that point she had been as strong as on the other side of the question when she refused the freedom of a divorce. She had grieved over a wasted life, but she had accepted the chastisement of her girlish infatuation. It was later, after she had met Dick and loved him, that despair had come into her life. Then had come the news, the joyful news—for Dinah had never pretended to think it other than joyful—of Mowman's death; and it seemed that heaven had forgiven her in withdrawing her punishment. All this and more came to Fitzgerald in what seemed disjointed flashes of memory, and again he groaned at his own helplessness. He loved Dinah with all the passion and tenderness of a heart awakened for the first time. He would her: and yet he could do nothing to put aside this crushing grief that had fallen on her—on himself. Was there not something he might do—something that would at least show his sympathy—his devotion? Involuntarily his steps turned toward the house he had but recently left, and he was waiting for it.

"Don't come in, Marse Dick—it des kills Miss Dinah to 'see yob! She's tole me 'bout it—dat man, oh, dat man! I allus know'd he'd be de death o' her—"

"She's not afraid of him, Phillis?"

"No, sah! Marse Dick, you know Miss Dinah—she's 'traid o' nuffin' wan her sperrit's ris—she's on'y 'traid to see yob, Marse Dick."

"I don't ask it, Phillis—I won't ask it. I won't even write to her—just yet—for fear I might say something to give her pain. Tell her this—it is what I came to say—and be careful of her, Phillis! Don't let her out of your sight—when she goes out I shall not even try to see her—or speak to her—I trust her to you entirely, you good old mammy. But if you need me, Phillis—if she is ill—if there is any reason to call on me you will send at once, won't you? I know you will, Phillis."

The words rushed from his lips like a stream that has burst through all artificial barriers—then turning away he hastened to put himself beyond temptation, for Dinah's room door stood partly open and he felt sure that she was hearing every word he had spoken. As though he had been sent, his steps led him to the very spot where Dinah had read the words that had turned her happiness to bitter ashes.

"To-night!" exclaimed Dick, reading the announcement. "To-night—well! I can see him. There is nothing to forbid that—I will see the second, and then, perhaps—O God! Is there no way out of this misery? It will drive me mad and it will kill Dinah!"

How he spent the rest of the day Fitzgerald

creature, this freak and mountebank, stood between him and the woman he loved. Dinah had loved him—had been and still was his wife! Oh, the horror, the monstrous horror of it! The loathing, the humiliation to remember it—Dinah, the exquisite, beautiful girl! His Dinah, so lovely, sweet, delicate, charming—a rose among women—to have chosen this incubus and now to refuse to free herself from it? It was incredible—he turned sick at the thought—the air felt stifling—he staggered to his feet and got somehow out of the room, looking white and faint.

That night Dick Fitzgerald drank more champagne than he had ever drunk during any one evening of his life, but it failed to drown the remembrance of Dinah Foote; and by morning he had gained only a racking headache and a terrible sense of dissatisfaction with himself.

"Oh, it's no use—I love her more than ever—if I didn't I should despise and hate myself worse even than I now do—she was but a child four years ago, and what more is she now? She is no more to blame than if that wretched story had happened in some other life—on some other planet—oh, if it only had!"

He made a hasty pretense of breakfast and rushed to Phillis for news of Dinah. Days went by, and each morning found him at Dinah's door, listening to the same words in answer; and he could see that Phillis was becoming more and more alarmed about her young mistress. One day the alarm burst into words.

"Oh, Marse Dick, dis can't go on! Miss Dinah'll sash go crazy—she mos'ly is now—doan' eat, doan' sleep—des live on coffee an' milk. Las' night I take her for 'll walk in de pa't, but she dat nervous I mos' 'traid y'fessman take up hote to station—den I brung her home an' put her to bed, an' she sen' me 'way, den lock her doah. But I li'sen an' li'sen, an' heah her cry an' pray an' talk all night like she gone out'n her haid—"

"May I see her, Phillis?"

"Dat's what I ask her, Marse Dick, but she des scream no-no-no! But I say yee-yee-yee! Marse Dick, an' I goin' fix it some ways dis very night. All de lodgers goin' to be to to-night, an' 'I'll Miss do have den hystericks no one be here to know of 't—des come 'bout nine or ten o'clock an' I lets yob in, quiet—den I coaxes Miss Dinah to see yob—"

"I shall be here, Phillis—but say nothing of it till I come—there must be an end of this, somehow. It is killing us both—or worse! Oh, Phillis, when I think of what she is suffering I feel as though I must go mad—"

"Doan' say it, Marse Dick, doan' say it!" Phillis almost pushed the door against Fitzgerald in her haste to close it; but he was far too wretched to resent this treatment, for he understood the cause of it. The hours seemed years to him as he counted the weary minutes of that day; and unable to bear the suspense he started



toward Dinah's house before eight o'clock, and seeking to while away the time he found himself in front of the hall still devoted to Professor Momen's lecture. Evidently the professor or his subject had obtained a sudden popularity, for a great crowd was crowding its way into the hall, and Fitzgerald gathered from occasional phrases that the man had created something like a sensation among the audience for marvels. He was declared "wonderful," "wonderful," "possessed of a devil," and other things less complimentary. Without conscious intention Dick joined the crowd, and again found himself well in front and close to the platform. The professor was already there, and to one of his audience he seemed more repulsive than ever. His pallor, his wild eyes and his gawping attitude possessed a morbid fascination for the others, and apparently they listened with breathless attention. Many of them seemed overcome with pity, as if feeling the approach of some catastrophe, and when the speaker suddenly swung to and fro, flinging up his arms, there was a simultaneous cry of sympathy, drowned by the crash of that frail, emaciated body as it fell to the floor. Several men rushed forward, among them three or four physicians; and Dick Fitzgerald reached the platform at a bound. Two men had raised the inanimate body, and the head rested against the knee of the man who held it. The physicians were examining the wrists, feeling about the heart, seeking in all the usual ways for any sign of life; but in the wide staring eyes, stony and sightless, the drawn and pallid face, the form already growing rigid, the most inexperienced could read the ghastly truth.

"Is he dead?" asked Dick, his voice shaking with uncontrollable excitement. "Is he dead?"

The men on the platform looked at him with interest, and one of the physicians—the oldest—answered for the others:

"Yes, sir, the poor fellow is dead. Are you a relative?"

"No—oh, no, no! But is it certain the man is dead?"

"There can be no doubt of it. Professor Momen consulted me to-day—a peculiar and most interesting case of heart trouble. I warned him—indeed, I forbade him the exertion of speaking to-night, but he persisted—"

Fitzgerald turned away and pushed his way through the crowd. His own heart was thumping wildly, a roaring as of many waters was in his ears, and he struggled almost violently toward the door. People made way for him, and in a few moments he had reached the street and was standing, bareheaded, gasping at the stars and at the vanishing crescent of a new moon setting in the west. Memory returned with calmness, and putting on his hat, which he still held clenched in his hand, he regained sufficient control of himself to turn his steps toward the house of Dinah Foote; and in a few moments Phillis was showing him in as agreed upon, and chiding him in a low tone for coming so much before the hour.

"All that is changed now, Phillis. I bring news that will make me welcome at any hour. May I tell you, mammy? Don't cry out—don't startle her. He is dead—dead—nothing stands between Miss Dinah and me, who loves her more than life! This time there is no mistake—Phillis—my eyes have looked on his dead face—"

"Foh Gawd's sake, Marse Dick! But bress de Lawd—bress de Lawd!"

Phillis leaned against the door jamb, for she felt her knees give way as if unable to support her. Her face was gray and her eyes rolled wildly till only the whites could be seen, but she was far too staunch to be wholly overcome at such a critical moment. She hastened to call back her scattered wits, and to think only of her mistress.

"You are sure, Marse Dick, suh?—true foh certain 'fo' I tells Miss Dinah?"

"I saw him dead, Phillis—but how shall I tell her? How can we break the news without harming her?"

"Marse Dick, she's ready for it. Lil Miss tells me dat man gwine ter die—she been waitin' to hear 'bout it. Don't you be scart—Miss Dinah can bear dat news"—she looked back at him with a smile and nod of encouragement as she left the room.

Dick, unable to keep still, walked about the room—he snatched at books on the table, glanced at them and then flung them down—pushed chairs about, then replaced them; and glancing toward the door saw Dinah standing on the threshold, looking at him. It was two weeks since they had parted and when he had last seen her she was like the first fresh rose of June. Now she was like a broken lily and the change was heart-breaking; but it was the look of frozen horror on her face that struck terror to his soul. And then she was in his arms and he was holding her close to his breast as if she had been a frightened child.

"Don't be frightened, darling; don't be frightened!"

Again and again he repeated the words, smoothing her hair and caressing her face, and conscious that he was frightened himself and less calm than she—for the look on her face was not what he had expected to see there.

"Don't look so, dear," he said at last. "The trouble is over now—nothing can come between us any more, Dinah. Does it seem too shocking for me to say that, dear? But I must say it—he is dead."

"Yes, Dick, and I have killed him."

Fitzgerald could never quite forget the sound of her voice when she spoke those words—it pierced him like a keen, sharp knife. But he

only held her closer, and sinking onto the sofa near by he drew her down beside him.

"All this anxiety and suffering has excited you, dearest," he said gently. "It is natural you should talk wildly—"

"Don't think that I am excited, Dick—I know too well what I am saying. Listen—I will tell you about it." Her head drooped and rested on his shoulder, and she spoke in a monotonous, level tone, never raising her voice. "At first perhaps I wished his death, for the shock of learning that he was alive may have unsettled my mind for the moment. I could think of nothing except that you were parted from me as long as he lived. Not knowing what I was doing, I joined the crowd of people who were going into the hall to hear a man talk about psychic phenomena; and I listened like one in a dream, not understanding a word that was spoken. Suddenly my attention became fixed—the speaker was explaining how the power of the will, absolutely concentrated, could produce sickness or even death to the person against whom it was directed. I had heard such things, or something like, when I was

your husband. But now I must ask you—and you must tell me, dearest—what was he like? Describe him to me."

Dinah raised her head suddenly and drew away from him. She wrung her hands together, twisting her slender fingers in an anguish of nervousness.

"Oh," she said with a deep, hopeless sigh, "he was what people called a handsome man—particularly did girls think him so—I was not the only fool! Girls raved about him. He was tall and elegant in figure. His hair was black and glossy, and his complexion pale and clear. And his eyes were wonderful, large and dark, glittering with a fiery light; and sometimes soft and lustrous—"

"Have you no picture of him?"

"Yes—I thought I had destroyed it. I found it that night after Dinah had left me. It was among my papers when I tried to write that letter to you—I tried to burn it—I mean the picture, because it brought him so clearly before me—but I couldn't. Something held me back when I tried to put it in the fire."

"It is very simple, dear; your—by heaven, no—I won't call him so now! This man whose picture you have given me was dead, as you thought. I went a second time, as I ought to have told you, and saw his grave—I shall go once again. This other wretch whom you did not see was an impostor—a little whined creature, with red hair, parchment face—"

"And wild, scared eyes," Dinah interrupted. "Did he look half frightened to death?"

"Yes, did you ever see him?"

"He was Momen's agent and secretary—he adored him as a faithful dog loves his master. He used to say that Momen's soul would become his if the master died first—he was a believer in reincarnation and all manner of mad ideas."

"He looked it—well, dear, that is the man who died to-night. I thought, of course—"

"Oh, Dick, Dick—that creature! But now I understand, and I did not kill poor Hartsfield, for I never once thought of him."

Dick closed his lips on the words he was about to speak—she was such a child! At some better time he would show her the folly of such beliefs—just now he could but thank heaven

for giving back his rose, his pearl, his diamond beyond price.

"And when do you go again to Mexico, Dick?"

"To-morrow, if you say so—"

"Yes, if I may go with you."

"Do you mean it, Dinah?"

"I owe you something, dear, for all the heartache I have given you—Dick! Please—there! I hear Phillis coming—mammy, come here—I want you." She moved toward the door as Phillis appeared there. "Mammy, dear, we are to meet Mr. Fitzgerald at the church to-morrow—there will be no grand wedding, but just a quiet marriage—then we start for Mexico. You can attend to everything for me in the meantime."

Phillis smiled till her full set of ivory was visible, and her voice gurgled with delight when she answered:

"Yes, lil Miss—an' bress de Lawd for it!"

Dinah was at the age when happiness can soon efface the traces of tears and suffering; and when she now turned to Dick, as Phillis hastened away, her face seemed transfigured. Never had he seen such a vision of loveliness. The pallor, the look of horror that had lain like a blight on her girlish beauty had vanished like mist before the sunlight—even the memory of her grief was gone. They never spoke of it again—but—

Did those misdirected thought-waves have anything to do with the sudden and mysterious death of the spurious Professor Momen? Answers respectfully invited from Psychic Researchers.

ELIZABETH C. WINTER.

## HA PINES.

The boy was alone, unfortunate and a beggar. Begotten in misery, with wretchedness and squalor for his playmates, the sting of poverty had early embittered his life. He never had bathed in the fountains of happiness, and, until he grew older and realized for what the world was working, fighting and struggling, he knew not of what was called happiness.

Money! money must be happiness, for money bought bread, more money bought meat, and much money bought—happiness. And the boy became a worshiper at the shrine of money. A slave in the mart of men. As he grew still older and money brought the flush of strength to his limbs, night and day became to him one. He labored ceaselessly, and the little rivulet of copper became a river of silver, and the river of silver an ocean with a restless tide of gold. Fortune smiled; the boy was a man with gray flecked temples and wealth and power for his lackeys—yet happiness was not his.

What was happiness? The man shook his head and marveled at other men and pined youth, for he no longer believed in happiness, until he met woman, and loved. But were these fleeting moments of joy that careened him from out the gloom of doubt, despair and despondency, happiness? Was this agony of mind and unrest of soul the path which led to his heaven? Again he marveled until the woman's kiss banished hell and bid him within the gates of paradise to rest and

dream. At last he drank of the cup of happiness. Then the woman died. But the man lived, and memory and sorrow were his companions. He no longer marveled at men, but he pined youth, for again the world was a sea of darkness.

Years passed and time, the destroyer, came and whitened his hair, furrowed his cheeks and bent his tottering steps to the grave. And, as the tide swiftly swept him toward the eternal shore, a look of peace illumined his marble features, and his voiceless lips framed a woman's name—and, as his soul passed on, an angel whispered: "It is the only true happiness for the great mistaken." OASIS A. COURT.

## APPRECIATION.

McCommick: "When I got off that gag last night the people roared."

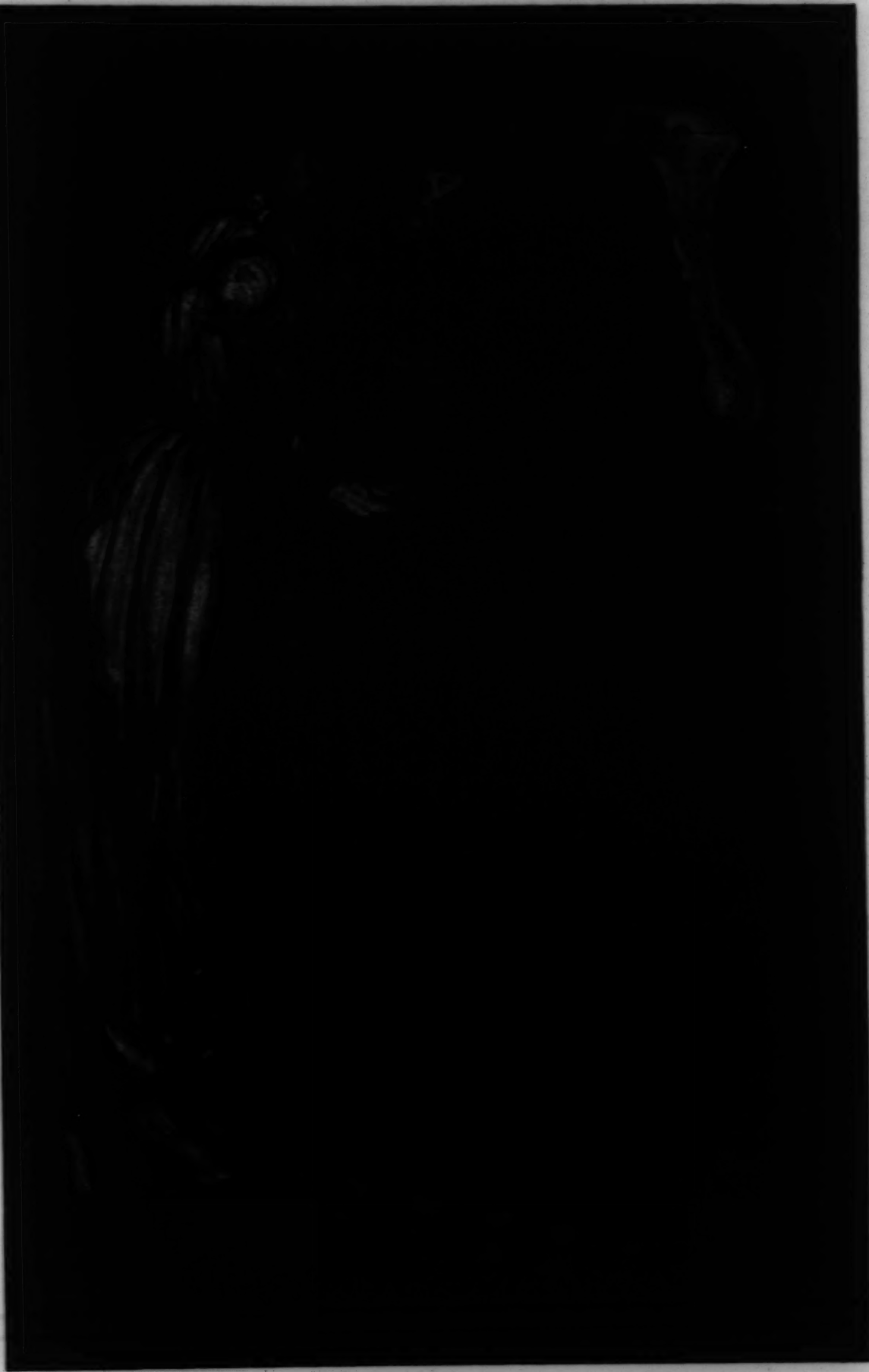
McCaustick: "Like mad bulls, I suppose."

## HIS GUESS.

Jack Pignault: "I am sorry I didn't see Miss Coryphees when she played in Chicago."

Will Gullham: "What did she appear in?"

Jack Pignault: "I don't know; by the big crowd she drew I guess it was tights."



"He looked at it eagerly, hungrily, as a man might look at the face of a loved woman, once lost and now to be given back."

a child, from Phillis and other of our colored servants in the South—a kind of hoodoo stories—all children tended by colored servants hear such stories; but till that minute I had never felt the meaning of them. Now the thought took possession of me—I could not free myself from it—I could think of nothing else. Unconsciously the image of the man who stood between me and happiness rose before me—his tall, straight figure slightly bent forward, his marble white face, the dark and burning eyes I knew so well looking into mine with that unholly mockery that used to madden me! I prayed against it night and day, sleeping and waking—but the words were on my lips only, for deep in my heart and soul I knew that I wished, that I willed, the man should die. I strove against it—I fought against it, but in vain. In heart and soul I was a murderer—he is dead, and I have killed him."

Her voice suddenly took on a passionate intensity, but it was not that which thrilled along her listener's nerves and almost suffocated him with a sense of inexplicable, joyful relief. He feared to speak, and his mind groped blindly for words in which to express his thought.

"You know, dear," he began in broken sentences, "I never spoke to you—of—that man—" He forced himself to say the next words, though they seemed to choke him: "of—"

"Thank heaven! Will you let me see it, Dinah?"

"I will bring it, dear."

Dinah felt that she moved and spoke as if in a dream, and yet she was conscious of the utterable relief of knowing that she was about to be awakened from a nightmare. She went and came again so quickly that Dick was hardly conscious of her absence. He took the picture—the old-fashioned card photograph—and examined it under the full light of the chandelier. He looked at it eagerly, hungrily, as a man might look at the face of a loved woman, once lost and now to be given back—for the picture meant something like that to him. It was the face of a handsome man, as Dinah had said, with the mocking smile of Mephistopheles and an almost demonic fascination in the eyes.

"This, then, was Professor Momen, Dinah?"

"Yes, dearest."

"I never thought to have such pleasure in looking at him!" He put the photograph in his breast pocket. "My little girl, my sweet little girl, this has been such a foolish mistake, and we have suffered terribly for nothing."

"But I don't know what you mean, Dick!"

His arms were about her and she was looking up at him with an indescribable feeling of peace and security.



## THE VIRGINIA MINSTRELS' CHRISTMAS.



THIS is a Christmas story of another Virginia Minstrel, not the first troupe of that name organized by Billy Whitlock in 1843, in which he was joined by Daniel D. Emmett, author of "Dixie;" Frank Brower, and Dick Pelham. William Whitlock was a banjoist, and his daughter,

Mrs. Edwin Adams, treasured his instrument for years. As a prefatory matter of history it is proper to quote here Mr. Whitlock's well-established assertion:

"The origination of the minstrels I claim as my own idea, and it cannot be blotted out. One day I asked 'Old' Dan Emmett, who was in New York at the time, to practice the fiddle and the banjo with me at his boarding house in Catherine Street. We went down there, and when we had practiced two or three times Frank Brower called in by accident. He listened to our music, charmed to the soul. I told him to join us with the bones, which he did. Presently Dick Pelham came in, also by accident, and looked amazed. I asked him to procure a tambourine and make one of the party. He went and got one. After practicing for a while we went to the old resort of the circus crowd, the 'Branch' in the Bowery, with our instruments, and in Bartlett's Billiard Room performed for the first time as the Virginia Minstrels. A programme was made out, and the first time we appeared upon the stage before an audience was for the benefit of Pelham at the Chatham Theatre. The house was jammed with our friends, and Dick, of course, put down in his pants."

This statement, furnished by Mrs. Adams, was published on March 12, 1860, and remains uncontradicted. On Monday evening, Feb. 8, 1843, there was presented at the Bowery Amphitheatre "the novel, grotesque, original and surprisingly melodious Ethiopian Band, entitled The Virginia Minstrels, being an exclusively musical entertainment, combining the banjo, violin, bone castanets and tambourine, and entirely exempt from the vulgarities and other objectionable features which have previously characterized negro extravaganzas."

For their benefit they gave on Feb. 9 "a negro concert," a first part of four performers. "Dan Tucker on Hornback" (negro clown, Frank Brower; negro ringmaster, R. W. Pelham), and "The Serenade." Prior to this time the minstrel "make" had been almost entirely in the circus and menagerie, and this illustrious and innovating quartette were not the first to black up and imitate the (darker) slave of the South.

## II.

Imitation is the sincerest flattery. One Frank Donaldson was inspired by the original Virginia Minstrels to direct a similar venture, while the first four in concert-black, after a season's tour under canvas with a circus, played a three weeks' engagement in Boston and finally turned up over the water. Donaldson was one of those indomitable individuals ever endeavoring to manage and always attaining only disaster and dire distress. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," must have been Donaldson's motto and a spider his crest. All summer long the irrepressible general performer labored under the white tent with the single object in view, the exploiting of a troupe of his own at the end of the season. Indeed was he the man who dared. He would have had the temerity to have tried Shakespeare with himself as the Dane in Hamlet.

Donaldson's ambition had one value: It made him attentive to business the circus season long, proving one advantage in saving to spend. If I am correctly informed, Frank went on the road the season of 1844 with Seth R. Howe and Avery Smith and appeared in a late-in-the-Fall engagement in New York which might have continued until the next Spring but for his uncontrollable desire to again tempt managerial fame and fortune. It was not a difficult thing to find a trio who were lacking situations and whose circumstances led them to run any risk for immediate employment and bread and butter.

Donaldson did not resume action until just before Christmas, and the full strength of the company consisted of himself, the head, front and financier of the organization; George Dunbar, Charles Cotton, and Andrew Horn. The managers looked upon an advance agent as a superfluous luxury, and the Virginia Serenaders came to town unannounced to play in a hotel dining-room or a hall if such a thing existed. The director and capitalist had before his departure from New York a considerable capital, but before he crossed the river to New Jersey he had advanced several sums to the trio in settlement of their board bills and wipings off the slate at the "Branch" in the Bowery.

Several public rehearsals at Bartlett's Billiard Room had won many encomiums from imbibing admirers, and the imitation Virginia Serenaders were pronounced quite equal to the original. At the first stand out of the city the manager made the mistake of performing too near the greater community, the receipts failing to reach the expenditures. At the second town the weather was

unpropitious. It snowed, the next day it rained, and the next it thawed in a sidewalk slush bough with the slush kneecap deep. For two days and nights it rained, and although the manager and owner was blue within he was pallid without.

The performers, with the home base receding every day, began to draw, but the Virginia Minstrels did not. Donaldson, with disappearing resources, held the reins of control well in hand. Like many of the banks of the era he simply suspended payment. The trio growled to no purpose. The master of the minstrels thought that he grasped the situation when he boldly jumped out of New Jersey into Pennsylvania, literally leaping out of the frying-pan into the fire.

The three associates expostulated against the movement in vain, the only response being in the form of an interrogatory: "You are eating regularly, aren't you?"

So they were, and, being penurious with New York after all, they had to face the outcome when the forshadowed calamity found them dead broke in a land of strangers. Business did not pick up in Pennsylvania as expected by the hopeful Donaldson, who, as the Santa Claus holiday approached, was rapidly reaching the rock bottom of utter bankruptcy.

set well back from the road. Donaldson saw the beacon light and halted at the gate to catch his breath and to consider. The three others, equally blown, tarried.

"Methinks there is summer at hand," exclaimed the manager; "we will sound his soul with music and the master of the house may open his heart, his purse or his pantry on the night before Christmas." The three others took courage, though cold and hungry. "We will approach with caution for fear of dogs," advised Donaldson, leading the procession that proceeded in a winding way in a circling road. For fear of canines the quartette kept well together, and neither their uniform tread nor the whining winds drowned the words of the guide: "A brother of mine lives somewhere in this State. We parted in anger years ago and I have never sought him nor met him. My father willed his fortune to us jointly, with the condition that my portion was to be held in trust until my thirtieth year. Brother was made the trustee, and at that I rebelled and ran away with a circus. Since that time I have followed the red wagons without a care for him nor the pelf he controlled."

"And he never traced you?" suggested Bones. "The manager halted as he replied, 'How

Then the manager voiced a solo:

"We are from a place, we don't know what,  
Ten miles from sea or land;  
We've trobbled all the continent,  
Wid de our darkey band.  
Our names are Julius, Clem and Crow,  
Wid 'Bones' as 'is brother;  
We all belong to one family,  
But nobber own our number."

Before the solo was reached a movement within was detected through the slats of the blinds. By the time that the four had reached a second full chorus the front door opened to the ending of the verse:

"For we've 'tumbled here to make a laugh,  
An' please de white folks all,  
Wid bones, banjo, an' ole tambo,  
The accoution an' all."

The master of the mansion listened as the manager of the minstrels sang:

"There is nothing here that can offend  
De feelings ob de most refined;  
Our songs are new and gentel, too,  
An' not ob de vulgar kind.

Therefore we hope to meet your smiles,  
We do our best to please,

An' make a night of fun an' mirth  
Wid our darkey songs an' glees."

"Welcome, gentlemen!" called the figure on the porch. "Come in and make a night of fun and mirth with your darkey songs and glees." The manager, as became his position, led the way, and as the master of the mansion and the minstrel met with outstretched hands, they both exclaimed:

"Brother!"  
At the simultaneous recognition the trio of minstrels held back, to be invited to enter in another moment by the hearty host. It was no time for explanation, but the troubadours were at once made comfortable. A regal woman, the wife of the master and the queen of the mansion, directed the servants in the preparation of a quickly improvised meal, to which the nearly famished but providentially guided wanderers did ample justice.

The pointers of the grandfather's clock indicated the arrival of Christmas before host, hostess and visitors sought their couches. The host recounted how, after an interruption in the course of true love, a happy reconciliation with his sweetheart came about on a Christmas long past. And now at this day came another Christmas surprise and added happiness and another reconciliation, bringing more joy and the greatest gift of St. Nicholas in the Keystone State the night before Christmas, A.D. 1844.

The reconciled brothers consumed a greater portion of the night recalling and explaining the past. To the manager of the Virginia Minstrels it was told that his absence had long been mourned and his presence sought in vain. His fortune had gained greatly and the runaway circus boy was now a man of wealth.

Hilarity reigned at that house all the Christmas day, and when the holiday was over the manager settled all claims of the Virginia Minstrels and sped them on their way to retail at the "Branch" to many an awestruck and wondering listener the romantic termination of the Number 2 company of Virginia Minstrels.

CHARLES H. DAY.

## THE VIOLIN.

I have not been able to class violins with other instruments. They seem to possess a quality and character of their own. By degrees this fascinating instrument seems to become a part of one, to be loved by one as a second soul. It becomes one's dainty companion, obedient, gentle friend and confidante; into its sensitive-ness we breathe our most sacred and purest thoughts. A prayer, a kiss, a confession, the ecstasy of rapture, the agony of despair, a sighing wind, a storm of emotion, a burst of welcome or a sad farewell! Ah, me, what choice of human emotion does it not encompass in its fragile frame.

No instrument can equal it in duration. The sturdy old fellow seems to live on forever. If it gets cracked you can glue it up; if bruised, a patch, and presto! It is itself again. You can tune it to pieces, strengthen and put it together. It can often be repaired without losing its quality, and not infrequently comes home from the workshop better than ever.

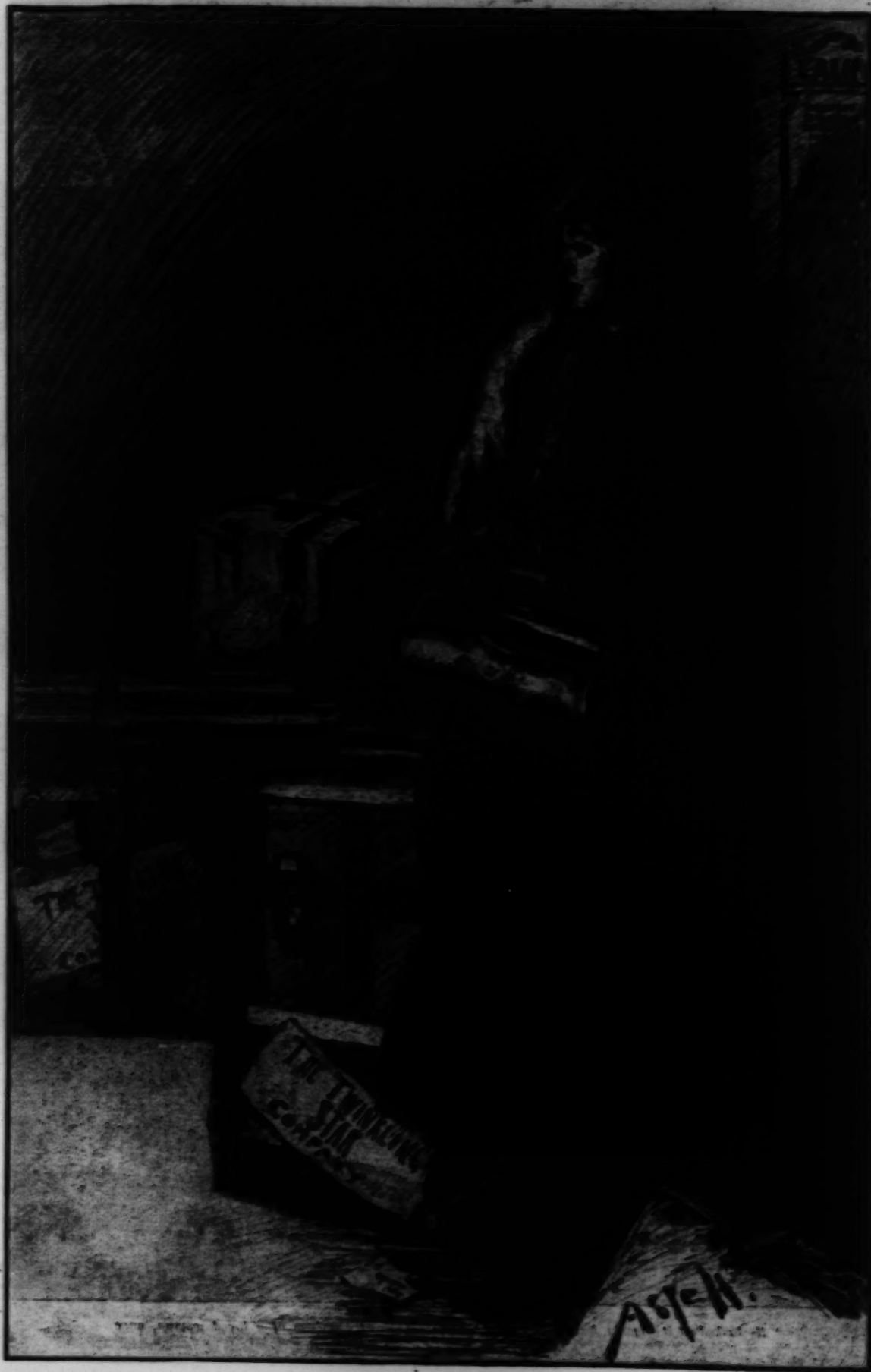
Rome was not builded in a day, nor was the violin the invention of any one man or age. Like the piano, its different parts may be said to have come together from the four quarters of the globe. They appear to have been combined in every possible proportion, until endless experiments and the most irregular forms resulted at length in the singularly perfect and exquisitely simple instrument known as the Cremona violin, my own being a beautiful example of this ancient and famous make. Antonius Stradivarius, monarch of his art, the Raphael of the violin, gave it the sweet, rich, full and melodious tone and general finish that has made the sweetest of all musical instruments so enchanting.

BIANCA DE JUNEFF.

## HE NOTICED.

First Member: "When the audience began to throw those stale vegetables did you notice the poor star?"

Second Member: "Great Scott! When that two-pound potato struck my nose I noticed forty blooming stars."



CHRISTMAS ON THE ROAD.

At last the long expected came to pass and the inevitable arrived. The Virginia Serenaders reached Coalburgh the day before Christmas, the manager having given the stage driver his watch in pawn for the fares of the troubadours. If the whip had not been loquacious all might have been well. The boniface, without a thought or a feeling above the \$ mark, turned the Virginia Minstrels out in a snowstorm, retaining their baggage and sending them away supperless on a Christmas Eve.

Surprisingly the heart-broken band smuggled out their instruments, and, argument or plea proving unavailable, they faced the storm with no point of destination in view, wading aimlessly in the biting Winter blasts. In and silence they tramped until Bones with trembling tongue ventured: "Where are we going to?"

Frank Donaldson, after a painful pause, was heard to say above the whipping of the wind: "I don't know and I don't care."

All of the quartette were of the same mind and as much at sea as a ship without a rudder. Perhaps it was fate that led the minstrels on. It certainly was not the manager. Be that as it may, Providence, it is believed, found the way to a large house partially illuminated, a mansion

could be, if he cared? Donaldson is not my name."

"And you made no effort to hunt him up?" inquired the Tambourine. The snow sifted down swiftly and the wind howled through the trees as the troubadour told the almost tragic tale beneath a sheltering tree at the roadside.

"No; it was told that a fashionable belle of New York mitted him and he left the city for the indefinite Pennsylvania. I never located him. And I am glad that I never did!"

There was bitterness in words and accent, the manager divulged no more, and after silence and sighs the quartette again took up their tramp toward the crest top of the gently rising hill. The advance was noiseless, the tread of the snow giving forth no sound and attracting the attention of neither master nor dog. Just out of the flood of illumination that came through the slats of the blinds the Virginia Minstrels paused. Under the direction of the man called Donaldson the troubadours advanced to the light line and struck up in full chorus:

"Strike, boys, strike, wid all your might,  
An' make the banjo ring;  
We'll please de white folks here to-night,  
An' sound the tambourine."



## PRODUCING PLAYS.

The Improving Status of the Stage-Manager.

**T**he theatrical season is showing some marked tendencies which have for the past few seasons been only foreshadowed—tendencies which prove a growing desire to better the dramatic offerings from manager to public. Not perhaps in the improved qualities of the plays themselves, although many managers are realizing more the advantage of pleasing the decently conservative masses than the indelicately vulgar classes. But it is in another feature that the desire for improvement is most plainly seen. Not in the material produced so much as in the manner of producing. In short, the incalculable importance of intelligent stage-management is being more thoroughly realized.

The past few seasons have seen so many productions made which failed without it, though they seemed to have all other attributes of success—big names in author, actors and management, costly scenery, elaborate accessories and ample advertising. These performances showed in them names and money, but the lack of brains.

It was until recently a difficult matter for the artistic stage-manager to secure steady employment, much less appreciation. Any man who could hold a prompt book and, guided by it, direct rehearsals, superintend the setting of scenes and post "calls," was good enough. No finicky notions of artistic discretion save those which had to be tolerated from the author. And to the cheaper, smaller manager, in the popular priced field, a stage-manager meant only a man who had been accustomed to read "plots" (property plots, etc.), push the button for the curtain signals, and get the mechanics of the performance through without hitch.

To-day it is rapidly changing, though even yet one may read in many a prominent first-night criticism that "the stage-management was good," or "bad," because there were or were not long waits in changing sets of scenes, or some other mechanical hitch. But though our critics, with all their infinite wisdom, have not yet learned the importance of dramatic direction, in its effect upon a performance, our managers and actors have, and our playwrights are beginning to.

Now our managers see more generally the absolute pecuniary value of the direction of such men as Home (We mourn our loss!), or Gillette, or Balaban, and a few others, to all of whom their greatest success came not from their acting or playwrighting so much as from their producing ability.

Zangwill once said he had not wanted a play of his produced because he was waiting for the intellectual stage-manager. Other playwrights might profit by his wisdom. Some of them—a few—are doing so. Several now stage their own plays and permit no interference. They have learned the necessity of good stage direction, though whether they have themselves learned how to supply it may be questioned.

There is no branch of stage work so limitless in its responsibility, its difficulties, or the knowledge it requires. Imagination, perception, observation, sympathy and histrionic ability are only the first equipment of the producer. He requires knowledge.

Knowledge of language, human nature, manners, customs, dress, geographical distinctions, historical differences, atmosphere, color, painting, drawing, mechanical construction, architecture, music, refined life, low life, middle-class life, ethics, morals, religion, literature, city life, country life, politics, education, and, above all, a mastering sense of the practical. Further, he must possess moral attributes which are equally rare and indispensable. Patience, firmness, the faculty of teaching, of imparting ideas, mental poise, pride, humility, elasticity.

To produce eight plays with two weeks of rehearsals from strange manuscripts, devoid of "business" or "directions," is a very different undertaking from preparing for three months for the production of one. To lay out the "business" overnight in a manuscript bare of "business" is one kind of a task; to spend a Summer in historical research over an important production is quite another. Yet he must have the executive ability to do both, and with as sure touches in the one case as in the other. To de-



ON THE RIALTO.

First Thespian: "Hello, old boy, how are you getting along?"

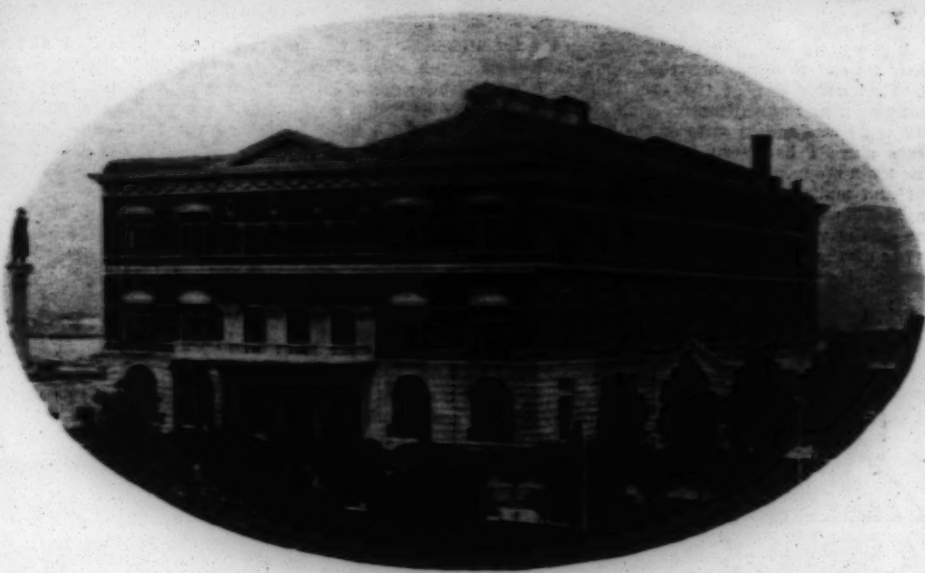
Second Thespian (tossing with toothpick): "Great. I'm playing in a New England drama. I get nine dollars a week, and a square meal in the farm kitchen come every night, and two matinees. I never thought I would have such luck."

## PLAYHOUSES IN MEXICO.

The Teatro Juarez is the most beautiful theatre in Mexico. It cost half a million dollars and will seat about 3,000 people, but has never been opened. Its history follows: The President of the Republic, General Porfirio Diaz, visited the city of Guanajuato about five years ago, and during his reception they stoned him. He took an oath that he would never return, and they, thinking he did not mean it, invited him to visit them

give high-class vaudeville. The season will open about May 1. The theatre is in the principal cross street of the city and will hold about 2,500 people.

There is, too, a wonderful theatre at Chihuahua, Mexico. It is one of the finest, if not the finest, in the world. In New York we grow in the way of thinking that we have the best of everything that modern improvements and inven-



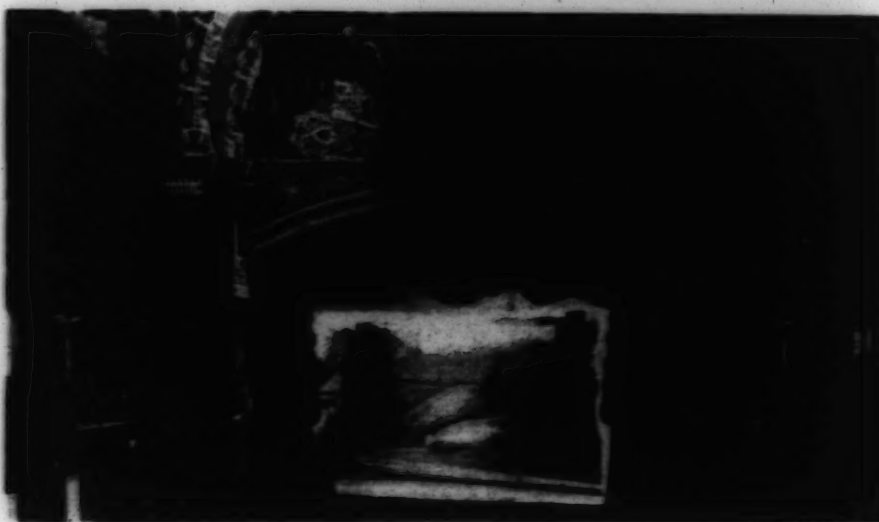
THEATRE CHIHUAHUA.

again and assist in opening the theatre. He declined to do so, and they refused to permit the theatre to be opened until it is opened by a President.

Americans were much in evidence at the opening of the season of Fragoli and his company at the Renacimiento Theatre. He gives a great performance of three hours with very able assistance of nineteen in his company, four of whom look so much like him that one can hardly tell them apart. C. De Carmo Gray has obtained a lease of the Teatro Principal, the leading theatre of the City of Mexico, for a term of years, to

tions can furnish, but we are very poor in theatres in comparison with most of the important cities abroad.

This modern temple of art in Mexico has been built at a cost of \$800,000. An enthusiastic admirer writing of it says: "Words cannot describe its beauty and completeness. The star dressing-rooms would make New York green with envy. Each has an exit directly on the street or plaza. They are twenty feet high, plentifully equipped with electric lights, gas and baths. The stage is larger than that of the Auditorium, Chicago, and a hundred and fifty feet to the roof."



THEATRE JUAREZ.

vide a "ghost effect" in a lateral trap in an hour, to be built in five hours by a pair of carpenters who don't understand what he is after, is not like employing a staff of expert mechanics for a month to perfect an effect, yet he should be able to do both.

To take a "book-play" of 1850 and revise it for acting as a play of to-day, and do it in three nights, after performances, before going to bed. To take two "supers" and the property boy in red-coats, and so operate them as to give a convincing illusion of an invasion of British soldiers. To take a hundred raw, undrilled men, and to sort them, drill them, jaw, push and jostle them into the faithful semblance of a well-drilled army. To show the scenic artist why a "flat-topped" arch will not do in an Italian palace or a Gothic window in a Moorish temple; to get the property man so trained that he understands why whale-oil lamps and candles, not Argand or Rochester burners, should be put in an antebellum drawing room; to avoid the use of Edison incandescent lamps in an Empire garden; to keep actors' clothes dirty when they want to keep them clean; to keep satins, gold braid and patent leathers off our early Colonial officers and middle-class housewives, and to keep paper off their walls, carpets off their floors, "Chippendale" furniture out of their rooms, and five-year-old musical airs out of their mouths.

These and a thousand other difficult things must the thoroughly capable stage director be able to do, and a thousand after that, for these are only suggested by a few of the mistakes in a few productions currently noted.

And, above all, to so advise, direct, coach and teach the actors and actresses engaged as to cause them to give a \$1,000-a-week performance on a \$500-a-week salary roll. There's the point! There's where the earnest, capable producer proves himself the greatest source of economy to the management. It is this last fact which, probably more than any other, is increasing the demand for capable stage directors. This and among the popular price attractions the competition for time at desirable theatres, which threatens to close such theatres to many attractions hitherto playing them. For while most cases of modern competition, said to exemplify "the survival of the fittest," really permit only "the survival of the cheapest," in this case the surviving attractions in the booking contest are those which give most solid satisfaction to the theatre's patrons. And here is shown the efficacy of good stage direction. For many a "return date" which is attributed to play or players is really

the result of able stage direction. And many an additional "five per cent." to the company's share on the next date is traceable to the same cause.

And with this sign of growing appreciation for the greatest force in the drama—with the playwright—let us hope for a development of other good tendencies. For while "the play's the thing," many a success has been made with a bad play by good stage direction. And many a good play has been driven to failure through lack of it.

And though you may dislike him personally, and resent his rebuke, his "snickyness," his stupidity, his "spoiling of your best situation," as you view it, don't let your selfish feelings smother your love of a good performance, and remember that the best friend of the active worker in the field of the drama—if he is sincere—is The Man Who Holds the Book.

CARL HERBERT.

## APRIL FOOL.

A Sketch in Three Letters and Two Telegrams.

(A letter delivered to John Tremont, Pemberton Square, Boston.)

NEW YORK, March 27, 1902.

DEAR OLD JACK:

"Friendship is no flower of hasty growth; 'Tho' planted in esteem's deep, fixed soil, The gradual culture of kind intercourse Must bring it to perfection."

If, old pal, you think it strange of me to be quoting poetry, you must remember that there's a method in my madness, and these lines to some extent apply to you and me, for now, though separated by miles, we are in reality—communion of souls, as it were—as close as when we shared a room and a dress suit at dear old Yale.

Our little confidences have never been betrayed, or rather my trusts in you, for you were ever the same old conservative boy who would share his secrets with no one. But your advice in the past was always so full of wisdom and common-sense that I am going to trespass on your good will, not for legal counsel, but for medical aid. Heart trouble. Therefore, after reading this note through twice—mind you, twice—go to the University Club, open the piano, improvise some sentimental reverie, then, in this mood, smuggle yourself into some quiet corner, order a cocktail and a good cigar, and "while the weathered smoke tinges the air with calm re-

lection" (where did I hear that before?) send this letter through once more. Then, when the case as stated under advisement, and when you have reached a decision wire me at once. I'll treat you to do this for the sake of old times.

I'm in love. There! The secret's out. Now, Jack, don't smile cynically. I'm really serious, and since I've known this little vision of loveliness my only ambition has been to win her. Of course, it goes without saying that she's young and beautiful; hazel eyes and chestnut hair; peachy cheeks and willowy figure and all that sort of thing, but she's an actress—that is, she is the new prima donna of the Bohemian Opera company. Now, I know you'll say it's no go, but, Jack, I want to convince you. She isn't the least bit stagey, and meeting her has given me a high regard for theatrical people. Of course, you've heard of her—Mamie Abbott, a graduate of your Conservatory, who became famous here on Broadway on her first appearance. I know my folks will object to a stage girl, but I don't care. She's a beautiful, true, lovable woman, one you would be proud to call your wife—or rather that I would be proud to call mine. The only objection will be from my people. The old gent will just stand on his head with rage when he hears of it, but I can make my own way even if he does cut me off.

Now, Jack, in a lame way I have argued the case. I have about made up my mind to marry "Abbey" (that's her pet name; I suppose I shouldn't call her by it until we're married); but I want that cool, calculating head of yours to come to my assistance. I expect you to be cynical, for I remember the famous occasion when a certain beautiful blond, whose bewitching stage ways had caught your flinty heart, introduced her husband to you. So, after due consideration, wire me, Shall I propose to Miss Abbott? I promise you I shall faithfully abide by your decision.

Your old pard,

LYNN C. DOYLE.

(A telegram delivered to Lynn C. Doyle, Union League Club, New York.)

BOSTON, March 28, 1902.

Don't. Will explain by letter.

JOHN TREMONT.

(A letter, delivered to Miss Mary Abbott, at her residence, New York.)

NEW YORK, April 1, 1902.

MY DEAR MISS ABBOTT:

Yesterday, during the reception, I presumed to believe that you looked on my little attentions and myself with favor, and this has given me the courage to write what I dare not speak. From the first moment that I saw you over the footlights I knew that there would never be another woman in the world for me. Seeking your dear acquaintance and friendship, the fragrant memories of your refinement and lovely personality have been my inspiration. If my father or mother object to your profession, when they know you as I do they will receive you as a daughter. So I send these moss roses, emblems of a confession of love, to plead for me. Miss Abbott—Mamie, my darling, I love you. Will you be my wife?

Faithfully and devotedly yours,

LYNN C. DOYLE.

(A letter delivered to Lynn C. Doyle, Union League Club, New York.)

NEW YORK, April 1, 1902.

DEAR MR. DOYLE:

Your beautiful roses and the note containing a proposal, which I shall ever esteem as one of the greatest honors of my life, came this morning. I am very, very sorry, for I never dreamed of encouraging you. I value your friendship too sincerely to willfully cause you pain or regret, and if I have been such a careless girl as to mislead you, I humbly ask your pardon.

I judge that you should know my reason for answering you in this way. While I was studying my music in Boston I met a dear friend of my cousin Jim, and—well, we are to be married in October. He was at Yale with Jim and his name is John Tremont.

I will keep your confidence as a sacred trust, and again, dear Mr. Doyle, appreciating the honor you have paid me and trusting that we shall always be the best of friends, I remain, Your sincere friend,

MARY ABBOTT.

(A telegram delivered to John Tremont, Pemberton Square, Boston.)

NEW YORK, April 1, 1902.

Your letter and explanation not arrived yet. However, I shall take your advice and shall not marry her.—LYNN C. DOYLE.

JACK CANTWELL.



THE NAME'S THE THING.

Playwright: "I've written a great play, but I'm at a loss what to name it."

Friend: "I'll name it for you."

Playwright: "But you haven't read the play."

Friend: "That's no necessity."



# A FORGOTTEN ACTRESS.

I WAS engaged as call-boy and general utility at the Pittsburgh Theatre (Old Drury), long since pulled down, during the season of 1858-59, and it was during that season that I first met "Captain" Adah Isaacs Menken, a name quite unknown to the players of the present day, only living, perhaps, in the memories of a few old-timers like myself. She had not then attempted Maseppa, nor William, in Black-Eyed Susan, having only a few months before made her first appearance in the legitimate drama, as Bianca in *Fazio*, at the old St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, in October, 1858. She was a star profitable alike to manager and herself, sharing after a certain sum each night, except on Friday, when she took the regulation benefit, and the star upon that occasion generally took one-half the gross receipts. She had no advance agent, no diamonds then to loan, was accompanied by her husband, who acted as a sort of general utility man to her, and she was plainly announced on the black and white three-sheet posters as "Captain" Adah Isaacs Menken, of the Dayton Company Light Guards.

She had no lithos nor handsome twelve-sheet posters to announce her coming—her only extra advertising was her commission as "Captain" in a small frame, which was hung up near the box-office window. During her week she went on for everything from tragedy to low comedy. On her opening night, she was the Widow Cherry in the old comedy, *The Soldier's Daughter*, and in the farce, *A Day in Paris*, she was seen in half a dozen characters, a style of entertainment that was very popular in those days, and before the week was over she acted in *Fazio*, *The French Spy*, *Camille*, *Amodeus*, and a number of farces. She was not afraid of work, and attempted anything. As a star, she was more than a favorite with all behind the green baize curtains, was lady-like and courteous at rehearsal, and more than willing at all times to receive a suggestion in regard to the business of a scene from older and more experienced professionals than herself.

While I was in San Francisco, during one of the South-Sea engagements, I found a play-bill of "The Menken," as she was called on the stage. I made a copy of the cast, and it contains the names of many who became, in after years, prominent in the profession, and the majority of whom have crossed over the divide. It was at Maguire's Opera House, in 1862. The name of the play was *The Three Past Women*; or, *The Female Robinson Crusoe*, and it was announced as an entirely new play, and with the following cast:

Flowers Sydney ..... Adah Isaacs Menken  
Lovely Nancy, an orphan girl, with the name of "Bully Lovey Jane" ..... Miss Adah Menken  
Montague Frithbert, a top young man, with one "On the Old Home Road" ..... Miss Adah Menken  
Tom Swinton, a soldier with lamppost ..... Miss Adah Menken  
Benedict, a student ..... Miss Adah Menken  
Harry Swinton, a sporting dandy ..... Miss Adah Menken  
Benedict Swinton, dark green ..... Frank Mayo  
Walker Perry, with large expectations, but rather inclined to a deep green ..... Frank Mayo  
C. R. Thorne, Jr.  
Hans Mortimer, small expectations and light green ..... H. Clifton  
Hugh Wellington, a San Francisco speculator ..... F. R. White  
Spike Redstock, a professional bum ..... W. Stephens  
Jack Twiddle ..... James Swinton  
Jennie MacCarthy, a fresh importation ..... F. R. White  
Cathy Smith, chief of the "Bambos" ..... Louis Aldrich  
Black George, immortalized in the criminal calendar ..... H. Clifton  
Billy Swinton, leader of a dance band ..... W. Stephens  
Emma Sydney, rather fat, Miss Mortimer; new French, Miss Bell; rather modest, Ned Swinton, a pretty boy ..... Miss Adah Menken  
Bobby Clifton, very fat ..... Mrs. H. A. Perry

Of all in the above cast, there is only one left, Mrs. H. A. Perry, now Agnes Booth Schofield. After this engagement, Miss Menken flitted around the world and, finally, on Aug. 10, 1860, in Paris, laid down the burden of life.

OWEN FAUCETT.

## FOR NEMESIS.

She was only a little actress—a player of an unimportant role in a wandering night-stand company. This means that she traveled from town to town during the season, playing mostly in villages and small cities, where Uncle Tom's Cabin and Ten Nights in a Bar Room form a never-fading mental feast; where the "opera houses" are black halls or ramshackle shanty risks; where the stagehands show tobacco, and the dressing-rooms are dirty beyond compare.

She was born on the stage, so to speak, for her parents had been theatre folk. Therefore she had no illusions of any sort. She knew that the whole blessed thing was a humbug; that the Happy, Happy Village, who lined up on each side of the stage to welcome home the



THE RIGHT OF WAY.



## THE OLD WAGON DAYS.



WITH THEATRICAL COMPANIES.

A few years ago, on my way East, as the train that I was on drew into the depot at Elmira, N. Y., looking out of the car window I gazed standing near the waiting-room an old gentleman. Old as he was and in spite of the long number of years since I had seen him, I recognized him. The train stopped just long enough for me to step out and make myself known and bid him good-day. This old gentleman was John McFarland, one of the very oldest theatrical managers then living of the old wagon days of theatrical companies. He had long since retired from the business and was spending his latter days at Elmira. I had known him years and years ago out in what was then called the Western country—Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois—when we had but very few railroads, and all shows then traveling had to have their own conveyances or take the public stages to get over the country.



Billing the Town.

In those days this John McFarland was at the head of a theatrical company, traveling in his own red wagon throughout the above-named States, playing, with his company, Hamlet down to Jack Sheppard, in schoolhouses and churches, if there were no halls. "Opera houses!" We never heard the word spoken in those days, never met with it unless we were reading some foreign papers. If we did arrive at some place that boasted of having a hall, we would have to look all over the town to find some person who had the key to unlock it, and then had to sweep it out ourselves and find some way to light it up at night.

As soon as we got into a town each man of the company would take a bunch of handbills and start out in different directions, stop at each

house, pull the knocker on the door. You would find only a few houses that had door-bells in those days. To whomsoever came to the door the actor would give one of his handbills and proceed to give a brief lecture on the surpassing merits of the show. That sort of work was a part of the regular duty of every masculine member of a theatrical company.

Hardly any companies then carried musicians. They had to depend upon local talent for an orchestra, and then sometimes it would consist of only a solitary violin; then, again, a young lady with her melodeon. I remember one time out in Ohio, when I was with O. W. Drake's Dramatic company, of getting into a town where we could not find any music for the evening. All the musical talent of the town belonged to the local brass band, and the brass band was going over to another town to a political meeting. It was when Fremont and Dayton were running for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency. Some one told me there was an old negro in the town who played the violin, so I hunted him up and engaged him for the evening.

When evening came he was on hand with his fiddle, and while we were taking the money at the door he was down in front of the main curtain playing for all he was worth "Pop Goes the Weasel." After the first act of the performance was over we called for music, and away went once more "Pop Goes the Weasel." We shouted to him to play something else. "Mammy," he said, "don't know anything else!" So we had to put up with "Pop Goes the Weasel" the balance of the evening.

DOUGLAS JUNE.



Good Young Man and the Lovely Lady, were dodging wind, not rain, from their paper-maché gables. She knew, too, that the "old cut tree," behind which Mr. Dodman hid when the colored Blanche Hove and the giddy, doddering Old Lawyer came outdoors to discuss their vital counts in loud voices, was a fat sham; that the "cold and cruel snow" was chopped paper; that the "molten gold" which Virtue spurned was but painted tin; that the "diamonds" were glass, the "velvet" cotton and the "brown October sky" cold tin.

She knew, moreover, what it was to live in wretched, third-class hotels, where the "troupe" were treated like dumb animals; stared at, commented upon by the public, herded in cold, chaotic rooms, and fed on scraps. For such is life on the road.

Mr. Dodman, the commercial person who managed the company, did not like her. "You don't suffer put no life in your work," he remarked one night after the performance. "Vy don't you not visit at der shoppe in front some-

times, eh?" She made no answer to words, but the contempt and looking with which she looked him up and drove apologetic volumes, to the great delight of the old comedian, who had been her father's best friend in those old days before the stage was defiled. The commercial person was not wise, despite his name, else he would not have insulted her then and there as he did; nor would he have found himself a few minutes later lying smashed up among the scenery, a battered, Jewish wreck.

Of course he promptly discharged the old comedian. Then he had his arrested on a warrant for assault and battery. But the justice seemed to be an Irishman, who heard both sides of the story and then remarked: "Case dismissed. It carried ye right, Mr. Dodman. An' I'll tell ye now that had it been me that was there, ye'd not have been here to-day at all, but in th' hospital wid someboddy's name blinder me a dozen times, an' some shinddy tooth! Out out o' this town now, ye man, an' I'll give ye six months in th' pen if ever ye come back!"

Which was justice, if not law. And the damaged goods got out, and for vengeance.

He had sent the girl on with the company. He did not discharge her. Indeed, he had no intention of so doing. In his blind hate he considered her responsible for what he had received, and he would make her pay for it all. It was a safe game to play. She was helpless, poor, without wealthy relatives or influential friends, and therefore was an easy subject for his cowardly spite. She was hounded, hounded in a city, mean way, such as only a petty mind could devise. She could not escape; she had no money, for on one pretext or another—always illegal—she was fined up to the very limit of her poor salary.

One day when, by rare good fortune, they were to play in a city of fair play, she fell ill, so ill that she could not possibly go on. And so she was left behind. Friends, alone, without means, without baggage—for her trunk had been taken on with the others—she was ready to give up in despair.

Justice may be blind. Nemesis may not. But, sooner or later, the wheel turns and then both serve their purpose. In this case, fortunately, Nemesis was thoroughly awakened. She chose for her representative one possessed of rare gifts, a man of whom an enthusiastic cult once said: "Even his enemies love him, though devil a wan he has!" He was a poor man himself, but his great, generous heart never failed to respond to a cry for help, which is one reason why he was poor in worldly goods, but rich in all that makes a man. Thus it was that when the story of this poor little actress reached his ears he responded instantly, not in the manner of conferring a mighty favor, but as of one who took pleasure in the act. Moreover, he sent a certain square-jawed gentleman to the town where the company was playing. And the manager of the company did lift up his voice and bewail in disjuncted language, and swear strange oaths, and think himself ruined. But he restored the stolen trunk and paid the stolen salary in full, together with all the costs of collection. It was that or repose in Egypt—which means rest in jail.

And who stood for Nemesis in this case? The town was Canton, Ohio, and the man—Why, yes! You guessed his name the first time. But lest any should not, I'll write it here, God bless him.

It was William McKinley.

CHARLES TOWNSEND.

## A BALLADE OF CITIES.

Of all the towns that ask my praise,  
From claret-eyed Pekin to my Paris,  
To one alone would I give my days,  
While the Lord He leteth his servant be.  
Dear little Dublin is fair to see,  
And Shandon bells ring a peal to Cork  
That sits so snug on the river Lee—  
But what's the matter with our New York?

London's the place, the swells all say,  
Where the Sun of Fashion duth rise and set.  
And Poodleilly has products gay  
Which he who has seen will ne'er forget.  
Then 'is 'ighness is there—and, for a bet,  
You can see 'im 'andle 'is knife and fork,  
Like a bloomin' himperial cove—but yet,  
We've had Croker himself in our New York.

There's a charming town on the river Seine,  
Where the Goddess of Pleasure holds her  
way;  
And if for a frolic you're in the vein,  
Not a demure there will say you nay.  
And then they have such a winning way,  
You could not demur without remark;  
But should you at home elect to stay,  
Here's the Tenderloin in our New York.

Berlin has lovers—an endless tale—  
And Antwerp champagne have inspired a few.  
And some do swear that no words avail  
Till Peter's city and dome you view.  
Prague has her pretences—Venice, too,  
That holds the horns of good St. Mark;  
But while of these I would none censure,  
Pray let me tarry in our New York.

Now Monte Carlo's a place of fame,  
With its strong delights of rags of hair,  
And if you're fond of a plunging game,  
Faith, there's the limit and chance galore.  
But why these dangerous courts explore,  
Where the gray falls quick to the foreign shark,  
When—tapping the right spot on the door—  
You can drop your bundle in our New York!

"See Venice and die," 'twas said of old;  
"See York and die," I would fain amend;  
Whatever your quest, be it beauty or gold,  
Your heart's desire shall have here an end.  
But should you fall, then on this depend—  
Show not cowardice your wandering tongue,  
For the world hath not the thing to lend—  
The end of all is in our New York.

Prague, let us leave, the table round,  
All good towns that show their art  
For men and beast have a shiller found—  
And the best of them all is our New York!  
MORRIS, MORRIS.



WILL IT COME TO THIS?





Photo Wilson, Chicago.  
MYRA COLLINS.



CLARA MATHES.



Photo Gardner, Brooklyn.  
EDNA EARLE LINDEN.



Photo Chickering, Boston.  
PAULINE HALL.



Photo Tabor, Chicago.  
SHIRLEY SISTERS.



Photo Falk, N. Y.  
BARNEY GILMORE.



Photo Edmonson Bros., N. Y.  
LEOLA MAYE.



MR. AND MRS. NEIL LITCHFIELD.



Photo Loecky, Philadelphia.  
HENRY BUCKLER.



Photo Wilson, Chicago.  
GUS COHEN.



Photo Lefebvre.  
ANNA HOLLINGER.



Photo Bell, Memphis.  
WILLIAM STUART.



Photo Wilson, Chicago.  
PASQUELINE DE VOR.



## THE PROSCENIUM DOOR.



As the measure of its serfdom, so the measure of its glory.

With the dawn of the Restoration, some two hundred and forty years ago, came the first properly constituted theatres in England—that is to say, theatres provided with scenery and having proscenium and front curtains. In the main, these edifices were fashioned and furnished on Continental principles, but one important constituent had no prototype in the regular theatres

they had been accustomed to make their entrance through two permanent doors at the back, and to play all scenes representing battlements and other elevated positions on a balcony situated above them. Although unfortunately affording no indication of this upper stage, Van Buchell's quaint sketch of the old Swan Theatre conveys a very clear impression of the two entering doors. Notwithstanding the grave disparity between the scenic and the non-scenic playhouses, the old routine was not completely departed from with the dawn of the Restoration. The Elizabethan entering doors, routed from their primitive position by the incursion of scenery, found a haven of refuge in the newly-arrived proscenium; but the hapless balcony, unlucky in its flight, was ruthlessly cut in two, and a portion of the remains placed over either door. Lost all this should be the uses to which these proscenium doors and balconies were immediately put were practically identical with the uses of the doors and upper stage in Shakespeare's time. When one considers that from 1660 to 1700 the almost invariable mode of entrance and of exit was by two permanent doors, it at once becomes apparent that the proscenium entrances of the Restoration were simply the perpetuation on a scenically adorned stage of a convention created and cherished in the non-scenic playhouse.

The vulgar rout will run unheeded away; So we, when once our play is done, make haste With a short epilogue to close your taste. In thus withdrawing, we mean modestly; But, when the curtain's down, we part, and see A jury of the wits, who still stay late. And in their club discuss the poor play's fate.

The earliest pictorial record of the interior of a Restoration playhouse dates no further back than the year 1673, but the previous and employment of the proscenium door and balcony for a device previously any satisfactorily indicated in a number of contemporary stage directions. That the doors were utilized at the Duke's Theatre in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields,

the later dramatists of the seventeenth century out of the stereotyped arrangement of these doors and balconies. Considerable attention was taken of the fact that the entering doors were situated in front of the curtains, and were, as a consequence, "aprons." Thus the Duke of Buckingham, in writing his famous letter, *The Rehearsal* (1673), set a precedent afterwards followed by Shadwell and Richard Bursley. Shadwell in place of a similar nature. At the beginning of the fifth act he made Bayes and the two gentlemen to come on the stage before the raising of the curtain. Judging by the dislocation of the sign in Southern's comedy, *The Wives' Excuse*, as originally presented at Drury Lane in



TEATRO OLIMPICO, VICENZA.

and opera houses of France and Italy—viz., the proscenium doors with their overhanging balconies. Instituted in 1661, and holding their place until a period well-nigh within living memory, these illusion-marring excrescences had such a restrictive influence upon the trend of English histrionics that a full inquiry into their origin and use will not be unprofitable.

So far from the early Continental theatres affording any possible prototype, no record exists

in placing the entering doors in the proscenium the Restoration architects pursued a sensible course in preserving the old projecting stage, or, in other words, in appending a very liberal "apron." So indifferent was the scheme of lighting that up to the middle of the eighteenth century all important action took place well to the front; if the player ever moved backward he immediately got out of "the focus." The position of the doors enabled him to spring at once upon the scene of action, and, where occasion demanded, to make a very effective "theatrical" exit.

It sounds audacious to differ with such an authority as Robert W. Lowe, but with a theory of his expounded in the monograph on "Thomas Betterton" I find myself in total disagreement. "Heroes and heroines," we are told, "went 'well forward' to speak their greatest speeches, and when they died they died 'down' the stage, and their bodies remained in full view of the audience after the curtains had closed on the proscenium opening, until the 'heavens' came in through the doors of entrance and carried them off." Although the old device of the heavens (necrotized in Elizabethan times by the absence of a front curtain) was still followed, no evidence exists to show that the mimic dead were ever allowed to remain on the top part of the stage after the falling of the curtain. Apparently assuming that Restoration epilogues were spoken after the curtain had gone down, Mr. Lowe doubtless has been misled by the famous epilogue to *Trifling Love* (1669), in which Nell Gwyn, who had just stabbed herself as Valeria and so brought the play to a close, suddenly bounces up and bows the ears of the houses who come in to carry her off, intimating, as if they had blundered, that here is the right to make personal address to the audience. But that the curtain did not fall until the extrinsic appeal had been spoken is clearly shown in Dryden's epilogue to *Sir Martin Mar-all* (1697):

"As country vicars, when the sermon's done Run huddling to the benediction; Well knowing, though the better sort may stay,



INTERIOR OF THE SWAN THEATRE ABOUT 1664.

to show that from first to last the principle of the proscenium entering doors was ever followed save on the stage of Greater Britain. Nevertheless, at the time of the building of the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields a curious old Italian structure, the Teatro Olimpico of Vicenza, might have afforded a hint to the architect. But at best it cannot have been more than a hint, as Palladio's masterpiece was never a playhouse in the common acceptation of the term, has indeed seldom been performed in, and has invariably been looked upon in the light of a show-place. Built in 1564 for a learned society, of which its famous designer was a distinguished member, the Teatro Olimpico is an attempted reconstruction in miniature of the ancient theatre of Marcellus at Rome. It was designed solely for the performance of classical tragedy, and, as our illustration shows, had a permanent architectural background of the old Græco-Roman order. It will be noticed that besides the three conventional entrances facing the auditorium, two smaller ones with attendant balconies run at right angles in the wings of the solid scene. These side entrances were relics of the *Parados* of the Greeks, lateral openings whereby the chorus originally found its way to the orchestra.

If, in constructing the old Duke's Theatre, the idea of the proscenium doors and balconies was suggested by a study of Palladio, I feel assured it was only adopted in a spirit of compromise, as a concession to the tradition-ridden players of the time, inasmuch as they were with the obsolescent routine of the non-scenic stage. Time out of mind



DORSET GARDEN THEATRE PROSCENIUM.

STAGE OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE IN 1702. From a rare broadside entitled "Five-steps: a New English Upstart," 1703.

in 1661, is plainly shown by an instruction in the Second Part of *The Stage of Rhodes* (Act I, Scene I): "A prospect of Rhodes belonging'd by sea and land. Alphonsus goes off; then enter Isante and her two women by the other door." Similarly, in *Richards's comedy, She Would if She Could* (Act II, Scene I), performed at the same house a few years later, we have the direction, "The women go out, and go behind the scenes to the other door." That is, they departed by one proscenium door, and after traversing the back of the stage, entered again by the other.

The employment of permanent stage balconies at a time when the English theatre was embellished with a pictorial background seems rather incongruous, but despite the clashing of systems the convention had its advantages. Their convenient position over the entering doors obviated the necessity for elaborate built-up work in the backgrounds, and enabled many important scenes to be played in the comparatively strong light shed upon the "apron," that otherwise would

1662, there must have been sufficient stage room in front of the curtain at that house for a considerable number of players. At any rate, the opening scene in the comedy was played on the apron before the curtain went up. It represented "The Outward Room to the Music-meeting," and there the servants assembled to exchange confidences; after which "the curtain drawn up shows the company at the music-meeting." In case it should be argued that by the word "curtain" Southern here refers to a drop-scene, it is better to point out that "sets" and not "drops" were the kind of scenes then employed; and, furthermore, that Southern's general method of signifying a change was by a direction that the "scene opens" or "draws."

The earliest pictorial record of the proscenium doors and balconies is presented by the cut of the *duncheon scene* in *Settle's Emperor of Morocco* (1673), a piece of sensational fusion produced at that magnificent new house, the Duke's Theatre in Dorset Gardens. Here, as our reproduction shows, the proscenium entrances were not



INTERIOR OF DRURY LANE, 1704-1811.

have had to be relegated to obscurer places. In carrying forward the Elizabethan-Stuart traditions of the upper platform, the stage balconies of the Restoration suggested a betterment of the original device, as it was soon found they permitted of a representation of opposite houses in a street. They were so employed in the fifth act of *Sir Martin Mar-all*, when Dryden's play saw the light at the Duke's Theatre in 1697. But the balconies were most frequently pressed into service in comedies of intrigue in the houses where a character at an upper window has converse with some one in the street. A typical example occurs in the third act of *Richards's Comical Revenge*, which dates from 1664. Custom so far habituated playgoers to the expedient that scenic balconies or other elevations forming part of the actual background were very slow in making their appearance. So late as the year 1705 the proscenium balconies were still utilized for stage purposes, and they maintained their pride of place—a sort of vernacular appendix, so to speak, of the body theatre—long after they had ceased to be employed by the players. From an early period of their history it seems to have been customary, when pieces were performed not calling for their use, to permit spectators to occupy the stage balconies. Hence the allusion in Davenant's epilogue to *The Man's the Master* (1669):

"Nay, often you swear, when places are shown ye That your hearing is thick, And so by a love trick, You pass through our scenes up to the balcony."

There can be little doubt that the establishment and acceptance of these quaint conventionalities were largely due to the excellent capital made by

so much doorways as lofty arches; this, and their remoteness from the background, militated against the importation of that discordance which marked the employment of the common-place doors of a later era. It will be noted that bordering the entering places and their attendant balconies at the new house was a beautiful carved framework of fruit and flowers, the work of the unrivalled Gibbons.

Settle's old play conveys to us the hint that already some slight deviation from the old method of entering had set in. The leading players still came on at the front, and elaborate processions continued to pass from door to door, but *entrées* and *entrées* and *entrées* generally made their appearance in the regions of semi-darkness at the back. This was pre-eminently their reign of vantage, as the other characters usually grouped themselves upon the "apron." Corroborative evidence regarding this new departure, which made for illusion, is afforded in Otway's tragedy of *Alcibiades*, produced at Drury Lane in 1675.

That the action was still performed well to the front, and outside the picture, so to speak, is shown by the direction in Dryden's *Trifling and Cressida* (1679), Act V, Scene II, "The Camp:" "Clattering of swords at both doors; he runs each way, and meets the noise." Dryden's use of the word "doors" here in connection with a play performed at Drury Lane would incline one to the belief that the *duncheon* cut in *The Emperor of Morocco* was not photographically accurate. It may be that the Duke's Theatre was a few rods itself in the matter of projecting entering places; it is equally certain that the houses which immediately preceded it as well as those



which immediately followed were content with single doors. Hence, when reading plays of the Dryden period, it may be generally assumed that where indications occur of doors being locked, or broken in, or knocked at, the allusion is to one of the proscenium doors, and not to a door in the actual scene.

Although we have no pictorial record of the interior of the new theatre in Drury Lane, opened to the public in March, 1794, it may be surmised from existing evidence that the number of entering doors employed there was, as of yore, two. Dryden's *All for Love*; or, *The World Well Lost*, was produced at this house in 1692. In Act III, Scene 1, occurs the significant direction: "At one door enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, and Alexas, a train of Egyptians; at the other, Antony and Romanus. The entrances on both sides is prepared by music."

About the year 1699 Christopher Rich, the painter, made some alterations in Old Drury with the view of enlarging the auditorium, and to the changes thus brought about Colley Cibber has striking, if somewhat ambiguous, reference in the twelfth chapter of his "Apology." "It must be observed, then," he writes, "that the area or platform of the old stage projected about four feet forward, in a semi-oval figure, parallel to the benches of the pit; and that the former lower doors of entrance for the actors were brought down between the two foremost (and then only) pilasters, in the place of which doors now the two stage boxes are fixed. That where the doors of entrance now are, there formerly stood two additional side wings, in front to a full set of scenes, which had then almost a double effect in their loftiness and magnificence."

"By this original form the usual station of the actors in almost every scene was advanced at least ten feet nearer to the audience than they now can be, because, not only from the stage being shortened in front, but likewise from the additional interposition of stage boxes, the actors (in respect to the spectators that fill them) are kept so much more backward from the main audience than they used to be; but when the actors were in possession of that forward space to advance upon the voice was then more in the centre of the house, so that the most distant ear had scarce the least doubt or difficulty in hearing what fell from the weakest utterance; all objects were thus drawn nearer to the sense; every painted scene was stronger, every grand scene and dance more extended; every rich or fine-colored habit had a more lively lustre; nor was the minutest motion of a feature (properly changing with the passion or humor it suited) ever lost, as they frequently must be in the obscurity of too great a distance—and how valuable an advantage the facility of hearing distinctly is to every well-acted scene every common spectator is a judge."

Mixed by Cibber's clumsy phrasing in the first part of this extract, Robert W. Lowe has argued, both in his "Thomas Betterton" and elsewhere, that the Restoration Theatre had no fewer than four entering doors, that up to the year 1700 the whole four were in front of the curtain, and that subsequently two were in front of, and two behind, the proscenium. Mr. Lowe assumes that old Colley in referring to "the former lower doors of entrance" contrasts them with some unmentioned "upper" doors, but it seems to me that the word "lower" is merely used here to convey to the lay mind the exact locality of the entrances. That is the only possible interpretation of the passage, as the superstructure built by Mr. Lowe upon his reading has unstable basis. To accept the theory that the earliest scenically-equipped theatre in England had four proscenium entering doors would be to disallow the continuance of the old Elizabethan convention. Whence then their origin? The Continent afforded no prototype. At no time can there have been any practical utility for so many as four front entering doors; while as for the theory that in the reign of Anne two of the doors were behind the proscenium, surely entrance there "by the wing" would have met all necessities. Moreover, the whole weight of evidence, both literary and pictorial, favors the two-door theory. If there were four proscenium entrances at Drury Lane before 1700 it is strange that no allusion to their specific utility exists. The stage directions in all the printed plays produced at that house before the dawn of the eighteenth century treat distinctly of two doors. Here are a couple of examples from Dryden. In the third act of *Don Sebastian* (1694) occurs the di-

rection in *King Arthur* (1691), Act III is laid in "a deep wood," and in it we find the instruction: "Beside Arthur and Merlin at one door, enter Osmond at the other door."

One can better appreciate Colley Cibber's plaint regarding the ill-effect on the acting at old Drury produced by the shrinkage of the "apron" by bearing in mind the defective lighting of the period. All the same, the change was a step toward illusion; it brought actors and background

boxes on the stage between the auditorium and the entering doors was quickly taken up. Scenic illusion was still so far ill-considered that from 1722 for half a century onward two grand tiers were permitted to stand nightly between the stage boxes and the entering doors, ostensibly to preserve order. On first-nights the said doors afforded convenient shelter for the trembling author as he awaited the verdict on his play. Hence Lewis Theobald's allusion to the type:

doors to be found in use in provincial towns, large and small, in Dublin, Edinburgh, Birmingham, and in private theatres like Lord Barrymore's at Wargrave on Thames; they crossed the Atlantic, were seen in New York at the John Street Theatre in 1767, and half a century later still maintained their position in all the leading American playhouses.

Firm-rooted, however, as was the convention, signs of revolt began to appear. The permanent doors frequently outraged all sense of illusion, and the new movement toward artistic realism was slowly gathering force. The first inkling of its power occurred at Drury Lane in September, 1780, when the doors were taken away, and extra stage boxes put in their place. But the tradition-ridden actors of the time failed to reconcile themselves to the new conditions, and the beloved doors had perforce to be brought back. In October, 1782, Covent Garden made a half-hearted attempt at reform; extra boxes were placed on the stage and the entering doors removed behind the curtain. Once more the players proved recalcitrant, with the result that when the house was reconstructed in 1792 it was provided with a deeper "apron," the extra boxes were removed and the doors brought back to their old place. That is to say, they were enunciated between the Corinthian pilasters and columns of the proscenium. A few years later they looked very spick and span in their raiment of white and gold.

When Drury Lane was rebuilt in 1798 the stage boxes were still retained on the spacious apron, but the effect against the offending proscenium entrances remained in force. Such, however, was the injurious influence of the reactionary attitude of Covent Garden that in 1797 the old convention was re-established at the Lane. Treating of the changes then made, *The Monthly Mirror* says: "There is a stage-door on each side, forming a segment of a circle, and over these doors are two tiers of boxes. The effect of this addition is a contraction of the width of the stage, and an additional space behind the scenes, which gives more facility to the movement of the scenery."

As yet Drury Lane was the only English playhouse that had essayed to banish the old doors. But it should be noted that the cause was aided by the building in London of opera houses purely on Italian principles; notably the King's Theatre, erected by Novelschki in 1794, and a little later the Pantheon. Foreign singers delighted in a projecting stage, but their method of entry, as of exit, was "at the wing." Hence it will be observed in looking at the view of the latter Pantheon, now reproduced, that the position usually occupied by the stage-doors was usurped there by a double set of proscenium boxes, an innovation from Milan.

At the beginning of the last century proscenium doors began to be provided with knockers, bells and handles, so that illusion might be aided when the action required that doors should be knocked at, or street bells rung. But in many scenes these additions only made the incongruity of the device all the more glaring. How far Great Britain was behind hand in the race is shown by the remarks in 1807 of an anonymous observer. "In England," he writes, "there is hardly ever a central door contrived in the flat which closes the scene. Whatever be the performance, and whatever be the personages, they all either walk in and out at the permanent doors, which form part of the proscenium, or they slide in and out between the intervals of the wings, which are generally intended to represent a solid cohering wall." And yet France at this period had all the doors in a sense demanded by the exigencies!

Now that the art of English histrionics was ceasing to be rhetorical, an attempt was made to keep the actors more within the picture. On the opening of the new theatre in Drury Lane in 1812, it was found that the apron had been abbreviated, the proscenium doors taken away, and the curtain placed in a glazed frame, remote from the footlights. Grumbings loud and deep were heard among the players, and, at last, Old Drury, more sturdy than the rest, stepped over the picture frame and resumed the traditional position. Admirers of *The Rejected Address* will recall to mind that in the supposititious address assigned to Dr. Johnson's Ghost the lexicographer's



VIEW OF THE PANTHEON, 1815.

into closer conjunction, and gave to the whole a certain aloofness. Under the altered conditions it would have been impossible to utilize Wren's old house in the way that the Duke's Theatre in Dorset Gardens was pressed into service in 1701.

"Ty'd by the Mute at our side-door he stands

Fearful of hissing breath, or clapping hands."

That there was too often necessity in those turbulent days for the presence of the stage grandstand is shown by our reproduction of a rare old



DE BURSON'S NEW STAGE FRONT OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

On the occasion of the performance there of Congreve's masque, *The Judgment of Paris*, the proscenium opening "was all built into a concave with deal boards; all which was faced with tin, to increase and throw forward the sound." Such a device could only be employed in a theatre having an apron spacious enough to hold a number of performers, and possessing doors of entrance in front of the curtain. Another house so arranged was the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket, which as late as the year 1700 had the projecting stage and two proscenium entrances. An instruction in the fifth act of Row's tragedy of *Ulysses* proves this: "Enter some with the body; the rest retire within the scene and wait as at a distance. Enter at the other door, Telemachus." As a matter of fact, Rich's abolition of the commodious "apron" provoked no emulation; it would even appear from the construction of *The Critic* (1779) that some subsequent manager had restored to Drury Lane its old projecting stage. In reading Sheridan's famous satire one readily notes that much of the dialogue in the second and third acts is spoken before the rising of the curtain. Precedent for this had been set in *The Rivals*, and the tradition had been carried on by Fielding in two of his plays. When the Author's Farce was produced at the Haymarket in 1729, a portion of the third act, laid in the playhouse, had performance on the forehead before the curtain drew up. A similar arrangement was effected at the same house in 1787 when Fielding's *Historical Register* for 1736 saw the light. The curtain was lowered in the middle of the second act, leaving Melley, the author of the rehearsal play, and his friends, standing in sight of the audience, on the "apron."

While, on the one hand, Rich's innovation of the shrunken stage met with no immediate acceptance, on the other, his idea of placing side

broadsides, entitled *Pitings*, commemorating a riot at Covent Garden on Feb. 24, 1763. This interesting record gives a clear idea of the commodious acting space in front of the curtain, of the relative position of the two entering doors, and the view-obstructing nature of the clumsy method of stage lighting. At first blush, the proscenium doors with their accompanying balconies, appear to occupy neutral territory between auditorium and scenery; but closer scrutiny shows—what an examination of later views of theatrical interiors confirms—that they were part of the architectural scheme of the auditorium, and harmonized with its symmetrical disposition. Hence, at both Covent Garden and Drury Lane at this period, there were two boxes above each door, but the upper ones were small and merely for ornament, like the gallery box in a latter-day house.

The "Pitings" picture also shows that the privilege now and again accorded to certain members of the audience in Davenant's time, of frequenting the boxes above the entering doors, had grown into a custom. But these relics of the old Elizabethan stage balcony were still pressed into service in the course of performance, and those who sat there took all risks of discomfiture. Writes Tate Wilkinson in his "Memoirs": "Whenever a Don Cholerie in *The Pop's Fortune*, or Sir Amorous Valerius in *A Woman's Riddle*, or Charles in *The Busybody*, tried to find out secrets, or plot an escape from a balcony, they always bowed and thrust themselves into the boxes over the stage-door, amid the company, who were greatly disturbed, and obliged to give up their seats."

Long before the close of the eighteenth century the routine followed in London had extended itself to the uttermost limits of the English-speaking stage. Not only were the proscenium

VIEW AT OLD SADLER'S WELLS.  
(See *Grimaldi's* debut into the pit.)

rection: "She runs off, he follows her to the door; then comes back again and goes out at the other." This scene was "The Muff's Garden." Again

A TYPICAL OLD ENGLISH COUNTRY THEATRE (THE WEYMOUTH).  
(*The King and the Player*.)

shade was made to express itself thus regarding the alteration: "Permanent stage-doors we have none. That which is permanent cannot be re-



moved; for, if removed, it soon ceases to be permanent. What stationary absurdity can vie with that ligneous barricade which, decorated with frapping and tintinnabulant appendages, now serves as the entrance of the lowly cottage, and now as the exit of a lady's bedchamber—at one time insinuating plastic harlequin into a butcher's shop, and at another yawning as a floodgate, to precipitate the Cyprians of St. Giles' into the em-

When the doors were finally banished from Drury Lane in October, 1822, the death-knell of the old convention was rung in an emotional address, written by George Colman and spoken by Terry:

"Look round and judge; his [the manager's] efforts are all waste  
Unless you stamp them as a work of taste;  
Nor blame him for transporting from the doors

The safety pin is the bachelor's badge of independence.

When is an actor not an actor? When he is asleep.

For a kiss to be of any value it should be long enough for the kisser to realize what they are doing.

If we give few slaps on the back we receive few slaps in the face.

Better a short "fat" part than a long lean one. A man should not see too well. It is liable to change his voice.

To purify the modern drama, purify the modern audience.

What a blessing if the chronic kickers would only kick themselves to death.

Familiarity breeds contempt.

Hunt for trouble, and you'll always find it.

The atmosphere of the play depends largely on the atmosphere of the dressing-room.

Conscience is our mental policeman, and is most formidable when carrying a night stick.

We won't need an umbrella on "the rainy day" if we arrange for the shower to be golden.

Because a woman is a wearer of sky "blue stockings," it does not necessarily prove that her thoughts are always heavenly.

Cause and effect: Cocktail drinking—promiscuous kissing.

As thumb lines so women—no two of them are alike.

The best night cap—a pipe.

ERROLL DUNBAR.

### ABOUT BOOK MADE PLAYS.

The large circulation of a popular novel is not always an assuring fact that when turned into play form it will be as successful in its stage version as in the book. We have only to look over the number of book made plays that recently have been tried and many of which have diametrically failed, to verify this statement.

The reasons of the failures are many, and the adapter is not always to blame, as is often thought. In a book the author has recourse to "padding" and flowery description to assist him, all of which must be dispensed with in the stage version of the story.

In the play proper it is action, strong situations and clever dialogue that, apart from the story proper, must be the means for securing the popular success of the play, and hence the adapter must often dispense with beautiful descriptive passages in order to gain the active element which he is seeking in the play.

Authors of books do not seem to understand this, and so hedge the adapter within the narrow circle of his story. Often it is next to impossible to make the story interesting and logical and not war with the author and his sacred rights, and by being confined by the author many dramatizations are failures simply because audience's loss interest in the play before the vital moment arrives. But notwithstanding these facts we hear from day to day of such and such a book being turned into play form on the strength of its amazing popularity. It is a noteworthy fact that while many books have been thus made into plays, very few plays do we see made into novel form.

I can recall but few instances. D'Arcy of the Guards is one, a pretty story in the book, which, I believe, was taken from the play, but found before the first production of the play in San Francisco. Another play whose story later appeared in book form is *If I Were King*. The book, however, does scant justice to its author. In these two instances, both recent metropolitan successes, the old story has been repeated, "the



Photo Krips, Philadelphia.

DAVID R. YOUNG.

play's the thing," and with these in mind it is small wonder that so few plays are made into reading form. Times are changing, however, and we may yet see a reversal in the present methods of books and plays, and have the pleasure of reading in book form the play proper embellished with the descriptive explanations which must necessarily take the place of the stage technique.

EDWIN T. EMERY.

### ALONE.

If I should die to-night,  
Ambition's wheel stop grinding at my heart,  
My brow laid bare with only furrows time hath wrought.

Would there be one damp eye  
To follow to my solitary confine's slits?  
Would there be one kind friend  
To close the silent eyes  
And leave an imprint on the still, cold lips?  
Would Spring's sweet flowers  
Upon the silent mound  
Nourished by sighs, be found,  
Nestling above me in their soft whisp'ring breath,  
Keeping watch with me in death?

BERNARD VINCENT WILLIAMS.

### HIS REASON.

Playwright: "Why don't you pay royalties on the plays you use?"  
Poet: "Being a Republican I'm opposed to royalties."

### NOT THAT KIND.

Tragedian: "I can't eat this bread, my dear. It's like lead."  
Wife: "Why, John, I thought you liked heavy rolls."



Photo Sney, N. Y.

EDNA ARCHER CRAWFORD.

doors of Macbeth. To elude this glaring absurdity, to give to each respective mansion the door which the carpenter would doubtless have given, we vary our portal with the varying scene, passing from deal to mahogany, and from mahogany to oak, as the opposite claims of cottage, palace, or castle may appear to require.

The reform to have been permanent demanded other improvements that unfortunately could not be made. One can sympathize with men like Denton, who desired to be seen, when one remembers that so late as the year 1817 the lighting was so bad that on a particular night at Cov-

These old offenders have—the two stage-doors: Doors which have oft with burnish'd panels stood,  
And golden knockers glittering in a wood,  
Which on their posts, through every change remain'd  
Fast as Gray's Vicar, whosoever reign'd;  
That served for palace, cottage, street or hall,  
Used for each place, and out of place in all;  
Station'd like watchmen who in lamplight sit,  
For all their business of the night unit."

Banished for good from the two patent theatres, the time-honored tradition of the entering doors still had its devotees in the minor houses. The Olympic clung stubbornly to the old faith until 1851, and more than twenty years later it was even in contemplation to restore the doors at the Royal Standard. They lingered longest at Sadler's Wells, where they survived the theatrial glories of Islington, and were to be seen as late as the Bateman edifice. For long, however, they were but as silent testimonies of a creed outworn; even in Phelps' time they were seldom used save when a performer was "called," or when the manager came out to deliver an address.

WILLIAM J. LAWRENCE.

### PIPE THOUGHTS.

In sunshine and in rain,  
In pleasure and in pain,  
Congenial friends are we,  
My pipe and I.

In every loss and gain,  
When life is on the wane,  
May we never parted be,  
My pipe and I.

Be healthy and you'll be good.  
A love warmed over is never tender.  
He who hesitates—stammers.  
A bad actor is guilty of obtaining audiences under false pretences.

Print diamond never won fair lady.  
The best way to swim—act like a fish.  
Loyalty and congeniality are the strongest ties of friendship or love.

Your "uncle's" motto: *In hoc signo vinces*.  
A willing kiss is the key to the fortress.  
If mirrors should tell their reflections we should have to enlarge our skeleton closets.

If love is blind, passion is blinder.  
Walk through life as you please, so long as you avoid other people's toes.  
If silence is golden, how rich the Sphinx must be.

Women can act better than men on and off the stage.  
The higher the high ball, the higher the high kick.

A crying need on railroad trains—cryless babies.

There are as good engagements in the market as ever came out of it.

A cure for insomnia: One part, don't worry; two parts, Scotch whiskey; three parts, pipe smoke.

In life's almanac: Platonic affection—look out for trouble.



Photo Sney, N. Y.

KATHERINE GREY.

ent Garden, when a note was thrown from the pit to the stage for J. B. Booth to read, the actor had perforce to kneel at the footlights to decipher its contents. Four or five years after the opening of new Drury Lane the proscenium doors were again restored, only to be removed again in 1822.

The characteristics of that portion of Covent Garden stage which fronted the curtains are clearly depicted in De Buron's print, now reproduced. This, although issued for the delectation of toy theatre-makers, it well-nigh photographic in its accuracy. Influenced by the example of Drury Lane, the Covent Garden manager removed the doors here shown, in October, 1822, and replaced them by stage boxes.



Photo Sney, N. Y.

VALERIE BENDON.



## A LOVE TRAGEDY.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1868, I landed in New Orleans, an island, from not an over far foreign land. At that time the wave of modern progress had not touched even the atmosphere with its lowering influence of that charming old city, and the usual results of its overstrained materialistic achievements were unknown. Along the "levees"—the water front of the Second Municipality—the American division and the streets contiguous to it there were signs of the coming of the supreme quality, and now overwhelming quantity, so beautifully expressed by the verb to hustle. But as a rule the business of

great profusion of flowers which completely covered both grave and headstone.

After inspecting these my curiosity led me to the reading of the inscription, which ran thus:

ERECTED TO PERPETUATE THE MEMORY  
OF ONE OF THE FAIRER BEINGS  
THAT EVER ADORNED THE EARTH.  
Born at ———— 18—  
Died at ———— 18—

"There is not an hour of day or dreaming night but I am with thee."

There is not a wind but whispers of thy name, And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon But in its hue of fragrance tells a tale of thee."

These manifestations of tenderness and affection marked the culmination of a tragic romance which caused the untimely taking off of one of the most beautiful of her sex, who, for a short time only, was permitted to adorn the American stage.

Her name was of a historic family, her beauty of feature and graceful bearing exceptional and impressive, and her appearance before the public was marked with the highest expression of intelligent approval. A pleasure loving public bestowed upon her their wealth of encouragement, and the future, so often fraught with unpleasant uncertainties, for her appeared to be filled with pleasurable promise.

But the unseen cloud was already hovering over her in the seemingly clear sky, and the man had begun to appear above the horizon. And again the end, and story of "The Man and Woman," too often repeated, came to pass. The man was as exceptional in his leading attributes as was the fair woman. In appearance he was manly and strong and showed that degree of refinement which thorough education and culture always impart. He was by habit a student, quiet in demeanor, and the completed gentleman in his intercourse with others. Now he would be ranked among the thinkers. Then he was labeled by the circle in which he moved as a "true Southern gentleman." Among his intimates he was known to possess those gentle qualities of head and heart which always go a long way in the direction of fascinating those of the other sex who happen to be blessed with like characteristics.

The domestic status of the man was, as it often is, "matched, but not mated." The woman, in the full flush of perfected sympathetic womanhood, grace and beauty, longed for the coming mate. The fates were kind and decreed a meeting between these two, who had been fashioned out of so many perfect parts by an ever generous nature. Mutual recognition and appreciation of the human attributes which fascinate was instantaneous. What led to or how came about an unfortunate happening was never known, but possibly these two congenial spirits, with a perfect knowledge of worldly consequences, elected to create a little Eden of their own without thinking of the inevitable fall.

Their life, so the story ran, in the flower garden of their hopes and joys was brief, and their fall and expulsion accompanied by that quality of sorrow which often seems to have been inflicted upon those who have dared to be happy.

After a few brief months, not running into years, the one so fair passed on to the realm of everlasting peace. The other lived on, but upon changed terms with the world. He avoided society and mused by himself—a lost personality—in the midst of human activities.

So far as known his only worldly interest was centered in the little spot of earth that held all that remained of his idol. In relation to that he observed three anniversaries—the birthday, the day of the first meeting and the day of the final separation. Upon those occasions the grave and tombstone were covered with appropriate floral offerings, signifying in flower language the sentiments they were intended to interpret. Between these period marking days the little mound to him so sacred was always adorned with these beautiful evidences of his undying devotion, telling the story of a broken heart and a life filled with sadness.

This brief narrative is only an outline sketch of a pathetic romance, which if elaborated would take rank with Romeo and Juliet, Abelard and Eloise or Paul and Virginia. Many years after this tragedy Dumas fils wrote his pathetically dramatic story, founded upon fact, of "La Dame aux Camellias." In several minor respects his details differed from those I have endeavored to describe, but in the main both were of the same



Photo Wilson, Chicago.  
KATE WATSON.

the quaint old city was conducted in a gentlemanly way along the lines of peace and comparative quiet.

In many respects it was, of all others, among the cities, an ideal place for convalescence. Flowers, foliage, soft balmy air, opportunities for repose, were the common property of all, rich and poor alike. To a Northern youth its civilization, including the slave auction block, was a revelation well calculated to develop whatever latent sentiment he might possess. Added to the fascinating favors bestowed by ever bounteous nature were the exceptionally taking personal qualities of a people who were frank, kind, sympathetic, generous and generally hot tempered and loving. And to the stranger within their gates they were the model hosts of their time.

It was amid such surroundings that the writer went through the not overweary months



Photo Freeman, Detroit.  
ARMAGH O'DONAHY.

of "getting well." Toward the Spring the weather became wondrously enticing, and the walking and exploring fever set in in full force, and before the summer heats had commenced the whole city had been inspected and mentally catalogued. The general aspect was found to be foreign in all its leading attributes, and not much American about the whole save in the Second Municipality. All the rest was quaint French, Spanish and Italian. And particularly as to all perceptible essentials of every-day life; speech, manner of living and habits of people. The most novel item in this aggregation of novelties were the beautiful homes of the dead, so tenderly cared for by loving relatives and friends. To them my footsteps often turned; and it was among those solemn scenes, beneath the cloudless Southern skies, breathing in the flower scented air, where came to me the full realization of the littleness and, at best, the merely brief transitory importance of humanity. I have ever since been thankful that in those early days my enlarged estimate of the value of my particular ego yielded to a convincing argument, in the nature of a shock, from which it never recovered.

It was during one of these sentimental excursions among the dead that I came upon an unpretentious grave, marked only by a simple headstone of the usual form and dimensions. But my attention was specially attracted by the



Photo Morrison, Chicago.  
ADELAIDE THURSTON.

complexion, and in each the death-dealing result alike.

In the Summer of 1851 I left a hospitable, pleasure loving people, among whom I had passed by two happiest years, and did not visit it again until 1870, when I found this once so attractive old city wonderfully changed. Typical American progress had set in with all its overpowering force, vulgarizing, in its way, every general feature of a once fascinating



Photo Armstrong, Boston.  
CHARLES DICKSON.

city. And where peace and repose had once abounded, I found only noise and that usual excited and senseless excess of movement which has become national and is at once worse than barbaric and a death-dealing nuisance.

In order to enjoy some moments of peace and to indulge a sentimental desire to visit an object in which I had taken so much interest in past days, I made for the cemetery and sought the once familiar scene, but without suc-



Photo Bushnell, San Francisco.  
RITA KNIGHT.

cess The headstone had been removed and the little mound had found its level with the earth around it. Upon inquiry I ascertained that several years before, soon after the last party to the tragedy had passed on, the near representatives, so it was believed, of both families had, by mutual consent, agreed to obliterate all existing evidence of what they regarded as the bar sinister—an unholy disfigurement of their quarterings.

"Joe" Field, father of "Kate," gentleman, actor and author, who knew the details of this sad history, said: "Here is the material for a love story tragedy equal in interest and dramatic possibilities to Romeo and Juliet." And he was right.

R. C. H.

## A NEW YEAR'S TOAST.

'Tis easy for a man to say  
To his best friend, on New Year's Day,  
"May fortune ever come, your way,  
And good health all your hopes attend."  
But blessed is he who joins with me  
In wishing his worst enemy,—  
Whoever that poor chap may be,  
All that he'd wish his friend.

GEORGE W. DAY.

## THE MODERN METHOD.

The 10, 20, 30 manager sat in his palatial office and knitted his brows.

When he had worked them into a sufficiently grotesque pattern he walked nervously to the window.

He was distinctly "on edge." Suddenly he gave a cry of joy.

He had caught a glimpse of the front page of a "yellow extra," in the hands of a news-boy two blocks away.

It took but a moment to summon his press agent.

When the Trust's promoter of publicity entered the room the following conversation ensued:

"Is the printing for that new play all ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you got plenty of good photos of the people engaged?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a whole big bunch of the best kind of red-hot press stuff ready to feed to the papers?"

"Yes, sir."

"The scenery and costumes are all finished, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. The extras are out announcing that the prisoner in that murder case has been acquitted. Call the company for rehearsal tomorrow morning, and wire the manager of the



Photo Moore, New Orleans.  
THOMAS J. GRADY.

opera house in New Rochelle that we open there on Monday night.

"Yes, sir, but—"

"Oh, yes. I had almost forgotten; ring up that author of ours and tell him to write the play."



# THE PIT AND THE PANTOMIME. PARISIAN THEATRES AND HOW TO SEE THEM.



CHRISTMAS night in Merrie England! Being a stranger and not feeling inclined to intrude my outside personality upon the intimate glow of the family hearth fire, to which I had been urged with kind hospitality, I tried to forget the longing for my own home cheer by going to see a Christmas pantomime. I decided that my first impression of an English pantomime should be gained from that part of the theatre which Dickens has made immortal—the Pit.

I wanted to be near those who enjoyed and applauded and to extract some pleasure from their abandon of enjoyment. So I stood in line with some hundreds of others waiting for the doors to open, and to gain, if possible, a flavor of Dickensian atmosphere—a scarce commodity nowadays.

It was an orderly crowd, too, and by no means an ordinary one. It was made up of those who find the greatest pleasures in living. It was a typical English pit audience. There was paternalism, with all his family, who had been in the same line of business for generations. They were all happy and contented, especially after they had been refreshed with a "bite to eat," which had thoughtfully been brought along.

The pit, that old institution, will eventually disappear, but during its reign it has established itself in history. It was the opinion and appreciation of the pit audience that were most desired by the players in the olden days. Their success depended upon its verdict. The great Kean, who, half starved, trudged homeward through the snow after his triumphant night to his anxious and waiting wife, was so eager to impart the good tidings, so choked with emotion, that all he could say was, "The pit was at me." But it was enough. Both knew that his fame was secured and enduring at an end.

At the door of the pit, during the festival of the baby and children, we saw whole families, from grandma to the newest arrival, all huddled in the thought of the fulfillment of a long anticipated pleasure.

How better could I enjoy Alice in Wonderland than in the midst of such a wholesome and happy gathering?

Alice in Wonderland, then being produced in London as a pantomime, was a success. It was a success because of the quality of its presentation of the story. This may seem like a paradox; but it is not. It was a stage picture, both beautiful and vivid, of the imagination of childhood. There was no effort to reduce children's "wonder thoughts" to the commonplace of everyday matter-of-fact probability. Here were the personages, come to life, of one of the most absorbingly interesting, the most widely read and most dearly loved of all child's stories. They talked and they walked and they acted and they were real—as real as Alice and her adventures were to us in our childhood. It was truthful—truthful in its delineation of the manifold creations of a child's boundless imagination.

So it was a success, as was proved by the merry laughter of the piping voices united with the broad smile of a pleased indulgence from the more severe. What pleasure must such a performance impart—for the child actually to see the Alice of his day dreams—the Alice who at night, too, had stolen into the dreamland thoughts!

A little English maid of twelve, the counterpart of Alice, was seated in a box near by. We took upon her pleasure and long to experience it ourselves. But the acuteness of imagination has become dull with the mind's development. The all-absorbing happiness has faded; it died when we began to doubt the existence of our fairyland creations.

The play was produced with great care, and considerable ingenuity was displayed in transforming human beings into the creatures who were Alice's companions on her journey through Wonderland. The King, the Queen and the Knave of Hearts certainly looked like animated playing-cards. Humpty-Dumpty, too, sat on a wall and got a great fall. And how the children and grown folks "laughed to see the show." The Mad Hatter was mad; and the March Hare was there. The Cheshire Cat, who walked on all fours, looking astonishingly like our purring feline companion. The Carpenter, too, with his friend, the Walrus, who told him that the time had now come.

"To talk of many things,  
Of ships and shoes and sealing wax  
And cabbage and kings."

When I came out of the theatre again into the cold and snow, and the unfamiliarity of the streets, I carried within me a glow that made me forget I was an alien. I had enjoyed with this happy, pulsing crowd; I had laughed and thrilled with them, and the one touch of nature had made us kin.

JAMES YOUNG.

## TOUT A TOI.

Roses, and dreams, and morning light  
Glowed around us, when hand in hand,  
Laughing crouches 'neath skies of blue,  
We walked in the sunshine—  
I and you—  
And Spring-time was o'er the land.

North-wind and waking; a snowy sky  
Chills and saddens the days that are;  
Laughter oftentimes ends in a sigh  
Still Love leads us onward—  
You and I—  
And Winter is kept afar.

ELEANOR MERRON.

## TIMELY.

Brown: "During those long waits between the acts last night your coal dealer friend seemed to grow extremely restless."  
Jackson: "Yes, he's only accustomed to short weights."

## HER SPECIALTY.

Madison: "Miss Highdinger's dance made quite a hit."  
McCombs: "Well, her specialty is kicking."

It is probable that not less than forty thousand Americans visited Paris last summer—that at least as many will visit it next summer. Of this number, ten per cent., perhaps, are of the happy few to whom money is no object; when they wish to go to the theatre in Paris, all they have to do is to tell the interloper of their hotel to provide good seats; the seats will be forthcoming—charged on the bill at double their value.

This is delightfully easy for the ten per cent., but is more than difficult—impossible—for the ninety per cent. to whom a visit to Paris is a luxury that can come but once or twice in a lifetime. These may find useful a few words of advice as to the peculiarities of Parisian theatres, and the devious ways of the natives that live upon foreigners.

If you want to see the theatres at their best, you must go certainly not later than the 1st of July, for the Opéra Comique and the Odéon close about that date, and many artists of the Comédie Française go on their vacations. Your only chance to see performances at the first two theatres mentioned, after July 1, is on Bastille Day, July 14, when all the subventioned theatres give free performances. Formerly, to obtain admission to one of these, it was necessary to stand in line hours before the doors opened, but at recent years the Parisian crowds have taken to going to the country on the 14th, as ours do on the 4th, and the attendance at the theatres has fallen off correspondingly. This year I went to the Odéon performance half an hour late, and had no trouble in finding a fairly good seat.

If you have no knowledge of French, it would be a waste of time for you to go anywhere except to the Opéra—where seeing the house is more than hearing the music—or to one of the spectacle theatres, such as the Marigny in the Champs Elysées. If you have even a good read-

side bonus. Notice that this balcony is all yours. *Parterre de la Galerie de 2me Rang:* Third balcony, chairs. (Boxes, on sides of this balcony.) These chairs at the Francaise cost 5 francs.

*2me Galerie:* (Fourth) gallery (front rows). *Amphithéâtre:* (Fourth) gallery (rear rows). Looking now at the extreme right and left of the plan, we have the Avant Scènes: Stage boxes—the worst place in the house.

There! When you've mastered that, and not till then, do you know where to go in a French theatre and get your money's worth.

In passing, one may remark that in theatre construction they don't "know everything down in France," for this very Théâtre Francaise, supposedly the first theatre in the world, has some glaring defects, to wit:

First: Its absurd stage-boxes.  
Second: Its immense height, removing the spectators in the third balcony and gallery so far from the stage that they cannot see that play of feature and delicacy of gesture which are essential to properly rendered comedy.

Third: Its cramped and unimpressive foyer.  
Fourth: Its crowding of boxes into space that should be reserved for exits.

Fifth: Its ugly exterior, which should have been rebuilt when the interior was recently reconstructed. Its antiquity is the only argument I have ever heard in favor of retaining the startling Western facade, and it is hard for a foreigner to see that because a thing was ugly in the eighteenth century it should be allowed to remain so in the twentieth.

The tip, or rather the squeamish system is rampant in France, and nowhere does it higher rear its odious head than in the theatre. In your program from entrance-door to seat you are met by three forms of this nuisance, two of which will vanish if boldly faced, but the third remains a real obstacle to your enjoyment of the play until charmed away by a silver spell. First, a dubious damsel of uncertain age is greatly desirous



PLAN OF THEATRE FRANCAISE.

ing knowledge of French, you will find that the spoken language of the stage is almost unintelligible to you, unless you know the play. Modern plays, then, such as *Le Fantôme de l'Opéra* and *Le Mariage de Figaro*, given at the Francaise this summer, should be avoided, and your attention should be concentrated on some Molière, Dumas, or lighter play, with which you can familiarize yourself beforehand. This done, you may derive great pleasure from the finish, variety and precision of French acting.

In order to secure a good seat, the first thing, of course, is to find the box-office (bureau de location). There is always one of these in the front of the theatre, and to the theatre the purchaser should betake himself, avoiding the two Bureaux de Location near the Opéra, where reserved seats for any theatre may be procured. It is true, but at an extortionate advance upon the price at the door. Accustomed as he is to a box-office open from nine in the morning till ten at night, the first mistake an American is liable to make is that of going to the bureau too early or too late, only to find it closed. The French box-office does not open until eleven; it closes at six and does not re-open until half an hour before the performance, which generally begins at half-past eight.

Every well-conducted theatre has a tariff of prices and a plan of the house conspicuously posted in the lobby. These should be carefully consulted before purchasing tickets, as there is a bewildering variety of prices of admission—ten or twelve at the Comédie Française, if I remember correctly—and many of the terms used to describe seats have no convenient equivalents in American theatrical parlance.

The accompanying plan of the (reconstructed) Théâtre Francaise may be taken as typical. In describing, I begin at the bottom of the plan and go up, giving the American synonym, as succinctly as possible, immediately after the French term.

*Parterre d'Orchestre:* Parquet or orchestra chairs. This, considered with us the best part of the house, is not commonly so held by the French. They are right, for at least half the seats are below the level of the stage, the spectator looks up at the actor instead of down, and the lights and shadows are all inverted. Price, 10 francs (\$2).

*Parterre:* Benches in rear of orchestra chairs. These are the best seats in the house for the price—2½ francs—but they cannot be purchased until eight o'clock on the evening of the performance.

*Baignoires de Face:* Boxes facing stage, rear of parquet.

*Baignoires de Côté:* Side boxes of the parquet. The baignoires at the Francaise have wooden grills in front, which can be lowered at will.

*Parterre de Balcon:* Dress circle or first balcony, chairs.

*Premières Loges:* Boxes in rear of dress circle or balcony.

*Loges du 2me Rang de Face:* Second balcony, front boxes.

*Loges du 2me Rang de Côté:* Second balcony.

to relieve you of your coat or cloak—for a consideration. Resist this, as Grant Allen advised the girl to resist the higher education, and, like that education, it will see from you. Next, if you be a lady, a still more dubious damsel of still more uncertain age will want to bring you a foot-stool—for a consideration. This enemy also may be routed, tipless. Lastly, a veritable old hussy, in weeds of watchet or of cypress, will present you with a programme for which you must pay 5 cents or lose the pleasure of knowing what artists are to sustain the characters of the evening. Here you succumb, perforce, and hand over plunder to the enemy, thankful to have reached your seat with watch and purse still about you.

L. DU PONT BRIE.

## A RURAL QUERY.

Officer: "Did you have a big audience at the Oprey-Bazaar last night?"  
Theatre Manager: "Certainly. Stagecoach always draws well in Pumphaville."

Officer: "Did he draw them scandalous livin' pictures they showed between the acts?"



PROFESSIONAL NOTE.

Miss Ophelia Jackson will continue to support Mr. Toots Jackson the coming season.

## SHAKESPEARE IN HELL.

AN JOURNAL. PART.

I had a dream, a fearful dream,  
That filled my sleep with fright!  
I went into the theatre  
And looked on with delight:  
For there I saw my dearest friends,  
All dressed in stage array,  
Murder in heartless mockery  
Great Shakespeare's winter-play.  
From Hamlet down to super boy,  
With self-enchanted power,  
Each self-enchanted Romeo strove  
His neighbor to outdo:  
And when at last the curtain fell  
Upon the final fray,  
Actors and audience—one and all—  
From earth had passed away!  
Each one had died, alas! good souls,  
For very lack of life—  
The one to me such havoc done,  
The rest from grief-strife.

Oh, bitter fate, to thus lose life  
And pass from earth away,  
And all because I've witnessed  
The murder of a play.  
But as I whirled my upward flight  
And passed St. Peter's gate,  
A happy thought relieved my gloom  
And sweetened my sad fate.  
Shakespeare was dead, and so was I—  
Why should we then not meet?  
And if we did—why then for me  
Death's bitterness was sweet!  
To see his face, to grasp his hand,  
With him to converse below—  
I'd even seek him down below  
And leave the Heavenly fold!  
And so no sooner was I safe  
Within the golden gate  
Than I set out upon my quest  
At an electric rate,  
And scanned each face I met upon  
Those famous golden ways,  
Until the angels grew impatient:  
At my too searching gaze:  
And one—a politician once,  
A heavenly "copper" now—  
Tripped me and nipped me as I fell,  
Demanding—"What's the row?"  
Like earthly mortals in such plight  
I made most of my ill,  
And said, I'd "tip" him as on earth,  
To find "Immortal Bill."  
At this he smiled—as they do there,  
Not as they "smile" on earth—  
And said if I would follow him  
I'd get my tip's full worth.  
I followed to the gates of Hell,  
Where passed he with a grin,  
Saying, though politician, he  
Was too good to go in:  
But that if I would risk the heat  
Shakespeare I'd find below,  
Enduring ceaseless torment  
At a never-ending show,  
Where all the Amateurs of earth,  
Who always came to Hell,  
Were doomed to act, and act his plays  
Until they played them well!

Alas, alas, immortal Bard,  
That such should be thy state!  
And thou, oh, erring mortal, shun  
An amateur's dread fate.  
For not alone just punishment  
Is meted out to you,  
But him you think to honor  
Through you is punished, too.

WERT WILLIAMS.

## THE M.D. WAS WRONG.

The Doctor: "What you need is more exercise. You ought to take long walks every day. By the way, what is your business?"  
The Tragedian: "I have been barnstorming for thirty-seven years."

## A TERRIBLE BLOW.

Manager Isaacstein: "Vy so gloomy, Jacob?"  
Manager Blumenberg: "I'm vorrying about dot boy of mine, little Jakey."  
Manager Isaacstein: "Vot's de matter—has he sleight?"  
Manager Blumenberg: "Vorse dan dot. He don't care about der pennance end of deendrigs; der fool wants to be an actor!"

## EXPLAINED.

Local Manager: "Your letter stated that you carried your own orchestra."  
Company Manager: "We do—when he's too full to walk."



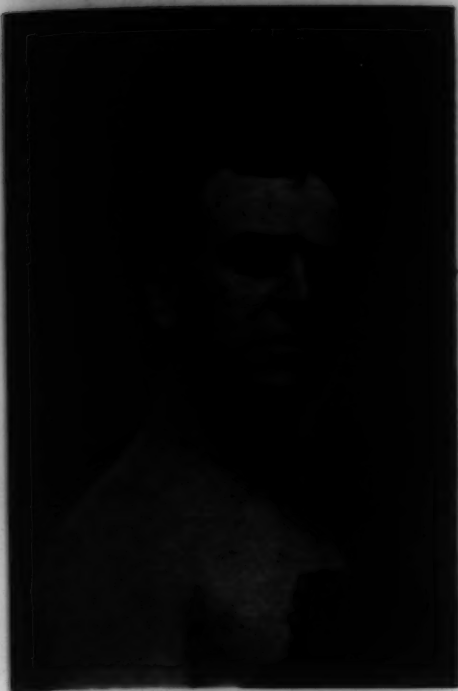


Photo Winter, Syracuse.  
WALTER McCULLOUGH.



Photo Richards.  
BELLE GOLD AND MARGARET MAEDER.



Photo Baker, Columbia.  
MARION RUSSELL.



Photo Sands and Brady, Providence.  
CORLISS GILES.



Photo Stacy, Brooklyn.  
LITTLE CORA QUINTEN.



WINIFRED GREENWOOD.

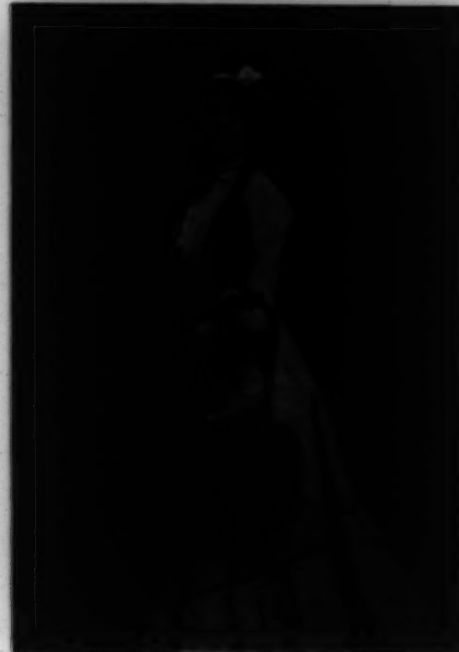


Photo Sands and Brady, Providence.  
HELAINE HADLEY.



Photo Foley, N. Y.  
HARRY AND SADIE FIELDS.



Photo Marceau, N. Y.  
DANIEL SULLY.



Photo Lipp Studio, Philadelphia.  
HUGH STANTON.



Photo Schloss, N. Y.  
AUGUSTA TRUE.



Photo Downing, Zania, O.  
CHARLES BALSAR.



Photo Koshne, Chicago.  
WILLIAM OWEN.



# TEATRO MULBERRIA



SIGNOR RONCONI, THE ITALIAN ACTOR, AS HAMLET.

I.  
"Mr. Bonemer is too busy to see you," said the private secretary. "He doesn't take any stock in this Endowed National Theatre idea anyway."  
The reporter moved a step further into the mosaic hallway out of the wind and rain, and pursued:  
"Neither do I. In my opinion it is a fool scheme entirely. Personally, I know of nothing that could interest me less. But here is the point: Mr. Bonemer laid the corner-stone of the new Art and Literature Institute last week, and



PASQUALE FOGGI, FIRST GRAVE DIGGER.

on that occasion he made a speech which has been published all over the United States. The reason why it attracted attention was that he declared one of his pet ideals to be a truly national theatre, freed from the trammels of commercialism. Now such a declaration coming from a man of Mr. Bonemer's mind and of his millions is a matter of legitimate public interest. Many people wish to know if he means to endorse the Endowed Theatre project. That is what the editor has sent me here to find out."  
"Tell him that Mr. Bonemer has no time to bother with interviewers. When he has a statement to make public we give it out in typewritten slips to all the newspapers alike."  
"Very well. But you may recollect that on my first call here about this matter—to-day's is my fourth—at your own suggestion I wrote out in detail the question I was sent to ask Mr. Bonemer. That requires an answer. Yes or No, which I should like to get."  
"You wait here a minute."  
The private secretary vanished. The reporter waited there a minute—five minutes, ten, fifteen. Ping, pong! ping, pong! In rhythmic iteration afar within was the only sound to break the sumptuous stillness. Evidently a strenuous game was in progress.  
At last the private secretary returned. He handed Arne—Arne was the reporter's name—a

crumpled paper. The crumpled paper was the detailed interrogation which Arne had written out to be submitted to Mr. Bonemer, and on its margin the philanthropist had pencilled:  
"Endowed theatre in U. S. an impossibility."  
II.  
Arne went back to the office with another failure to his discredit. He wrote "on again," and sometimes felt as if he were helplessly adrift in it.  
However, a memorandum on his desk calendar reminded him that he had a second assignment, for the evening. On this same calendar last, by the way, adjoining the day and date line, were the printed words, "Last Quarter"—referring to the moon's phase. Somehow, at the moment they appeared to Arne like a flippant allusion to his own financial condition.  
"Never say die! If this unique representation to-night at Little Italy's temple of the drama, the Teatro Mulberria, don't meet with an untimely frost, it ought to be worth a column." "Count that day lost, whose early morning sun has nothing in of Arne's—not even a pun."

III.  
An irregular open space with winding asphalt walks, slender sapling trees and patches of green turf, surrounded by dingy, ill-assorted buildings and crooked streets, swarming with dusky, idle people—brigandish-looking men in velvet jackets lounging in loggias and smoking long Tuscan cigars, women with massive gold earrings and orange and magenta head-dresses; rows of push-carts laden with fruits and merchandise, flowers, field herbs and garden truck in variegated heaps; stacks of bread, sausages, cheese, tubs of olives, clusters of chianti flasks and strings of garlic hanging about cavernous doorways; squawking parrots in cages, strange scents and sounds in the air, music, laughter, maledictions, vendors' cries, children's prattle and old cronies' mangle gossip, Italian names and dialects on signs and walls everywhere and in the people's mouths—all things mellowed, dissolved, fused and mingled together in the red gold of Summer's evening afterglow, dewy from the passed-off rain, domed by a deepening indigo sky through which one or two large stars glittered. Intense and rosy-pale—this, all this, was not Naples, but just a bit of cosmopolitan Manhattan, a stone's throw from Broadway.

It was Little Italy of the Five Points and Mulberry Bend.

An occasional carriage, even an automobile, touching at the queer, blue-fronted building with the illuminated sign, TEATRO, and groups of well-dressed, out-of-place looking persons entering therein, bespoke the extraordinary.

In fact, grimy posters, printed in the blackest display type of the neighboring Baxter Street stamperia, announced Signor A. Roncone's grand special performance of "Amleto, Principe di Danimarca," under the patronage of molti Americani. All the world wondered.

Arne, who enjoyed the personal acquaintance of the exotic tragedian, met him on the sidewalk and was welcomed with effusive greeting.

"Ah, Mista Arne, bulla for you!" Signor Roncone spoke Italian and French with academic precision, but his English was of the Bowery. His appreciation of press notices was naïf and sincere, though exaggerated.

"Well, you've got the swell mob with you this time," said the newspaper man, as the actor politely handed him a Virginia, such as he himself was puffing luxuriously.

"Sure!" responded Roncone. "I'll make good, too, an' don't you forget it. Come see me after the show."

The show turned out to be, as Arne duly reported it in his paper next morning, a truly notable performance of Hamlet. It was also the triumph of Signor Roncone's life. Still young, of noble appearance and chivalrous mien, graceful in action, statuesque in pose, declaiming with beautifully modulated voice the sonorous lines of Gargano's verse-translation of Shakespeare, this artist-exile achieved an impersonation of

such distinction as lifted it far above the squalid stage-setting and pitifully inadequate support.

Roncone's pretty wife, billed as Signora Rosetta Roncone, played a kind of Sicilian Ophelia, which satisfied the critical Italian three-fourths of the audience and brought handsome floral tributes from the other fourth, consisting of the smart American contingent, who had patronized the affair at first in fun, finally in earnest. All fraternized in the wave of enthusiasm that followed in the wake of Amleto's impetuous scenes.

It was as good as settled, then and there, that in the near future Roncone, still under the patronage of molti Americani, should give a representation at some Broadway theatre, where the price of seats soared as high as two scudi.

When all was over and the lights were out Arne was compelled by duty to decline an urgent invitation to a midnight banquet at Buchingnan's with the newly risen star and his radiant Rosetta, also that excellent unspooled buffo comedian, Pasquale Foggi, who had covered himself with glory as the First Grave-digger.

As they all walked over together to the Bowery cable car, Roncone said, with tears in his eyes:

"It was so many years my dream, but in Italia I could not. Now, here, this is the real thing all rights' right. Say it in your giornale that we thank our American friends from the heart! They have give us the push, the end-off. Molti grazie! We will presenta them now the vero Italian drama—Goldoni, Silvio Pellico, also Shakespeare as played by the grata Salvini, Novelli, Zaccuni, La Dusa, tutti, al Teatro Mulberria."

"Viva il Teatro Mulberria!"  
So the impossible became an accomplished fact. Did Mr. Bonemer ever hear of it? If not, 'tis a pity.  
HENRY THRELL.

## THE PRESS AGENT.

Observations of a Dramatic Editor.

When Homer wished for a tongue of iron and a throat of brass that he might tell the ships and the number of them that came from the distant Argos, he could have saved himself time and eloquence had he merely wished himself a press agent.

Many years' service as dramatic editor on a morning daily has given me ample opportunity to study the ways and habits of the press agent and his species. The result of my observations is not to discourage the calling. The press agent is an essential feature of the theatrical business. But he is growing too rampant. Instead of dealing out histrionic stimulants in homoeopathic doses he has used a scoop shovel in filling the maws of the editors. This overfeeding will surely bring on a pronounced attack of nausea all along the line.

Statesmen, authors, philanthropists and poets receive nothing like the fulsome flatteries that are showered upon footlight favorites. That these hyperbolic manifestations have been hurried about so freely in printer's ink has inspired the press agent to greater efforts. His imagination works overtime. He thought some becomes the reservoir of superlative adjectives and weird phrases. The spectacular overflow of rhetoric pours in upon the dramatic editor, who is expected to peruse them with rapture.

Right here I wish to state that my connection is with a newspaper in a Western city of some eighty thousand population. In theatrical parlance the city is signified (or stigmatized) as a "one-night stand." In advance of the big attractions comes the "leaper." He bristles with importance and manifold notices conspicuously marked "Not Duplicated." As an exclusive bit of news he tells you that the star is a distant relative of the Governor of the State or was born in some neighboring town. Of course the dramatic editor is expected to bubble over with local pride, although to the more discerning it may not be quite clear how dramatic art is

affected. Local pride may also be considerably shaken when it is discovered a short time afterward that the advertised star has distant relationship to another State. Next comes the



ARNE (THE REPORTER).

advance man—"seven days ahead." The same press notices marked "Not Duplicated," with the same grandiloquent adjectives, stare you in the face. Enough "dead" literature is loaded on your desk to not alone fill a column, but a page. I have known some advance men to appear actually pined upon being informed that the typewritten collection of adjectives was not available.

It is surprising, though, what a vast amount of absolute theatrical rot finds its way into the newspapers. Believe me, all dramatic editors are not gullible. Many are simply careless. And, I regret to say it, many are lazy. But there will be an awakening.

How dreary it must be to readers of dramatic news to continually meet with hackneyed and meaningless phrases. Every play is "produced on a scale of magnitude superior to any drama now before the public." Every star is "the greatest living exponent of his art." Every attraction has played to "a succession of crowded houses." Nor is reiteration the worst of it. I have noticed the press work of some very excellent attractions attended with vaporings characteristic of lunacy or hallucinations.

Little wonder that the public has grown disgusted and weary of advance notices and turns for diversion to the market reports. Will not managers realize that the greater part of the country's inhabitants are possessed of a fair amount of intelligence, and will not be attracted by astute verbosity?

W. R. ANDERSON.



ROSETTA, RONCONI'S PRETTY WIFE, WHO PLAYED OPHELIA.



HENRY BUCKLER.

Henry Buckler is a young and talented actor who, previous to the inception of his stage career, followed newspaper work in his native city, Washington, D. C. He made his professional debut in 1904 as Harry Westworth in The Wagon of Sin. After a season in a succession of classic and standard plays with the Equity stock company, he supported E. E. Sawyer and Lucile LaVerne in Shakespearean drama. In 1905 he managed a musical organization known as the Metropolitan Concert company. During the next two seasons he made two consecutive triumphal tours, one with Frederick Warde, the other with Whitman's Quo Vadis, and concluded the season in the spring of 1907 with a supplementary engagement with the Pennsylvania Stock company in Philadelphia. His recent engagements have been in Another Ohlson, and with Rose Crispin. Mr. Buckler is studious and conscientious, has a good voice, is considered an excellent reader, and is possessed of considerable versatility. He has

and stage training than Ernest Lamson. For several seasons he played in support of the late James A. Herne, Stuart Robson, and other well-known stars, and the knowledge that he gained through these experiences he has put to good use. The drawing of Mr. Lamson that appears in this issue was made by George D. Baker and shows the actor as he appears in the character of Lem, in York State Folks. Next season he will play Tobe Hoosie, a role for which he is well suited and in which he will doubtless surpass his earlier successes.

RITA KNIGHT.

Rita Knight is a resident of Portland, Me., who entered the profession some five years ago and has been with the Wilbur Opera company, Jack and the Beanstalk, The Man in the Moon, and other organizations. This season she is playing the Pink Pajama Girl in The Liberty Bells (Western), and is meeting with much success. The San Francisco papers were unanimous in praising her performance. The

of sympathetic sweetness and she sings with faultless technique. After a season with Augustin Daly's musical comedies Miss Crawford decided to abandon that kind of work, and accepted an engagement with

versatile and in the past ten years has played over 150 parts. He has been identified with the leading farce-comedy and opera companies, among which might be mentioned My Aunt Bridget, Celine, and



Photo Notman, Boston.

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

very successfully played a long and varied line of parts, both in modern and legitimate drama. During his seven years' experience he has appeared in thirty-eight plays and essayed over sixty different roles. He was especially engaged this season for the prominent part of Darryl Dan in Her Marriage Vow. The character is unique and difficult and Mr. Griffith has won much praise, both from the press and public, for his conception and interpretation of the role.

ERNEST LAMSON

Of the younger people in the profession who will be advanced to responsible positions next season few, indeed, are more thoroughly equipped both by nature

"Music and Drama" says: "And the Pink Pajama Girl—a girl with a wealth of light golden hair and a figure like a sylph. Who has ever seen her equal? For a girl who sings little, says little and does little, her popularity is marvelous. She simply wears pink pajamas, but she does so in a manner that is positively bewitching in its delicateness and grace. The Pink Pajama Girl is one of the real big hits of the performance."

EDNA ARCHER CRAWFORD.

Edna Archer Crawford, who is pictured on another page, is a graduate of the Chicago Musical College and has had the degree of Bachelor of Musical Arts conferred on her. She has a beautiful soprano voice



Photo Straum, Kansas City.

LILLIAN BURKHART.

E. H. Sothorn, in whose support she appeared for two seasons. Her Countess De Winter in The King's Musketeer received praise everywhere. The following season she became leading lady of one of F. F. Proctor's stock companies, with which she displayed particular talent for strong emotional roles, her performances in Camille, Hansel Kicks, the Countess Mirtza in The Great Ruby and other serious roles stamping her as an actress of no mean ability. She was re-engaged for the present season and is now leading lady at Proctor's Fifth Street Theatre, where her consistent and conscientious work has established her as a favorite. Although this is but her fifth year on the stage, she has risen to an enviable position by her remarkable histrionic ability.

A Hot Old Time. He was the original Mulligan in The Dasher during its successful run in New York. For five seasons he was leading comedian in stock at Toronto, St. Louis, Philadelphia and New Orleans. Last season he played the leading part in

WILLIAM STUART.

William Stuart, who is, perhaps, one of the best known of our stock comedians, is playing the present season with the Grand Opera House stock company, Memphis, where he has become a favorite. This is Mr. Stuart's eighth consecutive season in stock work, he having been associated with leading organizations in Chicago, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Newark and Montreal. He was formerly with Richard Mansfield, Robert Mantell, Julia Marlowe, and other prominent stars. Mr. Stuart has recently appeared with success in several parts made famous by the late Sol Smith Russell.

DAVID R. YOUNG.

David R. Young is an actor of experience, who has of late devoted himself entirely to character and dialect work, making a specialty of old men. For the past three seasons he has been with Robert B. Mantell. The Philadelphia "Telegraph" recently spoke of Mr. Young as follows: "As Otto the Jester David R. Young made the most of his role. He availed himself to the full of every opening, while not attempting to give himself too much prominence, in which he showed most praiseworthy judgment. When he defied the Chancellor, in spite of his particularized raiment, he rose to the majestic."

WILLIAM OWEN.

William Owen is pictured elsewhere in the character of Charles Surface, in The School for Scandal. This is Mr. Owen's seventh starring tour, he having appeared as Hamlet, Iago, Romeo, Shylock, Benedick, Richelieu, Claude Melnotte, and for a season of ten weeks as Chauncey Short in A Gilded Fool. Mr. Owen expects to appear next season in a new play now being written.

J. W. MCCONNELL.

J. W. McConnell, who has made a great success as Joseph Surface in The School for Scandal, is featured with William Owen, having played Othello last season to Mr. Owen's loss. He is not only a finished actor, but a producer as well. To his keen artistic sense is due much of the reputation the Owen company has gained for putting on standard dramas in a correct and sumptuous manner.

THOMAS J. GRADY.

Thomas J. Grady, a native of Philadelphia, entered the profession in 1897 with the late Harry and Fay, and by hard work has been very successful. He is

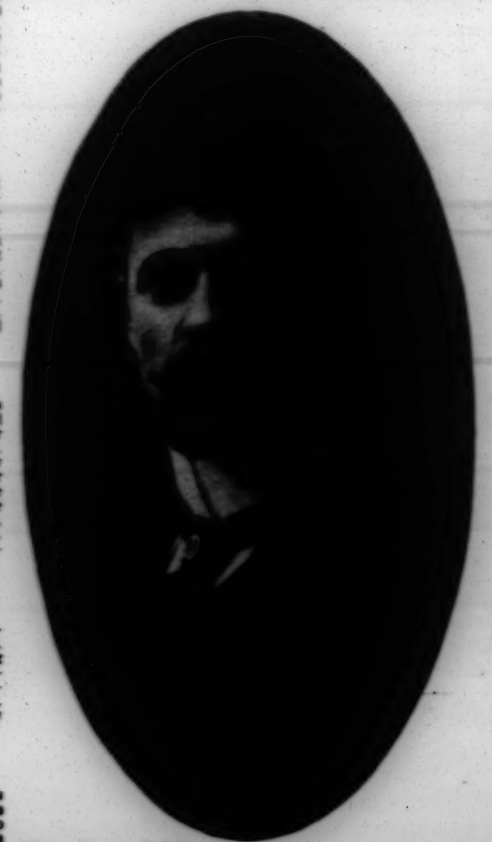


Photo Sherer, Sedalia.

T. P. J. POWER.

Hello, Bill, and is considered an excellent stage director, and this season is engaged to play a character comedy part and produce A Night on Broadway for Murray and Mack. This production has been pronounced by press and public the best vehicle yet used by these comedians.



Photo Ryder, Cleveland.

RUBY BRIDGES.



## A DINNER UP A TREE.

THE month of June usually is a pleasant period to visit Paris, but June of 1902 was an exception. I am within bounds when I state that during the thirty days it rained more or less in twenty of them. I never remember Jupiter Pluvius to have been so active in the *Ville Lumière*. There was a period of four days when the sun never indulged in a single glimmer, and I was by no means surprised to read of many suicides in the *Figaro*. I never saw the usually light-hearted Parisians so triste and silent.

A wag advertised in the *Petit Journal*: "Lost or mislaid, the Summer of 1902. A suitable reward will be given to any one who will return it safe and sound and insure its continuance, to —, etc."

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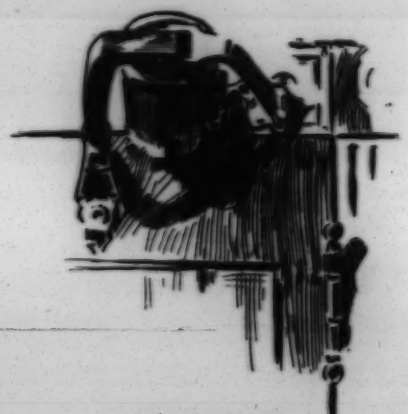
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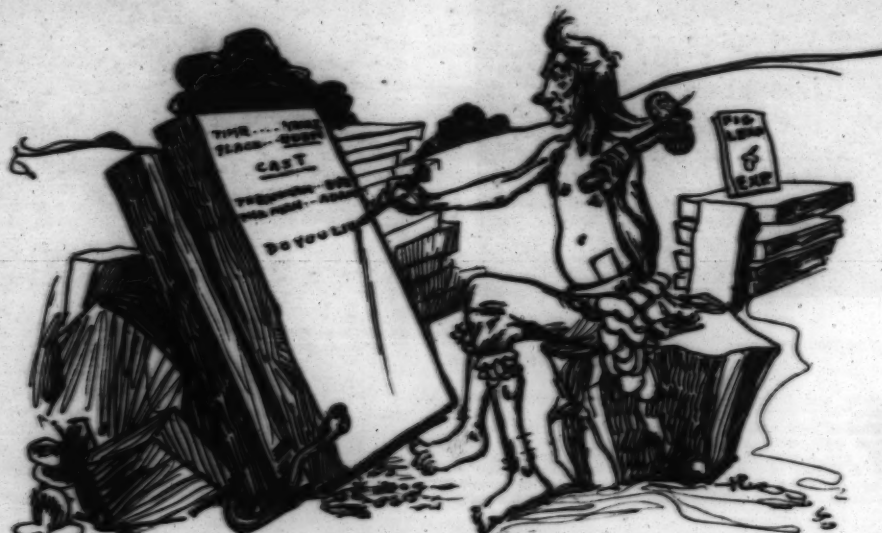
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Philadelphia, Nov. 27<sup>th</sup>, 1902

<i>Henrietta Crossman</i> <i>In "The Sword of the King"</i>		
Box 136		
Adm 136	" 2.00	340 =
Box 604		
Adm 604	" 2.00	1208 =
Box 322		
Adm 322	" 1.00	483 =
Box 332		
Adm 332	" 1.00	332 =
Box 384		
Adm 384	" 2.00	288 =
Box 368		
Adm 368	" .50	184 =
Box 796	Admission	1.00 796 =
Box 326	"	.50 163 =
Adm 1127	"	.25 281 75
	Total	4075 75

*H. J. Young*  
*Box Office Academy of Music*  
*Nov. 27, 1902*  
*H. J. Young*

During Miss Crossman's recent engagement at the Philadelphia Academy of Music it was necessary to place the Orchestra on the stage to accommodate the people, and even then, with a seating capacity of 3,800 persons, hundreds were turned away.

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HIS COMPANY

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Especially Prepared for the Stage from  
His Celebrated Novel by the Author Himself.

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Since "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA,"  
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**ISABEL** =  
= **IRVING**

**NOW STARRING**

With Unqualified Success throughout  
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Carvel in Winston Churchill's Play

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MANAGEMENT . . . JAMES K. HACKETT.  
W. F. MUENSTER, Representative on Tour.

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K. Hackett with a

**Special New York Cast**  
IN THE EARLY SPRING.

John Oliver Hobbes' (Mrs. Craigie) and Murray Carson's  
New Society Comedy

**The BISHOP'S MOVE**

THE SEASON'S GREAT SUCCESS AT THE  
GARRICK THEATRE, LONDON, ENGLAND.

ARRANGEMENTS NOW BEING CONSUMMATED BY MR. HACKETT WITH

**MME. JANE HADING**

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I observed I had a routine night after this democratic repast. Perhaps it was the friendliness of Pisselle (one of the plates on choice I had selected), or the doctored white Bordeaux, which suggested by its strength that it might have been fortified with some vitriolic irritant. Possibly it was the combination, but I saw red-hot dragons with eyes of fire and blue tails in my dreams, and I felt myself as daylight dawned precipitated over the great cascade of the Buttes-Chaumont, which, by the way, is the one noteworthy thing to see at Belleville. I then and there determined I would dine no more in that elevated part of Paris.

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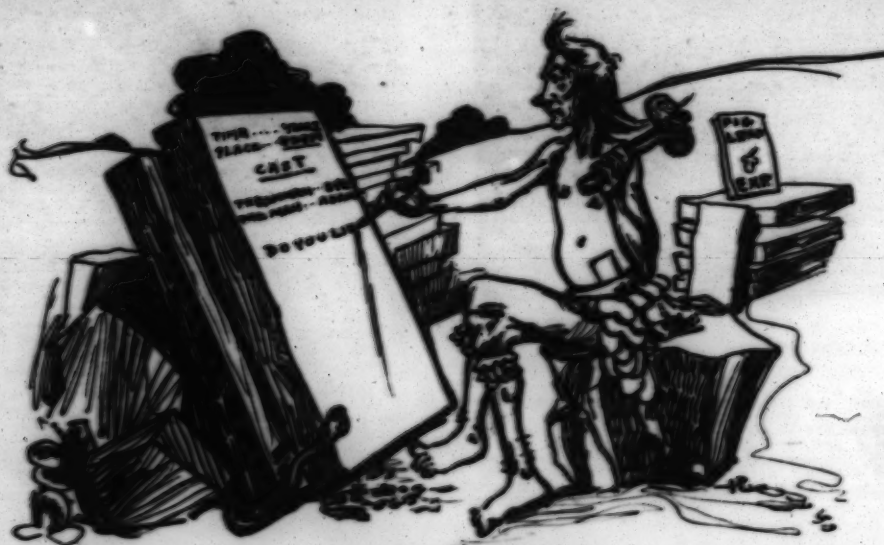
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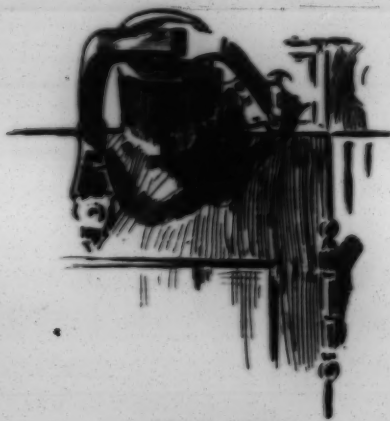
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Boxed	368		
Admission	368	.50	184 =
Boxed	796	Admission	1.00 796 =
Boxed	326		
Admission	326	.50	163 =
Boxed	1127		
Admission	1127	.25	281 =
		Total	4075.75

*H. J. Young*  
*Trainer, Academy of Music*  
*Manager, Philadelphia*  
*to R. C. Young*

During Miss Crossman's recent engagement at the Philadelphia Academy of Music it was necessary to place the Orchestra on the stage to accommodate the people, and even then, with a seating capacity of 3,800 persons, hundreds were turned away.

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John Oliver Hobbes' (Mrs. Craigie) and Murray Carson's  
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ARRANGEMENTS NOW BEING CONSUMMATED BY MR. HACKETT WITH

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FOR A BRIEF TOUR OF TWENTY WEEKS, BEGINNING ABOUT NOVEMBER 1ST, 1903.



**LOTTIE WILLIAMS.**

Lottie Williams, the sprightly, energetic and vivacious comedienne, now starring in *Only a Shop Girl*, is winning new laurels everywhere this season by reason of her admirable acting in that successful production. Miss Williams enters into the portrayal of

herself to her fellow members in the theatrical profession. Many players are pleased to call Miss Williams their friend, and the expression in this case means more than it ordinarily does. Last season Miss Williams was featured with Mason and Mason in the Broadway production of *Redolish and Adolish*. Dramatic critics several years ago predicted a bright

effect and the explosion of one of the best; a genuine cotton gown in action; action drama, with action drama playing action, and there, together with plenty of comedy, will make this a season to remember. The young and talented actress, Winnifred Greenwood, will be supported by a clever company of players, including a picturesque band. Special scenery will be used for every act, and the starling scenes and effects are all designed and executed by Jolly Hob. The tour will open early in September and will extend to the coast. A big line of special printing, novelty advertisements and lithographic work will be used, all of a new design. Hob and Farrow will remain with their Big-Boy Alley company.

medical production and the stage. The young man seemed destined to a brilliant career, when he suddenly struck sick, nervous and timid and took to his bed. He was never able to get on his feet again. In this direction, and toward the same result, during the current season he has been with a band of men, in which they are at once playing high fever, not only with movement and other players, but with the public, and was enthusiastic action from the critics. He is a handsome young man, full of life and energy, and a deep student of human nature, which will go a long way toward

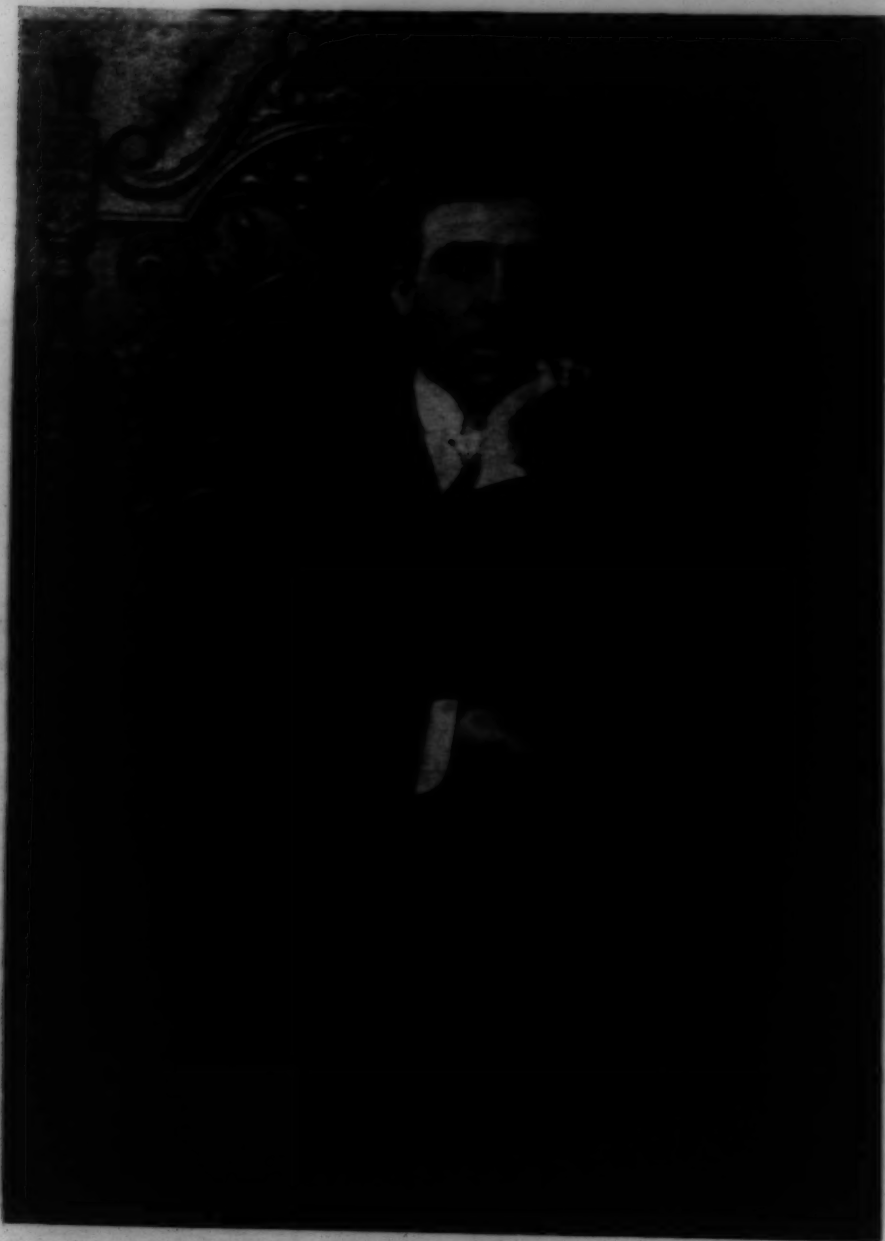


Photo copyright by A. Dupont, N. Y. **JOSEPH HAWORTH.**

the character of Jock, the "Little Mother," with the spirit and enthusiasm that have marked all of her stage achievements, and being gifted with a very magnetic personality, she quickly makes an admirer out of the most exacting theatergoer. In addition to her exceedingly natural portrayal of the character she sustains, Miss Williams also scores heavily with an English under song, two other songs and choruses, and a "marvel dance." Her clever work in this play.

future for Lottie Williams, and her successful career has thus far in every way proved that their judgment was correct.

**WINNIFRED GREENWOOD.**

Elsewhere in this issue there is published a portrait of Winnifred Greenwood, who will be starred next season under management of Hob and Farrow in



Photo Baker, Columbia. **LOTTIE WILLIAMS.**

starring for their second season under direction of W. E. Plack and Walter Floyd.

**FIELDING THACHER.**

The Minson presents this week an excellent likeness of Fielding Thacher, who has successfully bridged the chasm oftentimes supposed to lie between the

bringing him success. He has successfully played leading juvenile roles with the Whipple Stock company and other roles with Mrs. Fiske, Dave Warfield, and Maude Adams. Mr. Thacher is also a vocalist of no mean ability and at the Third Avenue Theatre last month made a hit with two new songs, "On a Moonlight Winter's Night" and "Jamaica-Mac-Mac." He is highly connected socially in both Chicago and New York.



Photo Webster, Des Moines. **WILLIAM MACAULEY.**

as well as in strictly comedy efforts, has gained for Miss Williams an enviable reputation. She is fortunate in not only occupying a warm spot in the affections of the public, but has in various ways endeared

Edward Weltzel's new melodrama, in Mississippi, personally directed by C. Durward Service. Some wonderful mechanical effects are promised—a race between two Mississippi steamboats, with a panoramic



Photo Felt and Felt, Philadelphia. **AL. H. WILSON.**



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**MIDWINTER  
 COURSE  
 BEGINS  
 JANUARY 5, 1903**



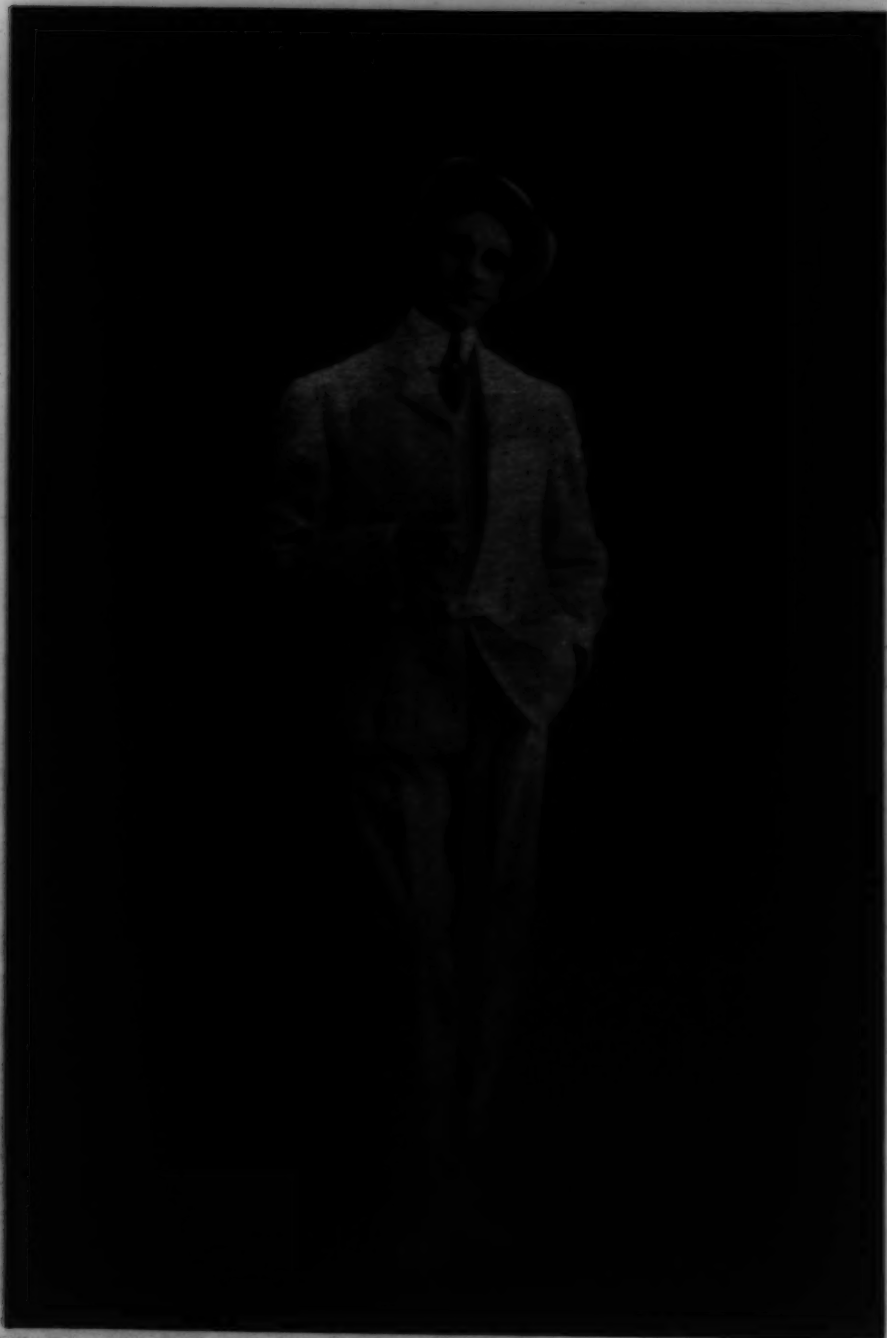


Photo Morrison, Chicago.

FIELDING THATCHER.

## ZAZELL AND VERNON.

The noted pantomime comedians, Zazell and Vernon, who for the past seven years have been playing very successful engagements in the principal cities of Europe and America, have prepared for the coming season an entirely new and original pantomime, entitled "Robert Macaire and Valet." The pantomime will be



ZAZELL AND VERNON.

illustrate the adventures of the French highwayman in the most ludicrous fashion possible. A sensational climax has been devised by the pantomimists, which they promise will be a revelation. The scenery and properties are now being constructed after new and original designs.



Photo Feinberg, N. Y.

JAMES B. AND FANNY DONOVAN.

## THE DONOVANS.

To have a really good laugh one must see the Donovans. They are aptly styled the "King and Queen of Irish Comedy," and have happily gotten as far away as possible from the baboon faced Irish characters that are being done to death in vaudeville today. They are now a feature of the Rose and Fenton company, with which they are booked the balance of the season. Their sketch is entirely given over to the delivery of the choicest bits of Irish wit and humor. Mr. Donovan's "That is it!" and "For the love of goodness!" are well known to every audience that appreciates bright work.

## DOLAN AND LENHARR.

James F. Dolan and Ida Lenharr are a comedy duo who have been unusually successful for several seasons past in pleasing the patrons of vaudeville with bright, cheerful sketches, all of which are original with Mr. Dolan, who has made a careful study of the taste of the public ever since he has been on the stage. In A High Toned Burlesque Mr. Dolan and his partner, who is Mrs. Dolan in private life, made one of their greatest successes, and in their latest, Talking Chances, they are equally good. Mr. Dolan has in preparation a three-act farce-comedy, founded on some of his best one-act pieces, in which he and Mrs. Lenharr will star in the near future. Meanwhile they will continue to bring smiles to the faces of the frequenters of the leading vaudeville houses.

## IZETTA JEWEL.

A portrait of Isetta Jewel will be found below. She is a young actress—not yet out of her teens—who has risen by sheer merit to a high place among our Shakespearean players. She is said to be the youngest Julia and to play Shakespearean roles as though she had been born to their period. Her well-nigh perfect Shakespearean reading has been a matter



Photo Chickering.

IZETTA JEWEL.

of general remark and stamps her as a young woman of keenest intelligence. Prominent managers are becoming greatly interested in Miss Jewel's work, and no doubt her chance will soon arrive when some one needs a Shakespearean actress.

## MABEL MONTGOMERY.

Mabel Montgomery, of whom the cut in this issue is an excellent likeness, is at present filling an engagement as leading woman of the Vendome Stock company, of Nashville, Tenn. For nine weeks she has played a greater variety of parts than usually falls to the share of many actresses, and by her conscientious and artistic work under all circumstances has proved herself to be possessed of great ability. Besides being a young woman of exceptional beauty, she has the artistic instinct that enables her to give to her work a fineness of shading which is so admirable a quality in stock. Her dressing, both in society and costume plays, has been the subject of most enthusiastic comment from the press of Nashville. Miss Montgomery opened in Nashville as Rosamund in Romeo and the Wind and instantly leaped into public favor. By her sympathetic portrayal of this trying role she gave evidence of her artistic temperament.

and in the widely varied line of parts in which she has since appeared her work has in each case been up to the high standard she established. Among the other parts which she has played in Nashville this year are Queen Elizabeth in Richard III, Lady Macbeth in A. C. Macbeth, Mrs. Elphinstone in The Elphinstones, Ada Lovelace in David Garrick, Rose in Another Woman, Clara in What Happened to Jones, and Lady Alton in Lord and Lady Alton.

## DOROTHY KENDALL.

Dorothy Kendall, whose pretty likeness appears opposite, is a young actress whose beauty and talents have brought her rapidly forward in the profession. She is distinctly an ingenue and her best successes have been in that line of work with When Romeo Comes to Town and with M. A. Carter's company. Miss Kendall has been engaged to originate a strong ingenue role in an important production in the Spring.

## PASQUALINA DE VOE.

Pasqualina De Voe, the well-known emotional actress, is pictured in this number in the character of Pauline De La Tour, in the Miltenthal Brothers' production of Devil's Island. Her interpretation has won many and high compliments. Miss De Voe is an Italian by birth and is possessed of beauty and a strong dramatic temperament. Last season she originated the leading female role in Oliver Adams Sawyer. Prior to that she played the leading role in Cuba's Vow.

## CLIFFORD LEIGH.

Clifford Leigh, whose picture will be seen in this column, is meeting with marked success this



Photo Fowler, Boston.

CLIFFORD LEIGH.

season and receiving much praise for his admirable impersonation of one of the two Dromios, William II. Crane's old part, in Stuart Robson's production of The Comedy of Errors. Mr. Leigh is a talented Shakespearean reader and an excellent comedian.

## ARNAGH O'DONAHAY.

A portrait appears in this issue of Arnagh O'Donahay, the Irish baritone, who is now playing his second season in Notre Dame, supporting Bertha Gallagher. Mr. O'Donahay is decidedly a versatile man, since he is equally successful as an actor, a light opera singer and a concert singer. As an interpreter of genuine Irish songs he stands alone, and many critics hold that he is the legitimate successor to Senanica. Mr. O'Donahay came from a race of Irish singers and was born in the ancient city of Arnagh, Ireland. At the age of eleven he was admitted to the cathedral choir. Coming to America, he sang for four years in St. Bartholomew's Church, New York. He made his stage debut on Christmas Day, 1894, in Augustin Daly's A Galley Girl company. Next he went to London and sang in drawing rooms. Then he played the juvenile lead in A Trip to Chinatown. After that he appeared in The Gaiety and in Under Two Flags, and for a time he sang old Irish songs in vaudeville. He has been repeatedly called the greatest living Irish singer.

## FREDERIC HURD.

Those who have seen the clever magician, Frederic Hurd, perform, either in public or private, have marveled much at his very clever tricks. He is always at ease and is therefore able to keep an audience constantly interested in one subject while leading up to the climax of another. The principal feature of his work is his "paralysms hand" trick. An imitation hand is placed on a suspended glass plate in full view of the audience, and not only answers questions of different kinds, but names the day on which any date given by those in the audience falls



Photo Swift, Duluth.

DOROTHY KENDALL.

due. This is done instantly and there is never a mistake. Another trick of which Mr. Hurd is justly proud is the one in which he produces a rabbit or duck from a bundle of confetti, taking care to remain in full view of the audience all the time.

## AUGUSTA TRUE.

Augusta True, who is pictured in this issue, is now in her second season as leading woman with Daniel Sully. Miss True is of the ingenu type and tempers naturally best suited to emotional and sympathetic roles, but being unusually versatile she has not confined herself to one line. With Albion's Lyceum Stock, Baltimore, where she began her theatrical career, she made a hit in her second week as Claudine



Photo McLean, N. Y.

WILLIAM S. GILL.

in The Lost Paradise. The next year she met with success as the ingenu in The Girl I Left Behind Me, and then followed Marguerite in Harrison's Feast, the lead in Secret Service, and the violent tempered Agnes Cassidy in The Parish Priest. She will play the lead in Mr. Sully's new play, The Old Mill Stream, soon to be produced.



Photo Feinberg, N. Y.

JAMES F. DOLAN AND IDA LENHARR.



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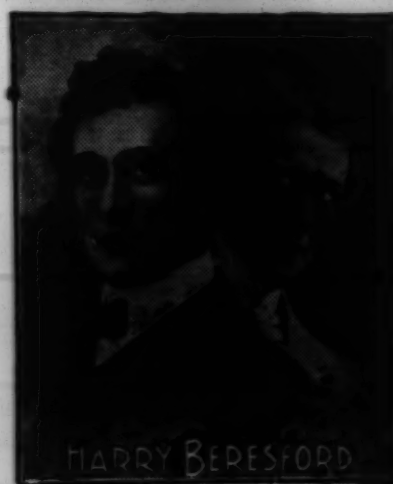
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HARRY HOUDINI.

## HARRY HOUDINI.

Harry Houdini, who is at present in Europe, holds the record of being the greatest sensation and most successful performer ever sent from America. In the past two months he has escaped from the celebrated prison cells in Bradford and Belgium and has played the famous Manchester police lock, that is renowned "unbreakable." As he is a striped robe, confined, and has his mouth sealed up, and still manages to escape from handcuffs and cuffs, it is not to be wondered at that he is the "black-and-white" "man of mystery" in the world to-day. The names that he is wearing in the photo in this issue are the "Bohemian police lock," from which Houdini escaped in less than five minutes in Munich, Bavaria.

## MIDGLEY AND CARLISLE.

These clever artists occupy a niche in vaudeville that would be hard to fill by any one else in their



Photo Hall, N. Y.

MIDGLEY AND CARLISLE.

particular line of work. As an impersonator of country boys Mr. Midgley is without an equal. With the assistance of Miss Carlisle, who as a little maiden is particularly dainty and winsome, he has been playing with immense success. Mr. Midgley has had a number of offers lately to join legitimate companies, besides splendid vaudeville bookings, but is undecided as to his future plans.

## GUS COHAN.

The well-known German comedian, Gus Cohan, whose portrait appears in this issue, is starring this season, in conjunction with Kate Watson, in The Hissler Girl. The play and the stars have been received favorably wherever the company has appeared. Mr. Cohan plays the role of Holmer Watson and introduces his specialties of dancing and podling most effectively. The tour is under the direction of Dave R. Lewis.

## RUSSELL BROTHERS.

The Russell Brothers, John and James, are the best known and one of the most popular teams in vaudeville. They have held their position as favorites for many years, and will continue to do so as long as they can make good laugh as heartily as they have in the past. They started their career together in 1887 and the present year is therefore their silver jubilee in the profession. They began with a minstrel company, appearing in black face, holding down the ends and doing a clip dance specialty. They produced their Irish servant girl act, which made them famous, in Columbus, O., in 1891. They have in preparation for next season a new act, in which James will become some of the heroes of the French adventures of melodrama. Off the stage the Russells are quiet, thoughtful gentlemen, and to look at them one can hardly believe that they are the individuals who are so continually funny behind the footlights.

## HARRY AND SADIE FIELDS.

Harry and Sadie Fields, the well-known sketch artists, who have won great popularity with their correct impersonations of east side Hebrews, are playing the principal comedy roles this season with Sullivan, Harris and Woods' The Road to Ruin. Their great notions have been very satisfying, and were the originators of the Hebrew caber-walk and were the first performers to introduce genuine "Tiddler" music on the stage. At the close of the regular season they will begin a Spring and Summer tour in vaudeville.

## MARTIN BROTHERS.

These clever young telephone players were born in Des Moines, Iowa. This is their first season in vaudeville and so far they have been a big success every-

when. They were recruited on the Eastern coast at Electric Park, Kansas City, last summer, when they made an immense hit. They are both professional comedians, having played in different companies, and open house everywhere throughout the country. They are now playing the Electric Park, featuring clever and good popular selections. The Martins are the great favorites of two of the largest audiences in the world, numbering six and six and one-half feet respectively. As these performers are young and full of spirit, coming into their work they are bound to rank among the leaders in their line before long.

## EDWIN LATTELL.

One of the cleverest musical comedians in vaudeville doing a double act is Edwin LatteLL. In black face and wearing a double costume he has the honor of being able to know just how to appeal to his varied audience. His jokes are always up to date and clever, while his clever music work never fails to amuse audiences. He is working with success this season and has some splendid bookings ahead.

## THE HARMONY FOUR.

The four clever musical comedians who compose the Harmony Four, J. O. Rogers, Edward Rogers, F. H. Barrett, and A. W. Ferguson, are doing a new



Photo Wilson, Chicago.

EDWIN LATTELL.

act called Watch the Matches and Look Out for the Bottom. It is full of good, clean comedy, and there is plenty of splendid quartette and solo singing. They easily take rank as the most versatile quartette in vaudeville. The feature of their act is the song "I'm Wearing My Heart Away for You," by Charles K. Harris, which they render very effectively. They have worked constantly since the beginning of the season and are booked solid until April, with foreign bookings in view. Their specialty is the kind that is bound to make a hit with any audience.

## BELLE GOLD AND MARGARET MAEDER.

Belle Gold and Margaret Maeder, pictured as Ruth, the secretary, and Polly, the blind flower girl, in New York Day by Day, have been winning praise this season for their artistic work. Miss Gold is known as a comedienne of unusual versatility, and her work in New York Day by Day has added greatly to her already enviable reputation. In the play she impersonates four different characters, a secretary, an Italian, a messenger boy and a Swedish servant girl. In each of these widely differing roles Miss Gold portrays an artistic characterization, and her singing and dancing are features of the performance. As the blind flower girl in New York Day by Day Miss Maeder portrays a character of unusual pathos and



FREDERIC HURD

overtones. She realizes fully the possibilities of the role and gives a characterization of peculiar charm and distinction. Though one of our youngest leading women, Miss Maeder has won recognition for unusual work. During a recent engagement in a nearby city



HARMONY FOUR

the critics alluded to her as "a second Kate Chantrel." Both Miss Gold and Miss Maeder have offers to star next season, but will probably remain with the Wilson attractions, appearing either in New York Day by Day or in a new production.



Photo Marston, Los Angeles.

RUSSELL BROTHERS



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## JOHN W. VOGEL.

John W. Vogel, whose picture appears below, has been entitled the "King of Minstrelsy," for it is

often in stock in Oakland, Cal. Miss Holt originated the part of Mother Paymer in A Ruined Life. Born in Cincinnati, she was raised in Louisville, her maiden name being Blanche Holt. Educated at the Ursuline Convent, in Brown County, O., she is

Orbits company, and her interpretation of Minnie was the highest praise from the dramatic critics and the admiration of the public. The closing of the company leaves Miss Watson disappointed. She is received excellent offers to appear in vaudeville in her original character, Thirty Years Ago and Thereafter, but she prefers to remain in legitimate work, in which she has been so successful.

## KATE WATSON.

A combination of much ability and sympathy is Kate Watson, who is now appearing in The Hoosier

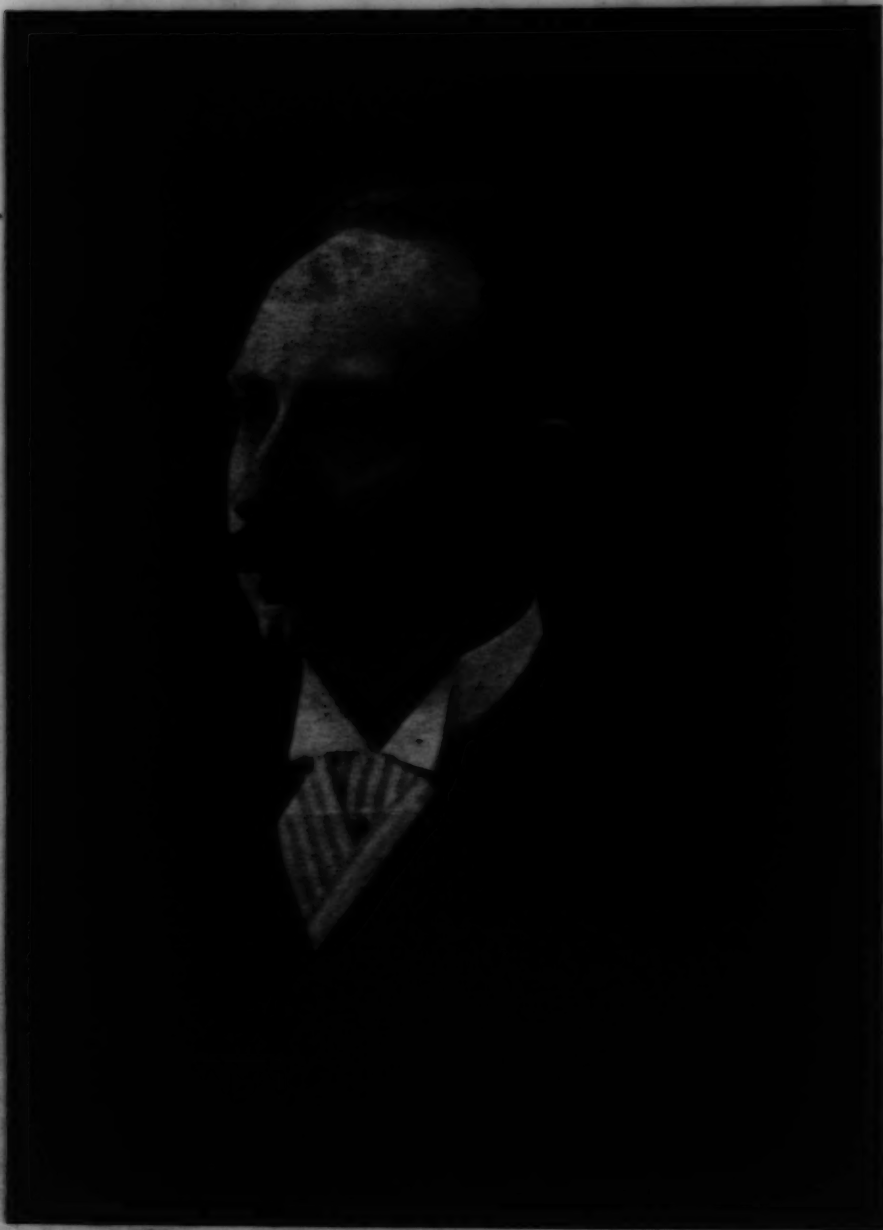


Photo Baker, Columbus. JOHN W. VOGEL, "The Minstrel King."

in that branch of the amusement world that he has spent the greater part of his life, with great success. Despite the fact that he is comparatively a young man, his experience in the minstrel line and his knowledge of the details that count so much in present, making success a certainty are believed to be surpassed by no other manager, and these traits have placed him in the enviable position he holds to-day. His company, "Vogel's Big Minstrelsy," is touring the Southern country, working with the prosperity of the season. In despite the success of his career in his advance line, Mr. Vogel is the

the granddaughter of the late M. Kean, proprietor of the Louisville Hotel.

## RUBY BRIDGES.

The success which seems to attend the work of Ruby Bridges in her interpretation of the character of Anna Moore in "Way Down East," the popular production of William A. Brady, is undoubtedly due to her friends. Mr. Brady acted wisely and astutely when he gave to Ruby Bridges this important part to play, for her success has been notable. Ruby Bridges is a veritable daughter of the stage. Before her, her mother came into the public eye with great favor as an actress, and the granddaughters of the Bridges were among the successful stars of their day. She is one of the several young women on the stage to-day who have worked their way up. Truly a daughter of the stage, she has reflected credit upon her calling, and under the careful direction and management of Mr. Brady and most excellent stage-management of Joseph B. Grimmer, she has certainly forged ahead. Ruby Bridges was but five years old when she entered the profession. As a child she played all the parts which are usually allotted to the children of the stage. For a time Miss Bridges left the theatre for the purpose of attending boarding school, and until five years ago she was off the stage, although never losing her interest in it. Her first appearance after leaving school was in the New York production of The Purple Lady at the Bijou, in which she originated the part of Betty. She was afterward secured by William A. Brady for the part of Kate in "Way Down East," and in the interpretation of that character she was most successful for two seasons, when she was given the part of Anna

humorous, as are the specialties that she introduces. Miss Watson and Mr. Cohen will continue next season in The Hoosier Girl under their present management.



ERNEST LAMSON.

## MCENROE AND LA PORTE.

Joe McEnroe and Mae La Porte, who are known as the "Dancing Wonders," are considered one of the cleverest dancing teams in vaudeville. They have lately added to their extensive repertoire of specialties "Barney's Fiddlers," introducing genuine dancing. They are at present principal comedian and comedienne with the Herald Square Stock company, producing six different double dancing specialties.

Photo Thum. MABEL MONTGOMERY.

Old as co-star with her husband, Gus Cohen, under the direction of Dave B. Lewis. In the role of Rosanna Peabody Miss Watson represents a shrewy Irish country girl—a true new to the stage. Her impersonation is absolutely original and highly



Photo Baker, Columbus, O. BLANCHE HOLT.

The accessories and wardrobe used by these performers are very handsome.

## HOWARD AND DORSET.

Flora Dorset and George B. Howard, of the Howard-Dorset company, have been at the head of their own company for the past four years. Miss Dorset is a very capable actress and plays a wide range of parts, but what is considered her best work is the part of Lady Mable in The Little Minister. She is also blessed with a sweet singing voice. Mr. Howard is a comedian and a great favorite both on and off the stage. He is a comical fellow and his stories are much sought after. The portraits of Miss Dorset and Mr. Howard appear below.

## MAE LA PORTE AND JOE MCENROE.



FLORA DORSET.

GEO. B. HOWARD.

## ERROLL DUNBAR.

proprietor of the largest minstrel organization touring the country this season. The scenic investment equals, if it does not surpass, that of many of the large city attractions, and artists on his programme are of the best order in their line. It is Manager Vogel's intention to present "Vogel's Big City Minstrelsy" next season in all of the larger cities, and work already is under way for this undertaking, which will comprise more than one hundred working members, the musical contingent alone numbering fifty-six pieces, brass and string. These big European orchestras, never so put over in this country, will form part of the show. Aside from his amusement interests Manager Vogel is interested in several commercial enterprises, among them the Gem Cigarette Making Machine Company, of which he is the President.

## ERROLL DUNBAR.

Erroll Dunbar, the character actor, whose greatest success has been made in the part of Mephisto, which he has been so long identified, has made a radical departure this season, playing Keyhole, the Arabian, a strong dramatic part, as leading support to Mrs. Brown in Uthorn, the new play suggestive of F. Marion Crawford's story, "The Witch of Frague."

## BLANCHE HOLT.

Blanche Holt entered the profession as a chorus maiden in 1880, when she went with the Casino company (No. 2), under management of Nat Roth; also with McCull's Opera company and sundry summer companies. The Bonnet Prince, doing grand dances and characters; Two Married Women, Biddy with Katie Emmett's Waifs of New York last season; also she did characters with the Calhoun Opera company to the coast. This season she was with A Ruined Life, from which she has resigned to accept a post-

## CLARE ALLEN BOURNE.

Moore, which she is now playing for the second season. The engagement of Miss Bridges for the leading part in a "Way Down East" company is a tribute to her ability. She has a charming personality and is a genuine type of the New England girl, she being a native New Englander.

## CLARE ALLEN BOURNE.

Clare Allen Bourne, whose likeness appears above, is a young emotional actress, a native of Kentucky who has during the past few seasons made a name for herself in various leading roles. In the early part of her career she had considerable experience in high-class stock companies, and had the advantage of a season's work under the stage direction of William Seymour. When this season opened she accepted the position of leading woman in James O'Neill's Monte



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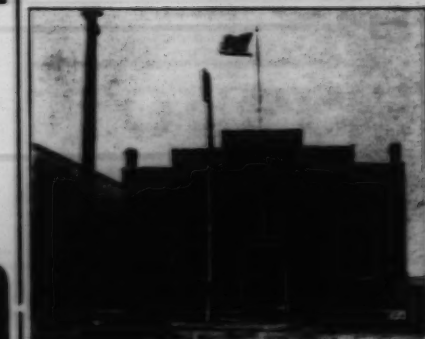
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W. B. PATTON.

As Simon Bay in *The Minister's Son*.

## DAVID BELASCO'S COMPANIES.

David Belasco's position in the theatrical world as author, producer and manager is too well known to require further explanation at this late day. He is known by his achievements in every city of the country and his name has become a household word. The success of the company he manages is due to his own talent and to the talent of the actors who are under his management. The company has been successful in every city it has visited and has won the approval of the public. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time.

## THE LIEBLER ENTERPRISES.

For managers or managers of the whole history of theatrical enterprises in America, the Liebler Enterprises are a name to be remembered. The company has been successful in every city it has visited and has won the approval of the public. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time.

## HENRIETTA CROSMAN.

In *The Sword of the King*, a romantic comedy by Ronald Macdonald, Henrietta Crosmen has again captured the public fancy, as she did so remarkably in *Madame X*. The play gives Crosmen an opportunity to show her acting talent in a new way. The play is a romantic comedy and is a very successful one. The play is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The play is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The play is now in New York and will be in New York for some time.

## JAMES K. HACKETT'S ATTRACTIONS.

James K. Hackett's enterprises in the direction of management have come to equal in importance his long established position as actor. He has been successful in every city it has visited and has won the approval of the public. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time.

## HENRY W. SAVAGE'S ATTRACTIONS.

Henry W. Savage has no less than six big attractions under his direction this season. The company has been successful in every city it has visited and has won the approval of the public. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time.

## VALERIE BERGERE.

Valerie Berge, whose picture appears in this issue, was born in Metz, Alsace-Lorraine, and is the direct descendant of a noble and wealthy French family that were impoverished by the Franco-German War. At an early age she came to this country as a member of the Grand Opera company, and readily acquired the English language, soon achieving success in light comedy, juvenile and serious roles in our own theatres. Her English-speaking debut was in *Harbor Lights* at Oakland, Cal., and an engagement soon followed with *Madame X*. She then secured a personal success in *The Journalist*, and returned to New York, where her success was even more brilliant. A series of many triumphs characterized her lengthy engagement with the Grand Opera Theatre Stock company in Philadelphia, and then came her brilliant hit in *Madame X* at New York. Valerie Berge has added to her credit another vaudeville hit in the little drama *Billie's First Love*, in which she fairly revels in depicting the varying emotions of a young girl who has fallen in love with a man who is not worthy of her. Valerie Berge's success in this play is a new triumph for her. Valerie Berge's success in this play is a new triumph for her. Valerie Berge's success in this play is a new triumph for her.

## AIDEN BENEDICT'S ATTRACTIONS.

Aiden Benedict, who has been for eighteen years a success in every city it has visited and has won the approval of the public. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time.

## AL. W. MARTIN'S ENTERPRISES.

Al. W. Martin, whose name has long been associated in the public mind with *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, continues to present the play with the same success. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time.

## THE SILVER SLIPPER.

John C. Fisher, of *Flowers from the East*, has this year produced a new play, *The Silver Slipper*, which is a very successful one. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time.

## SULLIVAN, HARRIS AND WOODS.

The young and enterprising managerial firm of Sullivan, Harris and Woods has been successful in every city it has visited and has won the approval of the public. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time.

## E. S. WILLARD.

E. S. Willard's present American tour has already proven one of the most successful that he has ever known. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time.

## QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER.

No play of its class in many seasons has won such success as Quincy Adams Sawyer, the dramatization of the popular novel bearing the same name. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time.

## GEORGE KLINT'S PRODUCTIONS.

George Klint has a ten thousand dollar scenic production in *William I. Robert's* masterpiece, *On the Bridge at Midnight*, which is announced to other many scenic productions. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time.

## THEATRE CHAIRS.

The American School Furniture Company, whose New York office is at 25, 27 and 29 West 14th Street, and whose Western headquarters are at 24 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, are the largest manufacturers of theatre seating in the world. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time.

## TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE.

Tony Pastor's Theatre is running along in the same old way, under the able direction of the veteran manager, who is as keen as ever in judging acts and choosing programmes that appeal irresistibly to his faithful patrons. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time.

## COMPOSITE PRINTING COMPANY.

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## STETSON'S UNCLE TOM'S CABINS.

Leon W. Wadsworth's *Stetson's Uncle Tom's Cabin* has been a success in every city it has visited and has won the approval of the public. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time.

## THE STANHOPE-WHEATCROFT SCHOOL.

The Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic School, which for many years has been in successful operation, is this season enjoying unusual prosperity. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time.

## ROBERT B. MANTELL.

Robert B. Mantell announces his farewell tour of the United States. He is presenting *The Danger and the Quest*, *Madame X*, *The Prince of the Mountains*, and *The Lady of Lyons*. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time. The company is now in New York and will be in New York for some time.



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## FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

Frank Carlos Griffith began his professional career with the old Boston Museum Stock company in 1871, associated with Mr. Vernon, Charles Barrett, W. J. Le Moyne, Frank Bardsburgh, Anna Clark and others. He was later in a professional and business capacity associated with Lawrence Barrett, Robinson and Crane, Dion Boucicault, and John McCullough. He was general business manager for the Boston Theatre traveling attractions several years, holding that position to become acting manager for Mrs. Langtry. He toured with her in America and throughout Great Britain, being the first American acting manager taken to England by an English star. Mr. Griffith is probably the most trusted business representative Mrs. Langtry ever had. Mr. Griffith managed the tour of Margaret Mathers, embracing the Pacific Coast, the season of her marriage to Gus Fabst. He has been associated with Mrs. Fiske at various times, having been connected with four of her productions in a business capacity, and is now acting manager with the production of Mary of Magdala. For eight summers Mr. Griffith has been editor and proprietor of "The Hill-Top," the magazine devoted to the celebrated Poland Spring resort, and correspondent for various publications, the Associated Press, etc., from that point.

## LEOLA MAYE.

This little artist, by conscientious work and ambitious efforts, is making a name for herself in the field she has chosen. Miss Maye is a graduate of the Shubert Stock company, having started her career as a member of the Hennessy Le Royle Other People's Money company, and later The Runaway Girl company at Daly's Theatre, New York. This season she was principal substitute with P. S. Nathan's Over the Fence, with which she recently closed in order to join The Belle of New York in the far West. Miss Maye, besides being a graceful dancer, possesses an agreeable voice of good timbre and with a pleasing personality manages to quickly ingratiate herself with her audiences.

## HUGH STANTON.

Hugh Stanton was the first actor from the legitimate stage to enter vaudeville, and his career was so immediate and emphatic that he has been a headliner ever since. He has reached with equal facility the coming and going of many legitimate stars who dabbled in vaudeville for a time and then resumed their regular work, while he has kept on the even tenor of his way. At present he has two big successes in Fox Forum and The Ragged Dicks, then which nothing further has been seen in vaudeville. The Ragged Dicks appeals irresistibly to the women in any audience, as it hits their pet fully very hard.

## J. W. McCONNELL.

## EDNA EARLIE LINDON.

Edna Earlie Lindon is winning praise from press and public at the Columbia Theatre, Brooklyn, where she has attained a good position among theatrical stars, and with the patronage of the theatre. Miss Lindon, formerly her talent, her parents both having been players of merit, and her first appearance on the stage was made when she was but two years old with Madame Juvenet in Leech, the Frenchman. Her career has been rapid, but no faster than her talent has developed. She has been a member of the Shubert Stock company, and later the Hennessy Le Royle Other People's Money company, and later The Runaway Girl company at Daly's Theatre, New York. This season she was principal substitute with P. S. Nathan's Over the Fence, with which she recently closed in order to join The Belle of New York in the far West. Miss Lindon, besides being a graceful dancer, possesses an agreeable voice of good timbre and with a pleasing personality manages to quickly ingratiate herself with her audiences.

## JOE, MYRA AND "BUSTER" KEATON.

A comedy trio that have come into great prominence of late are Joe, Myra and "Buster" Keaton, who do as yet not seem to have reached their destination. They have played in New York, and in other cities, and have been successful in many of their appearances. They are a comedy trio, and their work is of a humorous nature. They are a comedy trio, and their work is of a humorous nature. They are a comedy trio, and their work is of a humorous nature.

## JOSEPH HAWORTH.

Joseph Haworth, who is pictured elsewhere in this issue, is one of America's most successful actors. He has played in many of the best theatres in the country, and has been successful in many of his appearances. He is a comedy actor, and his work is of a humorous nature. He is a comedy actor, and his work is of a humorous nature. He is a comedy actor, and his work is of a humorous nature.

## ADELAIDE THURSTON.

Adelaide Thurston, who made a successful start as a comedienne in New York, is now playing at the Columbia Theatre, Brooklyn. She is a comedy actress, and her work is of a humorous nature. She is a comedy actress, and her work is of a humorous nature. She is a comedy actress, and her work is of a humorous nature.

## W. S. PATTON.

W. S. Patton, known as "the popular comedian," is playing at the Columbia Theatre, Brooklyn. He is a comedy actor, and his work is of a humorous nature. He is a comedy actor, and his work is of a humorous nature. He is a comedy actor, and his work is of a humorous nature.



Phyl. Brown. Henson. Curran.

## THE QUAKER CITY QUARTETTE.

The Quaker City Quartette, who are pictured above, have in preparation a new sketch for which comedy and sentiment are being made. The sketch is by a well-known writer of Chicago and some more features will be introduced. John Phil, Harry Brown, Ned Henson, and R. A. Curran comprise the quart.

## BARNEY GILMORE.

One of the entirely successful stars this season is Barney Gilmore, who has been playing with a full share of good business through the territory in which he has played. Mr. Gilmore is starting next season fully in Canada and New York, and has every reason to consider himself this season on the completion of his company and his undoubted prosperity.

## ANNA HOLLINGER.

Anna Hollinger is starting the business and selected comedy roles with the Shubert Stock company, Brooklyn, this season, and the local critics, public and management have been quick to take notice of her work. Miss Hollinger has been associated with prominent stock companies in the leading cities during the past few years. Nature has been most kind to this little comedienne, as her youth, beauty and sympathetic voice make her especially well adapted to the lines of parts that she portrays.

## CLARA MATHES.

Clara Mathes, the talented young actress, whose portrait appears in this issue, is said to be worthy of even a higher position than the one she has gained. Those who have seen her say that her improvement each year is remarkable, and that she is now among the clearest. Miss Mathes has been the greatest folk in such difficult roles as Juliet, Parthenia, Nell Gwynne, and others, and the comparisons have been lavishly favorable. Her vocations are great in the study of the art to which she is devoted. Her constant efforts to improve herself should soon win national recognition for her.

## WALTER McCULLOUGH.

Among the younger generation of America's leading actors few have been more kindly dealt with by Nature than has Walter McCullough, whose picture is published on another page. Mr. McCullough presents a striking stage figure and plays with dignity, spirit and reserve. Whether in such broad comedies as Daughters of the Poor and The Price of Honor or higher plays, he excels in either leading or heavy roles.

## CHARLES BALSAR.

Charles Balsar, the young romantic and Shakespearean actor, is meeting with success as Romeo in an elaborate comic production of Romeo and Juliet now touring the Eastern States. That love for the legitimate and classic drama still exists is proven by the large and enthusiastic audiences which nightly witness this production. Critics are unanimous in praise of Mr. Balsar's Romeo, and agree in stating that it is a strong, manly and original interpretation.

## WILLIAM MACAULEY.

This clever young actor is at present playing the heavy part, Wesley O'Leary, with W. B. Patton in The Minister's Son. He is the partner of Mr. Patton in the comedies, and the firm of Macauley and Patton has been well known for the past seven years. Mr. Macauley has received high praise for his work.

## MAX S. WITT.

Among the most successful of the day few hold the unique position that Max S. Witt holds among his countrymen, particularly among those who follow his theme and maintain brilliant in their conception.



are treated in a manner which at once makes them stand out. They command attention and, we might add, generally receive it. A new ballet by Witt is hailed with interest by the trade which sells it, by the artist who sings it, finding therein an opportunity to add to his or her reputation, and by the general public, who sing it simply because it has the "Witt" stamp upon it. Among the notable successes by this gifted composer we might mention "My Heart's in the East," "The Moth and the Flame," "The Little Georgia Boy," "Convent Bells," "The First Valentine," "Fayella," "Waltzes," "Perchance," and "The Everlasting Light."

## PAULINE HALL.

Pauline Hall, the popular prima donna, who is at present delighting the patrons of the best vaudeville houses, has had a very interesting career. Gifted by nature with great beauty of face and a faultless figure, as well as a remarkably fine voice, she had no difficulty in securing an opportunity to make a start on the road to fame and fortune. Her debut was made under the direction of the late R. E. Miles, who did much to encourage her in her work. Miss Hall experienced the ups and downs common to nearly all aspirants for stage honors, but after the first night of her debut in New York she felt well repaid for the hard work she had done before. After Erminie had run its long and successful course Miss Hall shared for several seasons as a star at the head of her own company and produced Puritania, Doreen and other operas. For some time past Miss Hall has been in vaudeville, and her success has been as pronounced as in every line of work she has undertaken in the past.

## THE SUCCESSES OF GUS HILL.

Among the multiplicity of commercial, manufacturing, scientific, art, amusement or other enterprises that are to-day conducted on gigantic scales, ranging from the large factory, the department store, the steamship company and the railroad company to the huge syndicate or "trust," few are conducted by a single hand. Almost every concern of large size is managed by many men, who conduct its affairs jointly, being governed by the advice of some steady and energetic man at its head. There are, however, a few such businesses that are controlled and managed, as in days gone by, by one person, who alone looks after the many interests of the enterprise. Such an enterprise is managed by Gus Hill, the able and energetic theatrical manager of tenor, operatic and individual companies that tour the United States and Canada from coast to coast. This one man, who is ably assisted by his general manager, Hollis E. Cooley, does all of the managerial work connected with these attractions, from the engaging of the actors, managers, agents and musicians, arranging for and buying of costumes, superintending the painting and building of scenery, advertising the companies from their opening to their close and looking them on their tours, to say nothing of the vast amount of labor involved in the collection and accounting of all money received and the subsequent outgo in the payment of all bills. In the office of Mr. Hill, at 1355 Broadway, there are but three persons engaged in this work—Mr. Hill, Mr. Cooley and a stenographer. An idea of the ability required to control such a large business concern has already been given and a few words regarding the attractions themselves would not be amiss. The New York Stars, The Tammany Tavern, The Cracker Jacks, Vanity Fair, The Gay Masqueraders, the Boy's A Hot Old Time, and McFadden's Row of Flats have all been out a number of seasons. Through the Breakers is now in the fourth season; Last in the Desert, the Royal Lilliputians and Hesper Rodgers are in their third season; Spotless Town and Alphonse and Gaston are new this season and are meeting with success. The following attractions are now in preparation and will probably be seen before the close of the present season: Louisiana, Perchance and Judge, in Old New England, The Sunny South, A Hummel Comedy, and The Office Boy. The secret of Mr. Hill's success can be readily ascribed to his shrewd sagacity, his untiring energy and his unquestionable honesty in all dealings. He is a man that grows a reputation and is quick to see what the public demand and quicker to supply it. This is shown by his selection of attractions and the timely titles he gives them. Personally, Mr. Hill is a man of few words, with a quiet disposition, but always genial with all who come in contact with him.

## KATHERINE GREY.

Katherine Grey, a portrait of whom appears in another place in this issue, was born and educated in San Francisco, but began her career in the management of the late Augustin Daly, with whom she remained for a season. She then played the leading roles in Shakespeare, All the Comforts of Home, and Jane. When she returned to the New York South when it was produced at the Broadway Theatre. After this engagement Miss Grey joined A. H. Palmer's company in New Haven, and then appeared with Herbert Harlow in Napoleon, The King of Fools, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, A Fortunate Romance, and Arise and the Man, her last season. Miss Grey is a very popular actress, and her work is of a high quality. She is a comedy actress, and her work is of a humorous nature. She is a comedy actress, and her work is of a humorous nature. She is a comedy actress, and her work is of a humorous nature.

## A SUCCESSFUL FIRM.

Rowland and Clifford, proprietors of The Gam-Keeper comedies, Eastern and Western; also of Over Niagara Falls, are certainly getting their results from all reports. Smith O'Brien in The Game-Keeper (Eastern) is doing an excellent business, and in the title-role is making a satisfactory showing. Over Niagara Falls has been a wonderful success, and is the popular price house, as well as in the night stands. The Niagara Falls scene in the third act is said to be a remarkable effort. Next season of the Rowland and Clifford will have out five, and possibly six, attractions, and they are also closing a deal to lease a theatre in a Western city for a term of years.

## WILLIAM S. GILL.

William S. Gill, who is again meeting with success this season in Pudd'nhead Wilson, was the recipient of the following flattering notice during a recent engagement in Cincinnati: "William S. Gill, an actor of quiet methods, but most natural and finished to an admirable degree in his work, is still found in the upfield with such dignity and success since the death of companion picture to the famous original. Last season of the Wilson in this same character, and upon the evening's performance, he seemed to further accentuate his gratifying achievement of the first visit, as he was honored by a far greater and much more cordial audience."

Photo White, K. Y.

## MARTIN BROTHERS.

Mr. Brothens has in preparation a new play called The Minister's Son, in which he will make fun of clergymen and show that he is a comedian who is expected to be fully as good as any of his previous offerings.

## WILL H. FOX.

Will H. Fox, the original "Pudd'nhead," has been creating a big sensation on his present American tour as he did lately in Europe, where he played over a hundred nights at the Palace Theatre, London, and was the leading attraction at the other leading halls in the British Empire. His work is of a high quality, and he is a very popular actor. He is a comedy actor, and his work is of a humorous nature. He is a comedy actor, and his work is of a humorous nature. He is a comedy actor, and his work is of a humorous nature.

## MYRA COLLINS.

In this issue appears a recent picture of Myra Collins, a clever little comedienne, who has been making the public for several seasons. She is a comedy actress, and her work is of a humorous nature. She is a comedy actress, and her work is of a humorous nature. She is a comedy actress, and her work is of a humorous nature.

## THE SHIRLEY SISTERS.

Miss and Lillian Shirley are special features of the Shubert Stock company, in which they have appeared most successfully this season. These clever young women have won much commendation from the press and public for their work.

## MR. AND MRS. NEIL LITCHFIELD.

February, 1901, marks the end of the third season of Mr. and Mrs. Neil Litchfield in their very funny art. The past year has been one of the best they have had artistically and financially. They are well known and well liked, and their work is of a high quality. They are a comedy duo, and their work is of a humorous nature. They are a comedy duo, and their work is of a humorous nature. They are a comedy duo, and their work is of a humorous nature.

tion of the part. His appearance is much to his favor, and he is a conscientious artist who always gives the public his best efforts.

## CORA QUINLEN.

Yon Munson has had occasion before to dwell upon the cleverness and versatility of Cora Quinlen, the extraordinary child actress, now in her second season at the Little Theatre in The Fatal Wedding. The former place little Miss Quinlen for above the average of the children of the stage and practically carried out for her a series of her own in the temple of contemporary dramatic fame. Most laudatory notices continue to be showered upon her by the press all along the line.

## NELAINE HADLEY.

Nelaine Hadley, who was seen in New York early in the present season as Alice Pottingill in Quilley Adams Sawyer, and who is still playing that role on the road in a great emotional actress of exceptional charm and ability. Her dramatic experience has been gained by no other means; indeed, she has gained her present position in the theatrical world by that of hard work such as would dismay the majority of her career. Four years ago, at the beginning of her career, she played in connection of very parts in them and her talents brought her to the company, in Providence, about two years ago, and with great success. From there she went to the of the third act, Alice, is full of feeling and sympathy and is technically excellent. She has won in the role the highest praise from dramatic reviewers in every city in which she has appeared.

## MARION RUSSELL.

Marion Russell won success as an actress long before she began writing for the stage, and a long up-look-act plays, The Little Church Around the Corner, a drama of strong heart interest, whose scenes are many books and short stories have appeared in print. Out "Gladstone to the late President McKinley, was much note for its originality. Miss Russell plays the leading role of Agnes Grey in The Little Church Around the Corner.



Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.







## NEW YORK.

## PENNSYLVANIA.

**JOHNSTOWN.**—**CAMBRIA THEATRE** (J. C. Misher, manager): Chester De Vonde co. closed 1 week with Hawk's Hunt, The Fatal Kiss, and The Great Wide West to good business. Chicago Stock co. 8-11 opened in The Prince of Tramps to good business. Other plays: Prince Otto, Carmen, The Sleeping Beauty.

Henry Miller has begun rehearsals of his new play in which Jessie Millward will play the principal female role.

William Pruette, of a Chinese nationality, arrived in pajamas, undertook to rescue from a burning flat last Thursday his two sons and his sister and succeeded only in getting himself arrested. The firemen had already saved his relatives, but Mr. Pruette didn't know this and he

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**You can't get mad at that Busy Lucy Logic.**

Work Rec. 3M, Ellis, Fr.

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**DRAMATIC COMPANIES**

[illegible]

HUMAN HEARTS (Western) Geo. J. Hume, mgr.:  
 Hamilton, Pa., Dec. 18, Quincy, Ill., 27, Lehigh,  
 Pa., 28.  
 HUMAN HEARTS (Western): Harry Patterson,  
 mgr.: Hamilton and Dec. 28, Columbus 21, Phila-  
 delphia 22, New York 23, Newville 24, York 25, Harris-  
 burg 26, Lancaster 27, Pottsville 28, Reading 29, Allentown 30.  
 HUNTING FOR A HAWKING (Columb. W. Va., org.,  
 mgr.): Kane, Nev., Dec. 27, Green Valley, Cal., 28,  
 Nevada 29, Stockton 30, Marysville 31, Woodland  
 32, Sacramento 33, San Jose 34, San Juan 35.  
 IN CLOUTIER'S SHIRT (Short M. John, mgr.): Battle  
 Creek, Mich., Dec. 28.  
 IN THE MOUNTY (Gus Hitt's): Chicago, Ill., Dec. 28.  
 IRVING, ISABELLE (The Orbits): Koshok, Ia., Dec. 28.  
 IRVING PLACE STOCK (Hatchcock Corbett, mgr.):  
 New York City, 28-Jan.  
 JAMES BOY IN MISSOURI (Eastern): Geo.  
 Kline, mgr.: Frank Canada, mgr.: Cincinnati, O.,  
 Dec. 28-31, Columbus, Ind., 2-27, Columbus, O.,  
 28-31, Columbus, Ind., 2-27.  
 JAMES BOY IN MISSOURI (Western): Geo.  
 Kline, mgr.: Frank Canada, mgr.: Portland, Ore.,  
 Dec. 28-31, Omaha 29, Chicago City 30, Portland, Ore.,  
 31, Albany 32, Portland, Ore., 33, Portland, Ore., 34, Portland, Ore., 35, Portland, Ore., 36, Portland, Ore., 37, Portland, Ore., 38, Portland, Ore., 39, Portland, Ore., 40, Portland, Ore., 41, Portland, Ore., 42, Portland, Ore., 43, Portland, Ore., 44, Portland, Ore., 45, Portland, Ore., 46, Portland, Ore., 47, Portland, Ore., 48, Portland, Ore., 49, Portland, Ore., 50, Portland, Ore., 51, Portland, Ore., 52, Portland, Ore., 53, Portland, Ore., 54, Portland, Ore., 55, Portland, Ore., 56, Portland, Ore., 57, Portland, Ore., 58, Portland, Ore., 59, Portland, Ore., 60, Portland, Ore., 61, Portland, Ore., 62, Portland, Ore., 63, Portland, Ore., 64, Portland, Ore., 65, Portland, Ore., 66, Portland, Ore., 67, Portland, Ore., 68, Portland, Ore., 69, Portland, Ore., 70, Portland, Ore., 71, Portland, Ore., 72, Portland, Ore., 73, Portland, Ore., 74, Portland, Ore., 75, Portland, Ore., 76, Portland, Ore., 77, Portland, Ore., 78, Portland, Ore., 79, Portland, Ore., 80, Portland, Ore., 81, 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## A dark, high-contrast portrait of Irene Franklin, looking slightly to the right. The image is framed by a thick black border.

"Irene Franklin, whose admirers have named her "Deity Irene," is one of the most popular comedienne-actresses in the country. She has been dis- tinguished both into a full-fledged actress, retaining, however, all the charm that characterized her work as a child. After establishing herself in her native land she went to Australia about three years ago, and, in the meantime, she has added to her list of new songs to her repertoire. She has been warmly re- ceived by the public and has become more and more dear to the hearts of the enthusiastic Australians. In England, too, she was equally successful. She returned home a few months ago and was received with open arms. She has been the cause of much of the hilarity and merriment and the hits she has made prove that she is more popular than ever.

**PORCINE BAD BOY** (Northern; Lucy J. French, mgr.): Rich Hill, Mo., Dec. 18. Lamar 18. Pierce City 20. Osage 23. Potosi 26. Warsaw 29. Waverly City 31. Carleton 34. Pittsburg 37. West Mineral 39. South 41.

**PENNSYLVANIA** (G. S. Callahan, mgr.): Denver, Pa., Dec. 14-20. Buffalo Springs 21. Central City 23. Coalinga 25. Colorado 28. Santa Fe 31. Great Bend Kan. 33. Sterling 35. Hutchinson 37. Wichita 39.

**PIKE THEATRE** (D. H. Hunt, mgr.): Cincinnati, O.

**FRODOCK STOCK**: Montreal, Can.—Indefinite.

**PLODDHEAD WILSON** (William Ross, mgr.): McPherson, Kan., Dec. 18. Abilene 17. Salina 18. Junction City 20. Manhattan 23. Atchison 26. Wamego 29.

**QUEEN OF THE HIGHWAY** (Wallack's; W. McGowan, mgr.): Stratford, Conn., Dec. 16. London 17. Woodstock 18. Brantford 19. Hamilton 20. Baltimore Md. 22-27. Bethlehem Pa. 30. Altoona 31. Boston 33. Hartford 35. Trenton, N. J. 37. De 38-39.

**QUINON ADAMS SAWYER**: Albany, N. Y., Dec. 26-27.

**RADCLIFFE'S CARRIE STOCK**: Philadelphia, Pa.

**RAYE, THE Johnny and Emma; A Hot Old Time**: Columbus, O., Dec. 18. Baltimore, Md. 20-Jan. 3.

**REUBEN IN NEW YORK** (John Curran, mgr.): Huntington, Pa., Dec. 14. Johnstown 17. Hagerstown, Md. 20. Harrisburg 23. Scranton 26.

**KEYNOLDS, BARKINGTON**: San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 29—Indefinite.

**RIP VAN WINKLES** (R. J. Carpenter's; J. A. Stinson; Mason, Ma., Dec. 17. Centralia 18. Carrollton 20. New York 22. Kansas 23. Elkhart, Kan. 25. Falls City, Neb. 28. Lawrence 30. Elkhart, Kan. 31. Joseph, Mo. 37.

**ROBERT BENNETT**: Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 22-27.

**ROBERTS, FLORENCE** (Belasco and Thall, mgrs.): Portland, Wash., Dec. 18-20. Seattle 21-Jan. 3.

**ROBERTSON, ALVIN** (Richard Correll; R. G. Herndon, mgr.): Everett, Wash., Dec. 14. Vancouver 17. New Westminster 18. Victoria, Wash. 19. Tacoma 20. Portland, Ore. 31.

**ROBINSON, ELIZABETH** (Austrey; New York city Nov. 26).

**RUDOLPH AND ADOLF** (Mason and Mason; San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 14-20. San Jose 23. Oakland 27. Fresno 30. Sacramento 31. Santa Barbara 39.

**RUPERT OF HERTFORD**: Findlay, O., Dec. 18. Mansfield 17. Canton 18. Marionville 19. Akron 20. Knoxville 23. Newark 25. Circleville 27. Columbus 29-31.

**RUSSELL, ANNIE**: Washington, D. C., Dec. 20.

**SANDY BOTTOM** (Hampton and Hopkins, mgrs.): Seattle, Wash., Dec. 21. Victoria, B. C. 23. Nanaimo 26. Westchester 31. Vancouver, Wash., Jan. 1. A. A. Everett 3.

**SEBASTIAN'S MURDER**: Detroit, Mich. Dec. 23-28. Cincinnati, O. 29-Jan. 2.

**SHOOTING THE CHUTES** (Ollie Mack, mgr.): Worcester, Pa., Dec. 18. Greenville 17. Warren 18. Titusville 20. Erie 23. Erie 25. Erie 27.

**SHORE ACRES** (William S. Gross, mgr.): San Bernardino, Cal., Dec. 18. Ventura 17. Santa Barbara 19. Watsonville 19. Oakland 20. Santa Rosa 22. Santa Cruz 23. San Jose 27, 28.

**SIDE TRAIL** (Edna Galt, mgr.): Jan. F. Fulton, mgr.: Bates, Mo., Dec. 14-17. Spokane, Wash. 22-24. Walla Walla 26.

**SIDE TRACKED** (Julia Walters); Chicago, Ill., Dec. 31.

**SL FLUNKARD** (J. G. Lewis; Black River Falls, Wis., Dec. 16. Chippewa Falls 17. Marshfield 18. Grand Rapids, Mich. 19. Appleton 20.

**SKY FAIRLIE**: Scranton, Pa., Dec. 18. Dayton 17. Holbrook, Kan. 23. North Adams 26. Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 27.

**SONS OF HAM**: Worcester, Mass., Dec. 26.

**SOTHERN, E. H.**: Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 15-20. Washington 21. New York city 22-Jan. 3.

**SPORTING STOCK**: New York city 22-Jan. 3.

**SPRING LIFE** (Walter Sumner, mgr.): Cedar Rapids, Ia., Dec. 18. Iowa City 17.

**STANDARD THEATRE STOCK**: Philadelphia, Pa.—Indefinite.

**STODDY, JOHN H.** (Beane Prior Bush; Ft. Worth, O., Dec. 28. Anderson, Ind. 29. Martins 27. Ft. Wayne 29. Indianapolis 30. St. Louisville, Ky., Jan. 1-4.

**SUBURBAN**: Chicago, Ill., Dec. 7-20.

**SULLY, DANIEL** (The Parish Priest); Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 18-20.

**SUPERBA** (Hanson's); Hartford, Conn., Dec. 19. 30.

**SWEET CLOVER** (Broadhurst and Curtis, mgrs.): Cleveland, O., Dec. 18. Warren, Pa. 23. Altoona 25. New Castle 26. Uniontown 28. McCamert 30. Meadville 37.

**TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM** (Primrose's; Burlington, Ia., Dec. 18. Keokuk 17. Monmouth, Ill. 31.

**TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM** (W. A. Eller, mgr.): Randolph, Kan., Dec. 18. St. Marys 17. Howellville 18. Perry 19.

**TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM** (Al W. Martin's; Chattanooga, Tenn.; New York city Dec. 15-20.

**THANHOUSER STOCK**: Milwaukee, Wis., July 2—Indefinite.

**THE BIRD IN THE CAGE**: Fall River, Mass., Dec. 21.

**THE BLACK VIFERS**: Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 14-20. St. Louis 21-27.

**THE BOY TRAMP** (W. H. Riley, mgr.): Madison, Wis., Dec. 18.

**THE CLAMBER**: New Orleans, La., Dec. 18-20. Memphis, Tenn. 22. Nashville 23. Chattanooga 24. Atlanta Ga. 26. Lexington 28. Dayton 27.

**THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER** (Santer; Wesley B. Conroy, mgr.): Toronto, Can., Dec. 18-20. Hamilton 22. St. Catharines 24. Niagara Falls, N. Y. 26. Windsor 28. Orange 30. Auburn 27. Gloversville 29. Amsterdam 30. Schenectady 31.

**THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER** (Middle; Geo. Samuels, mgr.): Yatus Center, Kan., Dec. 18. Augusta 17.

**THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER** (Western; Roland C. Fay, mgr.): Emporia, Kan., Dec. 14. Lawrence 17. Atchison 18. St. Joseph, Mo. 19. 20. Omaha 24. Des Moines 26. Ia., Dec. 22. Creston 23. Council Bluffs, Ia. 25-27.

**THE COUNTERFEITERS** (Carl A. Hawlin, mgr.): Columbia, O., Dec. 15-17. Dayton 18-20.

**THE DOCTOR AND THE LADY** (G. Miller Kent): St. Warts, Va., Dec. 18. Dallas 19. Durham 21. Sherman 23. Paris 25. Tyler 27. Garrettsport, La. 28. St. Paul Ark. 30. Memphis, Tenn. 31. Nashville 31. Birmingham, Ala. 30. Chattanooga, Tenn. 31.



Darlington, N. C. 24, Ft. Madison 20, Oskaloosa 28, Quincy 28, 29, Marshalltown 31.  
THE CHAPERONS: Columbus, O. Dec. 15-20, Nashville, Va., 25, Richmond 20, 21, Washington, D. C. 22-Jan. 3.  
H. L. LEE: New York city Sept. 15-20.  
THE EMEKALD ISLES: New York city Sept. 15-20.  
THE PRINCE OF PILSEN (Henry W. Savage, pres.): Wausau, Wis., Dec. 15, Eau Claire 17, West Superior 18, Duluth 18, 19, Dec. 15-20, Minneapolis 22-Jan. 3.  
THE SHOW GIRL (E. E. Rice): G. S. Hall, mgr.; Union City, Ind., Dec. 16, Elwood 17, Monroe 18, Frankfort 19, La Salle 21, Canton 18, 20, Cedar Rapids 20, Marshalltown 27.  
THE SILVER SLIPPER: New York city Oct. 27-Jan. 3.  
THE STOCKS: Springfield, Ill., Dec. 16, Lincoln Superior 18, Bloomington 19, Decatur 20, Chicago 22-Jan. 3.  
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 1-Jan. 3.  
THE SULTAN OF SULTU (Henry W. Savage, pres.): Boston, Mass., Dec. 1-27.  
THE WILD ROSE: New York city Dec. 15-20.  
THE WIZARD OF OZ: Hamilton, Can., Dec. 18, 19.  
WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME (Fred Wilson, mgr.): New York city Dec. 15-Indefinite.  
WILSON, FRANK (The Tumbler): Boston, Mass., Dec. 1-20, New York city 22-27.  
**MISCELLANEOUS:**  
BAPLOW AND WILSON: Madison, Ga., Dec. 15, Washington 17, Millville 19.  
BLAIR, A. G.: MINSTRELS: Portsmouth, O., Dec. 16, Chicago 17, Washington C. H. 18.  
GIBSON'S MINSTRELS (Harry J. Curtis, mgr.): Albany, Ia., Dec. 16, St. Joseph, Mo., 17, 18, Aitchison, Kan., 19, Topeka 20, Paola 22.  
HARRIS (C. C. Pearl, mgr.): Temple, Tex., Dec. 17.  
HARRISON'S BROTHERS' MINSTRELS: Boston, Mass., Dec. 15-20.  
HENRY H. HI: Spertansburg, S. C., Dec. 16, Asheville 18, Hickory 19.  
HUNTER AND WALL'S MINSTRELS (Dan Quinn, mgr.): Little Rock, Ark., Dec. 16, Pine Bluff 17, Helena 18, Memphis, Tenn., 19, 20.  
RICHARDS AND PRINGLE'S (Alonso and Holland, mgrs.): Boston, La., Dec. 16, Houma 17, Patterson 18, Franklin 19, Jeanette 20, New Iberia 21, St. Martinville 22, Crowley 23, St. Charles 24, Beaumont, Tex., 25, Jennings, La., 26, Opelousas 27.  
JEAN FRANCISCO: Dayton, O., Dec. 16.  
JUN'S GUS: New Bedford, Mass., Dec. 16, Gloucester 18, Nahua, N. H., 20, Pittsburg, Mass., 22, Gardner 23, Clinton 24, Ware 25, Palmer 26, Pittsfield 27, Great Barrington 29, Uwego, N. Y., Jan. 2, Chicago 3.  
KOEHL'S JOHN W.: Danbury, Conn., Dec. 16, Fishkill, N. Y., 17, Peekskill 18, Ossining 19, Poughkeepsie 20, Philmont 20, Hudson 27, Middletown 29, Kingston 30, Cohoes 31, Schenectady Jan. 1.  
**VARIETY.**  
AMERICAN BURLESQUES: New York city Dec. 15-20.  
BOHEMIAN BURLESQUES (Sam Myers, mgr.): Hartford, Conn., Dec. 15-17, Albany, N. Y., 18-20.  
BON TON BURLESQUES: New York city Dec. 15-20.  
BOWERY BURLESQUES: Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 15-20.  
BRIGADIER BURLESQUES: Washington, D. C., Dec. 15-20.  
LARK'S NEW ROYALS: New York city Dec. 15-20.  
CRACKER JACKS: Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15-20, Detroit, 27.  
CRAWFORD'S VAUDEVILLE STARS: Rowan, Ia., Dec. 15-20.  
DE ONZO BROTHERS' EUROPEAN STARS (Felix Bell, mgr.): Battle Creek, Mich., Dec. 15, 16, Warrenton, Ore., 17, Columbus, Ia., Dec. 15-20, Owensboro 23, Paducah 24, Memphis, Tenn., 25-27, Pine Bluff 29-31.  
DEVER, SAM: Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 14-20.  
EMERIE SHOW: Columbus, Ia., Dec. 15-20.  
HUGGINS BROTHERS: Cincinnati, O., Dec. 15-20.  
JACK'S, SAM T. OWEN: Fayetteville, Ark., Dec. 16, Fort Smith 17, Pine Bluff 18, Little Rock 19, Texarkana 20.  
JOHN GRASS WIDOWS: Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 15-20.  
KINGS AND QUEENS BURLESQUES: Guthrie, Okla., Dec. 16, Hennessey 17, Enid 18, Arkansas City 20.  
KNICKERBOCKERS: Newark, N. J., Dec. 15-20.  
LAFAYETTE: Columbus, O., Dec. 15-17, Milwaukee, Wis., 21-27, Detroit, Mich., 29-Jan. 4.  
MAJESTIC BURLESQUES: Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15-20.  
MERRY MAIDENS: Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 15-20.  
MILDERD AND BOULECUE: Hartford, Conn., Dec. 15-17, Williamstn 20.  
NEW YORK PALM BEACH: New York city Dec. 15-20.  
NEW CROCKETT: New York city Dec. 15-20.  
ORIENTAL BEAUTIES: Grand Rapids, Mich., Dec. 14-20.  
PARISIAN WIDOWS: Baltimore, Md., Dec. 15-20.  
GLOBE (H. J. Feltz, mgr.): London, Ind., Dec. 23.  
RENTZ-GANTLEY: Scranton, Pa., Dec. 15-17.  
RICE AND BARTON'S GAITY: Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 15-20, Baltimore, Md., 22-27, Washington, D. C., 29-Jan. 4.  
ROBERT GORDON: New York city Dec. 15-20.  
POPEY TURVY BURLESQUES: Boston, Mass., Dec. 15-20, New York city 24-Jan. 4.  
UTOPIANS (T. W. Dinkins, mgr.): Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 15-17, Philadelphia 18, 20-Jan. 3.  
VICTORY FAIRY CHORUS: Chicago, Ill., Dec. 14-20.  
WEBER AND FIELDS: New York city-Indefinite.  
**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
BANDA ROSA: Ottumwa, Ia., Oct. 30-Indefinite.  
BINGHAM, RALPH: Hillsboro, Wis., Dec. 18, Three Rivers 19, 20, 21, Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Mar. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Apr. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, May 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Jun. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Jul. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Aug. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Sep. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Oct. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Nov. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Dec. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Mar. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Apr. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, May 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24

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## TELEGRAPHIC NEWS

## CHICAGO.

Much of Moment in the Windy City—Good Dramatic Feast for Christmas.

(Special to The Mirror.)

CHICAGO, Dec. 13.

We are saying good-bye to-night to Hopper and Bell at the Grand, to The Suburban at McVicker's, and E. H. Southern at Powers'. Elsie De Wolf remains for another week at the Illinois, and at the Studebaker the Castle Square continues. Of those who go away we desire most to part with Hopper and Bell, for in Mr. Pickwick they have filled the Grand and made a big hit with their clever associates in a clean and delightful entertainment.

Manager Harry G. Sommers, of your Knickerbocker Theatre, was married here last Wednesday evening, his bride being charming Miss Stearns.

Mr. Southern has been playing If I Were King to large houses at Powers', and all day long he has been rehearsing Hamlet. He leaves for the East to-night, and next Monday evening he will be succeeded by Miss Virginia Harned in Placido's role. Robert Edison will follow Miss Harned New Year's week in Soldiers of Fortune.

At the Studebaker this week the Castle Square Opera company has made a big hit in the new opera, Tenebris, which had but one previous representation here and that in Italian at the Auditorium. Next week the company will revel in that old favorite, The Bohemian Girl.

It has now been decided to devote all of the nine performances to be given by Madame Duse during the coming fortnight at the Grand Opera House to Francesca da Rimini. Next Monday evening the house will be given over to the annual holiday concert of the Yale Glee Club—the Hamline all being Yale boys—and Madame Duse opens Tuesday night.

The stock company up at the Columbus has been meeting with good favor during the week in a very creditable production of Julius Caesar. Led Astray is to follow, and Anne Sutherland will return to the cast after a well earned rest.

Clara Knott having been playing Portia in her stead, Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis will sing between the acts next week, and Cinderella is in preparation for Christmas week.

The Great Northern will keep south of Mason and Dixon's line, as The Heart of Maryland will be succeeded to-morrow by Williams and Walker in a new entertainment.

The last "Suburban" will be started at McVicker's Saturday, and Sunday week Mr. Lott's other successful melodrama, The Old Kentucky, comes for a merry holiday season.

Down at the Dearborn the stock company has had a very good week with Mrs. Duse's Deceit, and it will be followed by The Starbuck, which will be revived by a strong cast, including John D. O'Hara, an old Chicago boy.

Over at the Edison to-morrow In Convict's Stripes will be succeeded by An American Gentleman, and further along Railroad Street, at the Academy of Music, Mr. Allen's Row of Diamonds will be followed by a new farce entitled Just Struck Town.

Up at the Alhambra to-morrow Howard Hall, who has been playing with them in The Man Who Dared, will be succeeded by home play in McVicker's Row of Diamonds.

Over at Glickman's Yiddish Theatre the other night the juvenile man and the acrobats were married on the stage, in full view of the audience, by a local rabbi, and for a wedding present the manager presented the guests with a grand meal.

The 13th performance of Chas. Chas. was celebrated by the distribution of coupons to the ladies last night. One of the popular songs of the burlesque has been cut out because of the number of its echoes, the management having observed that said echoes were inspired by a group of young men representing the publisher of the song.

George Hamilton gives another of his popular Sunday afternoon concerts at the Grand to-morrow, assisted by Solo de Lancers, the soprano.

Miss De Wolfe is attracting large audiences to the Illinois in Clyde Fitch's play, The Way of the World.

Over at the American to-morrow the stock company will follow A Soldier of the Empire with The Embassy Ball.

Manager Lincoln J. Carter has gone East to stop the use of the railroad scene, which he claims is in the Equity and Mine.

The Pioneer Stock company, headed by Emmett Corrigan and Jane Kanack, has been doing very well over at the Bush Temple of Music, presenting The Lottery of Love.

Leopold Kramer was the soloist with the Thomas Orchestra at the Auditorium concert this week.

A Ruined Life will follow A Desperate Chance over at the Criterion this week.

"Burr" Hall.

## BOSTON.

Closing and New Attractions—The Strike Situation—Mascagni Decision.

(Special to The Mirror.)

Boston, Dec. 13.

There will be several changes of bill of interest in Boston next week, but perhaps the most important of all will be at the Boston, where Mrs. Leslie Carter will open with De Barry for a long run.

Billy in Our Alley will come to the Boston for an engagement a little earlier than had been anticipated at the opening of the season, but following When Johnny Comes Marching Home it has a good time.

Kyrle Bellows will conclude his fortnight's engagement at the Museum with A Gentleman of France, that was not received especially well by the critics, although all agreed that Mr. Bellows' work was a romantic star was excellent.

Francis Wilson in another who concludes his engagement in Boston next week. His four weeks at the Colonial have not all been crowded, but the business has been good.

The Sultan of Sulu has been doing splendid business thus far at the Tremont and seems to follow in the line of Savage success. It is a fun maker and beauty show combined and the large audiences are well satisfied. It will hold the stage until James K. Hackett brings The Crime.

Boston has one less stock company, for Corso Payton's players will give their final performance at the Park to-night with Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and then the house will remain dark for a week until Everyman comes.

The Castle Square remains just as popular as ever and will succeed the crowded fortnight with The Christian with a revival of A Young Wife.

Another former success will be revived by the stock company of the Bowdoin Square next week—Coco Hollow.

Not Guilty will be the melodramatic offering at the Grand Opera House next week.

Boston Music Hall will give a change of bill in Spotted Town by Gus Hill's company. For the holiday season a children's theatre has been opened here in the Japanese garden, where frequent performances are given, with moving pictures and novelties calculated to please the younger generation.

The Show Girl will continue its successful stay at the Columbia, and no limit is yet announced for the stay of Rice's company.

Quite the most important feature of the present week in Boston has been the theatrical ball, which drew a large attendance of college students and chorus girls to Symphony Hall on Thursday evening.

All the week the hearing in the labor question involved in the strike upon the majestic has been going on before Frank M. May, who sits as master in the hearing in the exchange proceedings brought by Lynch and Woodbury against J. E. Cashman and other members of the Building

Trades Council. The hearings have heard much about the ordering of strikes and other labor matters, but that has not hastened along the opening of the majestic any. The date is still unsettled, as is the decision in this hearing.

Judge Richardson has decided the Mascagni case in one respect and holds that the Mittenhalls will not have to go to the Italian courts, since the composer must contend here, as the alleged breach of contract occurred in this city.

A. H. Chamberlain, of the Columbia, who is still very ill at his home in Brighton, is reported as considerably better now and his recovery is thought certain.

A decided change in booking has been made at the Museum, and Louis Glaser and Dolly Vernon will not come here at all. On the other hand, A Country Girl from Daly's will be brought here for a run.

JAY B. NEWTON.

## PHILADELPHIA.

Programmes in Quakertown—Duse and Everyman Unappreciated.

(Special to The Mirror.)

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 13.

The two weeks' engagement of Florence Duse at the Garrick came not up to expectations, the public for some unaccountable reason failing to appreciate this great artist. Mrs. Patrick Campbell opens Dec. 15 for two weeks with The Joy of Living and repertoire.

The Broad Street Theatre announces William Gillette in Sherlock Holmes Dec. 15 for a week. John Drew follows for two weeks.

A Chinese Honeymoon (No. 2) remains one week more at the Chestnut Street Theatre. The Rogers Brothers, Dec. 23, two weeks.

The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast continues at the Chestnut Street Opera House.

The New Clown with Dan Daly, holds the week of Dec. 15 at the Walnut Street. Louis Harrison, Merri Osborne, Eugenie Hayden, Katharine Call, Tom Brown, Bert Thayer, Sumner Gard, Crisole Carlyle, and Ella Monteville will be in the cast.

The Auditorium, with A Runaway Girl, played the week to immense patronage and well pleased audience. Pack and His Mother-in-Law Dec. 15. Bolivar's Day Dec. 22.

Arizona reaches for a second week at the Park and then jumps to the People's for week of Dec. 22. Noll Burman in The County Fair comes to the Park Christmas week.

The Little Mother will be presented at the National Dec. 15 for a week.

A Thoroughbred Tramp is the offering Dec. 15 for a week at the Kensington.

For Her Children's Sake will be the attraction Dec. 15 at the People's, to be followed by Arizona.

Everyman at Horticultural Hall failed to attract.

Keith's Bijou Stock will present The Lost Paradise week of Dec. 15. Robert Elliot and Meta Maynard are no longer with the organization.

The cast will include Malcolm Williams, Edna Phillips, Beatrice Ingram, Grace Addison, Orme Caldaris, Edwin Nicolson, and Emily Collins.

The Grand Avenue Theatre Stock, with Leonora Von Ottlinger and Thomas McGeehan in leading roles, will appear in A Wife's Part week of Dec. 15.

Ten Nights in a Barroom will be the attraction offered by the Foxglove Stock company week of Dec. 15, with Florence Roberts and Louis Leon Hall in prominent parts.

The Grand Opera House Stock company continues to large business. Northern Lights is the offering Dec. 15 for a week with Maude Odell, Isabelle Swenson, Harrison J. Wolfe, and Forrest Cummings in the cast. The Christian is in rehearsal for early production.

Carrie Madeline Stock at the Columbia appears week of Dec. 15 in The Pearl of Savoy.

Darcy and Spock's Stock company at the Standard revive on Dec. 15 The City of New York.

The Wurster German Stock company at the Arch Street announces a varied repertoire for the coming week: The Robbers, Fensler Scheller, Der Schatzgräber, Mary Stuart, and a new farce, Papageno.

Donat's Minstrels at the Eleventh Street Opera House, with William Henry Rice, retain the present bill next week; business exceedingly large.

Italian opera at the Academy of Music, under Maurice Grau, is booked for only two performances during the holidays, Dec. 23 and 26.

A. FRANKENSON.

## WASHINGTON.

Dramatic and Musical Events—Gossip of the Capital.

(Special to The Mirror.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.

Martin Harvey is the Columbia announcement for Dec. 15, with The Only Way.

The Wilderzons, presented by the Empire Theatre company, headed by Charles Richman and Margaret Anglin, is the National's bill for the coming week. William Courtleigh, W. H. Crumpton, E. Y. Backus, Lawrence D'Orray, George Osborne, Jr., Frank Brownlee, Ethel Horne, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Mrs. W. G. Jones, Kate Pattison-Solton, Lillian Thurgate, Grace Gelliker, Amy Myers, Elty Harrison, and Donald Gelliker are in the company. S. H. Southern follows.

Lavinia Shannon, a new star coming next week to the Lafayette Square Opera House, in Beyond Pardon, will receive a sincere welcome. Washington Lodge of Elks will attend the opening, as Miss Shannon is an honorary member.

A Montana Outlaw is the Academy of Music offering commencing Monday.

Morgan Sherwood, of the National, celebrates his silver wedding to-day.

Ned Glavin, treasurer of the Columbia, is secretary of the local branch of the Frying Squad.

James F. Peyton, formerly manager of Elks R. Spencer, Russ Whrtal and other stars, and now connected with the Washington Post, has taken the management of Sherwood and Denham's Joan of Arc company.

Mary Shaw's special matinee of Ghosts, supported by George Fawcett's company, was given Wednesday, postponed from Tuesday, by request. This was the first Washington hearing and the Columbia Theatre held a large audience.

The presentation was complete and Miss Shaw scored a distinct success.

Frank Smith, formerly assistant treasurer of the National Theatre, has gone to New York to fill a like position at the Garden Theatre.

The Knickerbocker Quartette's second Tuesday afternoon concert at the Raleigh Hotel Dec. 9 was again a crowded affair.

JOHN T. WARREN.

## CINCINNATI.

Anna Held at the Grand—Coming Attractions—The Pike—News Jots.

(Special to The Mirror.)

CINCINNATI, Dec. 13.

The Little Duchess caught the fancy of theatre-goers Dec. 7-13, and as a consequence Anna Held's engagement at the Grand proved by far the most successful she has ever played here.

De Wolf Hopper, who takes the time originally allotted to Lulu Glaser, is to open Dec. 15 in Mr. Pickwick.

Eugenie Blair makes her first stellar appearance here at the Walnut Dec. 14 in Sam.

Ward and Yoken in a new edition of The Head-Waiters at Henck's Dec. 14-20.

The Pike will offer Robert Hilliard's old success, Lost—Twenty-Four Hours—14-20. Not many farces have been offered at this house lately, and the indications in advance are that its patrons will relish the change in fare.

To-morrow night's bill at the German Theatre will be Richard Franz's four-act comedy, Der Erste Liebshaber.

The James Boys in Missouri is to be the week's attraction at the Lyceum. George Kint and Alma Hearn head the company.

Manager Anderson, of the Walnut and Colum-

bia, who has been confined to his home for some time by illness, is able to be out again.

Anna Held's engagement at Robinson's, that closed to-night, has been very successful.

An extra matinee was given yesterday to accommodate the crowds.

The Fiddle-De-Dee company did not arrive in time last Sunday to give the afternoon performance at the Walnut, and they made up the loss by an extra matinee yesterday.

The Lagoon, that has been closed for several seasons, has been purchased by the Ludlow Realty Company, who will reopen this once popular park next season.

H. A. SUTTON.

## BALTIMORE.

The Week's Bills in the Monumental City—Plays and Concerts.

(Special to The Mirror.)

BALTIMORE, Dec. 13.

The attraction at Ford's next week will be Ben Toy, with Samuel Collins, Edie Bowen, Robert Brock, Isbell Hall, Barney Lambert, George K. Fortenque, Nellie Lynch, Nigle Barry, Nora Lambert, and Joseph Lantz.

Everyman will be shown at the Academy of Music beginning Monday.

Next week at Chase's the George Fawcett Stock company will revive Roadside. Frank Gilmore and Grace Kimball will play the leads.

Across the Pacific is the bill for the Holiday Street Theatre next week.

Bolivar's Day will be seen at the Auditorium Music Hall next week.

The Schumann-Heink concert at the Music Hall last night was a decided success. It was for the benefit of Vacation Lodge, a resort maintained by charity for the children of the poor. Society girls acted as ushers and distributed programmes.

Ex-Governor Frank Brown has purchased three lots in North Charles Street, near Saratoga. It is rumored that the purchase was made for the erection of a new theatre. This could not be confirmed positively, but all indications point that way. The location is one of the best in the city for that purpose.

Professor Frederick H. Warren, Ph.D., of Yale University, has been giving a series of lectures on the modern French drama at McCoy Hall. They have been remarkably well attended and greatly enjoyed. The subject of his last lecture was the theatre of Corneille, Moliere, and Racine.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a delightful concert at Music Hall on Tuesday. The soloist was Anton Van Rooy.

The second Knickerbocker Quartet concert took place at Peabody Hall on Wednesday. The soloist was Harold Randolph. The fourth Peabody recital was given at the hall yesterday. Marie Gaul, Marie Randolph, and J. C. Van Houten participated.

Carl Hagenbeck's trained animals are still drawing excellent audiences at Convention Hall.

HAROLD RUTLEDGE.

## ST. LOUIS.

Iris, Mrs. Jack, and Zam Presented—Musical Events—Bookings.

(Special to The Mirror.)

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 13.

Well, we have had the much advertised Iris "presented" to us. It is rather hard to determine the ability of Miss Harned in this role.

The story of the play so overshadows the actress that one almost forgets to notice how much art there may be in the acting, so absorbed does one become in the acts of the frail creature Mr. Finero has manufactured. The play was harshly criticized by the local press.

At the Olive Street house we had the delightful Mrs. Jack. Alice Fischer, although a Western product, was new to St. Louis, but she "caught on" in a wonderful fashion; her portrayal of the bronzy Western widow with a big voice, somewhat rude in manners, withal a large heart, was a clever piece of character work.

Miss Fischer's support was excellent. Mrs. Thorndyke Boucicault did well with the unapologetic part of Mrs. Hilda Pointer. The part of Mrs. Ann O'Hara was finely done by Alice Leigh.

Theresa Evans was a big hit as Mary Deaven. Anna Held comes to the Olympic Monday evening in The Little Duchess. In Miss Held's support will be such clever entertainers as Joseph W. Herbert, George Marion, Hubert Wilke, Edward Durand, Knor Wilson, Franz Albert, Louise Royce, Annie St. Tel, Katharine Bell, Lucile Drew, Billy Norton, and Adelaide Orion.

To-morrow evening at the Century we are to see Tim Murphy in Old Innocence. Robert Ede son in Soldiers of Fortune Dec. 21.

Sam at the Grand at popular prices filled the auditorium almost to its capacity all the week. Fiddle-De-Dee will return to-morrow afternoon.

Capable people presented Human Hearts at the Imperial. The audiences were very large. The scenery is good, and in the four acts the attention of the audience is held throughout. Willis Oranger will be seen next week at the Imperial in Gypsy Jack.

A Little Outcast, a very sensational melodrama, drew large audiences to Havilla's. Anne Hilsche in the new story role did especially good work of one was a large hit with the gallery.

A new story quartette is the of the striking novelty. Scenically the play is well staged. The Heart of Maryland will be the offering at Havilla's the coming week, with Alma Krueger as Maryland Calvert.

The Union Musical Club gave its second reception this afternoon at the Club rooms.

The Choral-Symphony Society gave its second concert of the season at the Odeon Thursday evening before a very large and representative audience.

Mrs. F. A. Bensberg, contralto, and Miss Adah A. Black, soprano, were the soloists and they were enthusiastically received. The society chorus of three hundred voices and the orchestra of fifty pieces, under the direction of Alfred Ernst, were heard with fine effect.

J. A. NOBLE.

## LE DE HOOTIN' OS DE OWL.

I am was a sherry nig  
When I was for a boy,  
An' 'twixt 'em 'ere 'ere woods at night  
I never did enjoy.  
I's superstitious 'bout de owl  
A 'hotha' way up high.  
'Ow! 'ere's a sign, 'ere's a you town,  
Dat 'ere's a 'twixt 'ere ter die.  
One night, Miss Adie takes sick,  
An' 'ere I had ter drill  
In de Black-Jack prove, ter git  
Ole Johnnie Hootin' Owl.  
An' I was walkin' 'ere de town,  
A whistlin' 'ere de town.  
An' 'twixt 'em 'ere 'ere woods at night  
'Ow! 'ere's a sign, 'ere's a you town,  
Dat 'ere's a 'twixt 'ere ter die.  
I heard a 'hotha' owl 'ere 'ere  
'Way up in de leaves.  
I stopped right still—I couldn't move  
For 'twixt 'em 'ere 'ere woods at night  
I never did enjoy.  
But as I started up dat tree  
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# AT THE THEATRES

To be reviewed in *The Mirror* next week:  
**Heidelberg**.....Princess  
**The Peddler**.....Fourth Street  
 When Johnny Comes Marching Home.....New York

## Irving Place—The Bureaucrat.

Comedy in four acts, by Gustav von Moser. Produced Dec. 8.

Count Meng.....Franz Kirschner  
 Ella.....Edw. F. Gormann  
 Rosen.....Max Henseler  
 Lemke.....Willy Frey  
 Gertrud.....Georgine Neundorff  
 Anna.....Frida Brandt  
 Eberhard.....Gretel Kupfer  
 Sebald.....Otto Oltberg  
 Leha.....Richard Schillinghamer  
 Leo Kraft.....Matthias Claudius  
 Friedrich.....Carl Seufert  
 Charlotte.....Ludwig Sator

Gustav von Moser's four-act comedy, *The Bureaucrat*, which, though not a new play, had never been seen in New York before, was a considerable measure of approval at the Irving Place Theatre last Tuesday night. It is called a comedy, but it belongs more properly under the classification of farce, all the characteristics of which it possesses—a general inconsequentiality, no attempt at character drawing, no effort at a transcript from real life, but a constant striving for comic effect, generally obtained by odd situations. *The Bureaucrat* is a worthy representative of its class. It is clean, wholesome and genuinely amusing. Once started it moves steadily. The fun soon becomes fast and furious and there is no let-up until the final curtain. It shows no sign of age and, in spite of the fifteen years or more to its credit, its situations seem fresh and unthought-of. The nearest approach to character drawing in the play is in the case of the bureaucrat himself. It was but a superficial attempt, however, and the worthy Lemke was sacrificed on the altar of the farcical treatment.

The story of the play follows: Count Meng has long been the object of the marriage of his daughter Ella to her cousin Eberhard. Neither of the young people seems particularly attracted to the other. Rosen, a government official visiting the Count, plans a course of action which, he says, is sure to bring matters to a crisis. Each is to be told that the other is dying of love. Trial is made of the plan, but without result. Ella's friend, Anna Lemke, is loved by a young musician, Kraft, and returns his love. Eberhard is an involuntary witness of the workings of love as exemplified in these two. He becomes curious and decides to investigate the subject on his own account. To pursue his studies he pretends to go on a journey, but, instead, he hires quarters under an assumed name at the house of Lemke, a minor official, wrapped in red tape, and seeing no good in anything outside of office under the State. His wife, Karoline, has forced him to lend his assistance to an amateur performance for charity and this proposed performance is to have serious results for himself. The old-dest Eberhard makes excellent progress in his chosen pursuit, especially since he has a new case to study, that of Lemke's second daughter, Gertrud, who loves and is loved by a poor writer, also a lodger under the Lemke roof-tree. The father quickly makes friends with Eberhard, whom he supposes to belong to the same profession as Sebald. Unlike Sebald, however, the young man appears to have money. He plays the host to his landlord and gives him with wine from his uncle's cellar. Lemke is considerably elevated by what he has drunk. He confides to his companion the views of a husband on the subject of matrimony. These views Eberhard carefully transcribes and later on furnishes to the papers under Lemke's signature. Meanwhile, however, comes that one of the persons to appear in the play is unwilling to assume his part, that of a valet. Karoline decides upon her husband as a substitute. Between his wife, Eberhard and the wine he has drunk the unhappy bureaucrat is brought to consent to his appearance in the guise of the valet. He has barely put on the valet's dress when Rosen appears and is horrified by his subordinate's behavior. Ella thinks her cousin loves Anna and from that moment knows that she herself loves the republic. Eberhard reciprocates her affection, and he very soon convinces her that he is sincere in his protestations of love. Through him Lemke receives promotion, instead of dismissal from the service of the State. The old man is so mollified by his good fortune that he consents to the marriage of Gertrud with Sebald and of Anna with Kraft.

The farce was well within the grasp of Herr Count's company. They had caught the spirit of the piece and they carried it through to the end with unflinching energy. Willy Frey in the title-role showed himself possessed of no mean ability as a character actor. He came as near making Lemke a creature of flesh and blood as anyone could. The gradual change, under the influence of wine, from the harsh disciplinarian to the genial toper was capitally denoted. Georgine Neundorff as the wife, Karoline, gave a technically flawless piece of work. Otto Oltberg had in Eberhard one of those parts in which he delights and which he knows so well how to depict—full of bombast and joy of life. He fairly breathes life from his finger-tips. Hedwig von Ostermann looked well and acted charmingly as the Backbach Ella. The Count Meng of Franz Kirschner was, as is usual with him, a careful piece of work. Max Henseler was a capital Rosen. Matthias Claudius was irresistibly amusing as Kraft. Gretel Kupfer was adequate as Anna.

Old Heidelberg will be the attraction at the Irving Place all of this week. Next (Christmas) week there will be daily matinees of a piece for children, entitled *Max and Moritz*, from the pen of Leopold Gutzmer. On New Year's Eve Jugend-freunde, a comedy in four acts by Ludwig Fulda will be presented, and the following night Frederick Bonn will open his engagement with Hamlet.

## Criterion—The Cavalier.

Drama in four acts, by Paul Kester and George Middleton. Produced Dec. 8.

General Austin.....Francis Kingdon  
 General James.....Clarence Handyside  
 Captain Francis Oliver.....Frank Worthing  
 Lieutenant Edgar Perry.....William Levers  
 Richard Thornycroft Smith.....Morgan Coman  
 General Jewett.....Thomas L. Coleman  
 Captain Robert Jewett.....Edgar L. Davenport  
 Major Armstrong.....Frederick Burt  
 Lieutenant Ralph Glimmer.....Frank Hecher  
 Sergeant Quinn.....Chester Boscourt  
 Uncle Isaac.....Charles H. Bradshaw  
 Charlotte Durnell.....Julia Marlowe  
 Mrs. Glimmer.....Kate Lester  
 Camille Harper.....Nella Webb  
 Cordie Harper.....Gwendolyn Valentin  
 Emily Glimmer.....Edgar L. Davenport  
 Tilly.....Katherine Wilson

The first performance by Julia Marlowe and her supporting company of *The Cavalier* drew a large audience together at the Criterion Theatre last Monday night. Miss Marlowe had been absent from the local stage for a considerable period and during that time had been through an unfortunate production and had endured a siege of illness. Her many admirers therefore rallied with double enthusiasm to her support and gave her an unusually hearty welcome.

*The Cavalier* is a dramatization, by Paul Kester and George Middleton, of George W. Cable's novel of the same name. Rather, it should be said, that the play is founded upon the novel, since many liberties have been taken with the story, and the grace of Mr. Cable's literary style have been very thoroughly hidden beneath the conventionalities of the stage. The play evidences again the evils of the modern method of dramatizing popular books and the custom of subordinating every element of a drama toward the glorification of the star. As a piece of dramatic architecture *The Cavalier* is almost without merit. The construction—notwithstanding a number of effective situations—is lamentable. The dramatization have utilized all of the show devices of the drama that could be made to seem

appropriate to the story, and they have been at great pains to keep the star ever in the center of the stage. The play, contrived in this fashion, might not be else than unilluminating, superficial and at times even ludicrous. Yet there is a public that finds pleasure in entertainments of the sort, and it is by no means impossible that *The Cavalier* may win success.

The scenes of the play are laid in Mississippi and Louisiana during the period of the Civil War. The heroine, Charlotte Durnell, a beautiful Southern woman, full of sentiment and affection for the South, marries Francis Oliver, a captain in the Confederate army, who has just returned from the North, where he has been a prisoner of war. The wedding occurs in the first act, after a deal of frivolous comedy. No sooner is the ceremony over with than Charlotte discovers that Oliver has gained his freedom from the Yankees by betraying his flag, and that he has for a large pecuniary reward become a Union spy. Her impulse is to denounce him to the Confederate officers, but when she realizes that this would bring death to her new-made husband she decides to hold her peace. Oliver rejoins his old regiment of the Confederate army, and Charlotte determines that she will use her every effort to aid the Southern cause and to thwart the designs of her husband.

In the second act Charlotte appears as an imitator Cigarette. She is not immoral, as is the heroine in *Under Two Flags*, but she has vastly more authority. It appears that she is loved by every discernible officer and soldier in the Southern army and has numerous admirers in the Union lines. Therefore she practically runs the campaign. And it is shown conclusively that she is well qualified for the task. In the first act she is only a careless, pampered belle of society. In the second act—six months later—she is an expert telegraph operator, she is an authority upon the art of war, she knows the movements of all the troops, Northern as well as Southern, she is more familiar with the topography of the country than any of the men in the Confederate army, she is a skilled nurse, and she is able to take up the work of a captain at a moment's notice. She is, indeed, a paragon. The second act takes place in a warehouse, beside a railway track. When stage pictures are needed various trains of cars appear at precisely the right moment. In this act Charlotte works industriously to checkmate her husband, and incidentally she repeats the Lord's Prayer and sings "The Star Spangled Banner" for the benefit of a dying Union officer, who is, of course, one of her numerous suitors.

The third act takes place in the hall of the old Southern house in which Charlotte and Oliver were married. The house is in possession of the Yankees and Oliver is there in the Yankee uniform. Charlotte finds her way there on an errand of mercy and to save a train of wagons containing Confederate treasure that her husband has betrayed into the hands of the Northerners. The husband and wife meet and have a very disagreeable quarrel over an hour during which Oliver declares that a wife's first duty is toward her husband, and Charlotte declares, with the authority of a star, that her duty is toward her flag. A dance is given in honor of the invaders. Charlotte sends a message to Captain Perry, of the Confederate army—who, by the way, is her suitor No. 1—that the time is ripe for an attack. During a Virginia reel the gallant Perry, with a detachment of soldiers, arrives upon the scene and puts the Union officers to rout. Oliver manages to kill him, but instead of the leader, but instead of killing him, he merely wounds Charlotte.

In the final act Charlotte, who is now recovering from her wound, confesses that she loves and has always loved Captain Perry. The news comes that the rascally Oliver is dead, and Charlotte and Perry decide to seek for happiness together. Miss Marlowe's portrayal of Charlotte is in every particular exceedingly fine. She carried almost the entire burden of the play, being on the stage nearly all the time. A less charming actress would surely have grown tiresome in so long a monodrama, but Miss Marlowe, by employing her best skill, managed to retain the interest of the onlookers. She had opportunity to display a wide range of emotion, from the lightest of light comedy to tragic despair, and in every mood she was effective. It was no small achievement to give a semblance of reality to situations that were essentially theatrical and so improbable that they bordered on absurdity. This, however, Miss Marlowe accomplished.

Francis Kingdon as Francis Oliver had a task similar to Miss Marlowe's, and he was no less successful in his accomplishment of it. Oliver, as shown in the play, is a wholly impossible character. Mr. Worthing made him seem real. Technically his performance was superb.

The other characters in the play are very conventional and the players had little chance to reveal more than their most ordinary abilities. William Levers was a manly Captain Perry; Edgar L. Davenport played an admirable death scene in the second act; Clarence Handyside acted Harper in robust, genial fashion, and Thomas L. Coleman was a capital General Jewett. Kate Lester was agreeable and natural as Mrs. Glimmer, and Nella Webb played Camille Harper brightly. The other roles were, with but one or two exceptions, well acted.

The stage-management of William Seymour was exceedingly good. He did, apparently, all that could be done to make the play seem real. The scenery, by Gates and Morange, was very pretty and effective, and the costumes were historically accurate.

## Murray Hill—Hamlet.

Creston Clarke, son of John Sleeper Clarke and nephew of the late Edwin Booth, was the visiting star last week with the Henry V. Donnelly Stock company at the Murray Hill Theatre. To the credit of Mr. Clarke and Mr. Donnelly it must be said that in none of the announcements was the actor heralded as a relative of the celebrity named. He came with only his own reputation, which is sufficient, behind him, and by his own efforts in the role of Hamlet he won the admiration of a succession of large audiences.

Mr. Clarke's Hamlet is for the most part the traditional Hamlet, but the actor has followed only the best traditions. His impersonation is not wholly imitative. It evidences long and careful study and a certain originality of conception. Mr. Clarke makes the character far more understandable than many players do. He reads his lines distinctly and impressively, seemingly with the desire to make as clear as possible their meaning. Yet his portrayal is not pedantic. He brings to it the outward show of the actor as well as the inward grace of the student. In appearance, bearing and manner he satisfies, and his voice, though not particularly agreeable, is expressive.

The support given to the star by the regular company of the theatre was praiseworthy. Indeed, considering the nature of the usual work of the organization. Among the players who deserve especial commendation were Laura Hope Crews, who acted Ophelia with sincerity and sympathy; Robert McWade, Jr., as Polonius; George Henry Trader as the First Gravedigger; N. Sheldon Lewis as the Ghost, and Rose Stuart as Queen Gertrude. The stage settings and costumes were in good taste.

This week Ralph Stuart appears at the head of the company in *The Streets of New York*.

## American—The Slaves of Russia.

Melodrama of the lurid type prevailed at the American Theatre last week, when *The Slaves of Russia* was presented. Burt Lytell essayed the role of Ivan Khovric, as Maurice Freeman had a week of rest. Mr. Lytell's portrayal of the wronged prince was excellent. Jeannine Rodgers was again seen to advantage as the Countess de Manion. Robert Cummings was especially good as Count Karatoff. Thomas Reynolds, as usual, caused much amusement in the role of Mr. Willie Gray. Frank E. Jamison gave a very capable delineation of the old thief, Khor. John Hewitt as Prince Baromet, Sam Scott as Larry O'Rourke, John Harold as Steinhardt, Helen Campbell as Eliza and Laura Almogosa as Rosalie were well cast. Lillian Beyer as Selma and Helen Beaumont as Princess Lodokai were very good. The

other parts were well handled. The staging and scenery were noteworthy. Large audiences attended. This week *A Remarkable Case*.

## Circle—Jane.

The Herbert Stock company presented the time-honored farcical comedy, *Jane*, last week to good cheer and appreciative audiences. Bijon Fernandez in the title-role was painstaking and vivacious. Charles Hallock as Charley Stackelton fulfilled the requirements of the part admirably. William Tipson as portrayed by Charles H. Waldron highly entertained these present. Albert Taveras's interpretation of Mr. Kershaw was smooth and skilful. Mrs. Thomas Barry added much humor and naturalness to Mrs. Chadwick. Alice Neal in the somewhat insipid character, Lucy Norton, was sweet and demure. Charles W. Swain's Claude was rather droll, though considerably overdrawn. Jean Newcombe as Mrs. Paxton and Louis Bishop Hall as Mr. Paxton were equal to the exigencies of their respective parts. The play was carefully mounted and the stage-management competent. This week Young Mrs. Winthrop.

## At Other Playhouses.

This holiday number of *The Mirror* having been sent to press earlier than is usual owing to the additional labor involved by its increased proportions, extended notices of the current week's productions are necessarily deferred until the next issue. The week's announcements at the various theatres are as follows:

**PRINCETON**—Aubrey Doucett's translation of the German comedy, *Heidelberg*, is shown for the first time.

**FOURTEENTH STREET**—Joe Welch makes his local debut as a legitimate star in the comedy, *The Peddler*.

**NEW YORK**—The new musical comedy, *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*, will have its initial metropolitan performance this (Tuesday) evening.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE**—Amelia Bingham and her strong company are seen in *A Modern Magdalen*. Last week Dan Daly scored well in *The New Clown*, Louis Harrison, Charles Swain, and Merri Osborne ably assisting. Tom Browne made a distinct hit with his whistling and imitations.

**CIRCLE**—The Herbert Stock company revive *The Charity Ball*.

**AMERICAN**—The Greenwall Stock company present *Circumstantial Evidence*.

**WATER EXH.**—A Wild Rose is the bill for the week.

**NEW STAR**—Al W. Martin's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is the attraction this week.

**MANHATTAN**—Mrs. Fiske continues to present *Mary of Magdala* to very large audiences. On Thursday afternoon she will give a special performance for the benefit of the Actors' Church Alliance.

**ACADEMY OF MUSIC**—The Ninety and Nine draws the lovers of melodrama.

**DELACROIX**—Blanche Bates has scored a remarkable hit in *The Darling of the Gods*.

**BIJOU**—Mabelle Gilman remains in *The Mocking Bird*.

**BROADWAY**—The Silver Slipper is in its eighth week here.

**CASINO**—A Chinese Honeymoon puts in its twenty-sixth week at this theatre.

**DALY'S**—A Country Girl is in its last fortnight here.

**EMPIRE**—William Faversham appears in *Impudence*.

**GARDEN**—E. R. Willard continues in *The Cardinal*.

**GARRICK**—Mary Mannering's engagement in *The Stubbornness of Geraldine* will terminate on Dec. 27.

**HARLEM OPERA HOUSE**—The Two Schools is the week's programme.

**HERALD SQUARE**—Richard Mansfield continues his elaborate revival of *Julius Caesar*.

**KNICKERBOCKER**—Nat C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott offer *The Altar of Friendship*.

**MADISON SQUARE**—Audrey is still the attraction.

**METROPOLIS**—A Romance of Coon Hollow is the card.

**MRS. OSBORNE'S PLAYHOUSE**—Fad and Folly remains the attraction.

**MURRAY HILL**—The Henry V. Donnelly Stock company revive *The Streets of New York*.

**SAVOY**—Ethel Barrymore presents *A Country Mouse and Carrots*.

**THIRD AVENUE**—The bill of the week is *Alaska*.

**WALLACK'S**—James K. Hackett stays a fortnight more in *The Crisis*.

**VICTORIA**—Viola Allen appears in *The Eternal City*.

## CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

Week Ending December 20.

**ACADEMY OF MUSIC**—The Ninety and Nine—11th week—N to 11 times.

**AMERICAN**—Henry Greenwall Stock in *Circumstantial Evidence*.

**BIJOU**—Blanche Bates in *The Darling of the Gods*—24th week—11 to 11 times.

**BIJOU**—Mabelle Gilman in *The Mocking Bird*—24th week—11 to 11 times.

**BROADWAY**—The Silver Slipper—24th week—11 to 11 times.

**CARNEGIE HALL**—Musical entertainments.

**CASINO**—A Chinese Honeymoon—24th week—11 to 11 times.

**CIRCLE**—Herbert Stock company in *The Charity Ball*.

**CRITERION**—Julia Marlowe in *The Cavalier*—24th week—1 to 11 times.

**DALY'S**—A Country Girl—11th week—11 to 11 times.

**DELACROIX**—Blanche Bates in *The Darling of the Gods*—24th week—11 to 11 times.

**EMPIRE**—William Faversham in *Impudence*—24th week—11 to 11 times.

**FOURTEENTH STREET**—Joe Welch in *The Peddler*—1st week—1 to 11 times.

**GARDEN**—E. R. Willard in *The Cardinal*—14th week—11 to 11 times.

**GARRICK**—Mary Mannering in *The Stubbornness of Geraldine*—14th week—11 to 11 times.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE**—Amelia Bingham in *A Modern Magdalen*—4th week—11 to 11 times.

**HARLEM OPERA HOUSE**—The Two Schools.

**HERALD SQUARE**—Richard Mansfield in *Julius Caesar*.

**HURTIG AND SEAMON'S**—Vanderbilt.

**IRVING PLACE**—The German Drama.

**KRISTIN'S UNION SQUARE**—Vanderbilt.

**KNICKERBOCKER**—Nat C. Goodwin and Maxine Elliott in *The Altar of Friendship*—34th week—11 to 11 times.

**LONDON**—The Ben-Ton Burlesques.

**MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**—Clara.

**MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**—Clara.

**MANHATTAN**—Mrs. Fiske in *Mary of Magdala*—4th week—11 to 11 times.

**MENDELSSOHN HALL**—Musical entertainments.

**METROPOLIS**—A Romance of Coon Hollow.

**METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE**—Maurice Grau Opera company.

**MINER'S BOWERY**—The Thoroughbreds.

**MINER'S BOWERY**—The Thoroughbreds.

**MRS. OSBORNE'S PLAYHOUSE**—Fad and Folly—11 to 11 times.

**MURRAY HILL**—Henry V. Donnelly Stock in *The Streets of New York*.

**NEW YORK**—When Johnny Comes Marching Home.

**OLYMPIC**—The Royal Burlesques.

**PASTOR'S**—Vanderbilt.

**PROCTOR'S FIFTH AVENUE**—Hoodman Blind and Vanderbilt.

**PROCTOR'S FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET**—Fallen Among Vanderbilt.

**PROCTOR'S TWENTY-THIRD STREET**—Vanderbilt.

**PROCTOR'S 21ST STREET**—All the Comforts of Home and Vanderbilt.

**ST. NICHOLAS GARDEN**—Clara.

**SAVOY**—Ethel Barrymore in *A Country Mouse and Carrots*—11th week—11 to 11 times.

**THALIA**—The Hallow Drama.

**THIRD AVENUE**—Alaska.

**WALLACK'S**—James K. Hackett in *The Crisis*—4th week—11 to 11 times.

**WEBER AND FIELDS**—Twisty Whirly—11th week—11 to 11 times.

**WEST END**—Herman Haupt.

**WINDSOR**—The Hallow Drama.

**VICTORIA**—Viola Allen in *The Eternal City*—11th week—11 to 11 times.

## REFLECTIONS



Photo by Baker, Columbus.

Wedgwood Nowell—This young actor, of whom an excellent likeness appears above, has gained considerable prominence in stock work during the past six years. Mr. Nowell has played more than one hundred important roles ranging from light comedy to leading business and character parts, and has shown remarkable versatility. In Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Louis and other cities of this country as well as in the maritime provinces of Canada he has received the hearty support of press and public. This season Mr. Nowell is leading juvenile of the Grand Avenue Theatre Stock company, Philadelphia, where he is a pronounced favorite. In addition to stock work in past seasons he has been identified with various New York road productions, embracing musical comedy as well as drama, among which may be mentioned *The Rounders*, *The Sporting Duchess*, and *F. C. Whitney's original Quo Vadis*, with which he was associated during his first two seasons. Among the roles in which he has scored are *Homes Borne in Pencil*, *Armed in Camille*, *Snaps in A Night Of*, *Illusions*, *Nortier in Monte Cristo*, *Captain Halliwell in The Little Minister*, *Buckingham in Richard III*, *Petronius*, *Nero*, *Anius Plautius* and *Tigellinus* in *Quo Vadis*; *O'Keefe* in *Nancy and Co.*, *Mured in Near the Throne*, *Stranger in A Glided Pool*, *Beaumont in The Lady of Lyons*, *Duchess in The Two Orphans*, *Chatterbox and Buckingham in Under Two Flags*, and *Wed in The Peddler*. In addition to his other talents, Mr. Nowell is a gifted pianist and a clever composer of light operatic and "popular" music.

Harry Fontelle and Claude Badier are en route with Julia Walters' new *Side-Tracked*.

Manager Frank R. Foster, of the Madison Opera House, Tuscola, Ill., entertained Madame Elise de Tourney at dinner at their home recently and presented to the actress a beautiful lace collar adorned with pearls.

Adèle Ritchie and Amelia Stone returned to the A Chinese Honeymoon at the Casino last week and were warmly welcomed. Miss Ritchie had been out of the cast for two weeks owing to an attack of pleurisy, and Miss Stone was absent more than a week with tonsillitis.

Franklin Ritchie is winning praise for the part in the South for his portrayal of Aubrey Tanqueray in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, with Ross Coghlan.

Helen Desmond made the trip from Philadelphia to Fall River and with six hours' stay and one rehearsal played the star part in *The Billed Girl* with success. Last season Miss Desmond played the star part in *The Convict's Daughter*.

P. P. Craft, manager of Conroy and Mack's Comedians, writes that business continues big at Meyersdale, Pa., Dec. 4-6, people were turned away at every performance. Dick Mack was presented with a valuable diamond pin weighing two carats by his brother, John Mack, who is now starring with Barney Ferguson in McCarthy's *Mishaps*. Agnes Earle has received a telegram stating that she has been awarded first prize in a singing contest and will receive a \$1,500 prize.

I. R. Haynes, bandmaster, and Maria De Boon, leading lady, with Uncle Josh Sprueby, were married at Ironton, O., on Dec. 8.

One day last week Belle Gold, while awaiting a train at Elmira, N. Y., for an hour, it is said, asked the ticket agent where the letter-box was situated. A gentleman talking to the agent told her at the remote end of the station. As it was morning she asked her informant if he would mind mailing her letter, because he had an umbrella and she did not. He acquiesced, and when he had gone the ticket agent told her the gentleman she had sent into the snow to mail her letter was Mr. Schonfeld, passenger agent of the Erie Railroad.

Walter Perkins announces that hereafter his play, a dramatization of Mary E. Wilkins' novel, "Jerome, a Poor Man," will be called simply *Jerome*.

Victor Moore is ill at the New York Hospital with malaria.

Chauncey Holland scored a success by his rendition of "Good-night, Luck," in *Huckleberry Finn* in Baltimore last week.

Kenneth Davenport, of Mildred Holland's *The Lily and the Prince*, recently played the role of the Prince at a few hours' notice, scoring a hit.

Sara Palmer is suffering from the effects of a badly sprained foot.

Hedice Gunn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Gunn, has made a successful professional debut at the Theatre Royal, Dublin.

Eather Bajero has been compelled by illness to retire from her star place in the cast of her play, *A Broken Heart*, and has gone to Chicago for treatment, her part being assumed by an understudy. The authoress and management mean to secure someone to fill the part for the rest of the season, she purposing to return to New York to play engagements in new productions and to arrange for the presentation of her new historical play, which is being considered by two prominent managers.

Hal Brown plays the part of the Ragged Hero to perfection.—*Buffalo Evening Times*.

# Latoila

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# THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR



[ESTABLISHED JAN. 4, 1879.]

The Organ of the American Theatrical Profession

121 WEST FORTY-SECOND STREET  
(BETWEEN BROADWAY AND SEVEN AVENUE)

HARRISON GREY FISKE,  
EDITOR AND SOLE PROPRIETOR.

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NEW YORK . . . DECEMBER 30, 1902.

Largest Dramatic Circulation in the World.

## NEW CIRCLES OF INFLUENCE.

The theatre in these days is developing many new circles of influence. Among the more recent of these THE MIRROR has noted the establishment of playhouses for the representing of ethical drama in the new Settlement enterprise on the East Side of New York and by the Educational Alliance, as well as the innovation of a theatre under the roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, by its rector, the Rev. WALTER E. BENTLEY, intended to represent religious and other drama appropriate to a modern and enlightened church administration. All of these ventures no doubt will make for the rational pleasure and the mental well-being of the widely-differing people that will come under their influence.

One of the most notable of dramatic ventures that has newly come to notice recently, although it has for some time been in operation, is that of a rich manufacturer, MAURICE POTTECHER, of Bussang, France. As an account of this enterprise says, this manufacturer "believes he has solved the labor question. Strikes and discontent are unknown in Monsieur POTTECHER's large establishment, and all because the enterprising owner runs a theatre as well as a factory."

Three nights and one afternoon every week the employees of this manufacturer either appear as actors or form the audience in the theatre that he has provided for their pleasure. Monsieur POTTECHER, it is said, himself frequently takes the part of leading man in the dramas produced, and he also assists in all the practical workings of the theatre. Every employee at one time or another is permitted to take part in a play, and, with the exception of the "first nights," all performances are free to the employees. The interest taken in the enterprise by this employer is remarkable. It is said that many of the rehearsals are held at his home, and he devotes much time, aside from his business duties, to coaching his workmen in their parts. Once each fortnight the workmen take a half holiday for rehearsals of the new play to be presented, aside from other time given to its preparation. The theatre is open every week of the year, and to vary its interest Monsieur POTTECHER once a month engages a star in the professional world to appear in some play. The repertoire of the theatre includes classic with modern plays, and the institution is

the means of an exemplary feeling of comradeship among all concerned in it.

Quite as interesting as these cases of exceptional purposes of the theatre, assisting as it does to show the universal appeal of the stage, is the fact that there are theatres connected with several private houses in and about New York for the exclusive entertainment of their owners and friends. Some of these, especially those attached to large rural mansions, upon occasion figure in the newspapers, owing to the fact that they are the scenes of elaborate representations, in which well-known members of the dramatic profession assist. The more private of these theatres, however, are for dramatic performances as secluded as are other social functions of the rich, who enjoy them. Perhaps the most elaborate of these theatres within the city limits formerly was a stable, but its transformation is thus described in a New York newspaper:

The interior was torn out and the ceilings and walls were redecorated after the manner of a regular Broadway theatre. A stage large enough for all practical purposes was installed and equipped with a large number of sets of scenery painted by well-known scenic artists. An up-to-date switchboard controls the footlights and other electrical contrivances for producing light effects. There are no regulation theatre seats, but instead exquisite chairs of Louis XV pattern, done in white and gold. In the centre of the auditorium is a fountain of white marble, in which the water gently trickles over a mass of lilies. Above is a promenade-balcony. The floor is of mosaic, and light is furnished from a large crystal chandelier suspended from the ceiling. The curtains for the stage is of heavy tapestry, which is drawn aside with cords. When performances are given in this theatre the performers are invariably professionals, and whether the bill consists of a short play, an operetta, or a vaudeville bill, two rehearsals are always held. The dressing-rooms connected with the stage are similar to those provided at regular theatres.

Several less elaborate private theatres are in frequent use by members of society, who thus in a measure are independent of regular dramatic enterprises, although in the nature of things most of the performances seen in such theatres must lack finish in the acting and the mise en scene. All such examples go to show, however, the ever-increasing interest in and the influence of the stage as it relates to contemporary life in all the aspects of that life.

## THE FECHTER MANUSCRIPTS.

Mrs. Kate Hackett, sister of the late Linus Price, who is now a resident at the Edwin Forrest Home, at Honesdale, Pennsylvania, has in her possession a number of valuable manuscripts, originally the property of Charles Fechter, that she desires to dispose of. The manuscripts have never before been in the market, and should prove decidedly interesting to collectors of dramatic literature.

The most valuable in the lot is the original manuscript of The Corsican Brothers—Fechter's own copy. It is in fine condition and is bound in red morocco. The other manuscripts are Belshazzar, as played by Charles Dillon and Charles Fechter; The Huguenots; or, The Feast of St. Bartholomew; Astarte; by William Gill, Jr.; Broken Spells, by Henry B. Farnie; Manfred; a dramatization of Byron's poem; The Slave's Revenge, by B. Barnett; Trials Before Triumph; Uncle's Baby, a one-act comedy; Forty vs. Twenty, a one-act comedy; Ormal, the Prince of Captivity, in seven tableaux, and Moliere, a comic drama in five acts, from the German.

The manuscripts were all owned and used by Fechter, and all are in good condition.

## A DOUBTFUL THANKSGIVING.

Here is an extract from a letter from Blanche Hall, featured by Broadhurst and Currie as Lois in Sweet Clover, agent the joys of holiday travel. "I inclose the menu of our Thanksgiving dinner," she writes. "It was most interesting."  
Soup: A la Columbus Station. Delayed train. On the side track. Roast: The late train. Entrée: Into Toledo, 1.30. Into theatre, 1.40. Mutton, 2.15. HARRY POTTECHER: Make-up, with cold cream. Dessert: Not just. Small portion. Cheering song. From dressing-room.  
"I sent out for a picture of hot chocolate during the second act, and got it at night when I came back from supper. It was said that the dinner was an unusually elaborate one; but all who partook were supposed to have eaten themselves sick, the supper was just a nice light one."

## A THEATRICAL PIGEON.

A pigeon that at one time enjoyed a considerable theatrical reputation died in Bloomington, Ill., on Dec. 8. The bird once belonged to Cecil Spooner and had been trained to fly to her in the theatre when she sang a particular song. Later the pigeon appeared in various theatres of Europe. The bird was thought to be about twenty-one years old at the time of its death.

## DIE ROTHE AWPEL PRODUCED.

Die Rothe Awpel, by Krantz and Jacoby (The Red Hanging Lamp), had its first American production at the Fabst Theatre, Milwaukee, Dec. 8, by the German Stock company under the management of Leo Wachner. Adolph Schumacher and Marianne Gonsky essayed the leading roles.

## THEATRE DESTROYED BY FIRE.

The Cheyenne Opera House, at Cheyenne, Wyo., was completely destroyed by fire on the morning of Dec. 8. All attractions booked at the house will probably play at Turner Hall in the future.

## A REQUEST TO THE FUND.

The Actors' Fund received last week the sum of \$2,000 which had been left to the institution by the late Theodore G. Well.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

As to the Consumptive's Home.  
CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE, Boston, Dec. 8, 1902.  
To the Editor of The Dramatic Mirror:  
Sir—Will you allow me a little space to speak about Robert Bell's project—namely, the building of a sanatorium for consumptive professionals?  
The idea is a good one and if carried out in the way Mr. Bell suggests is bound to be successful.  
To depend on personal contributions is precarious, to say the least; but if the building fund is raised by special performances, as suggested, the success of the plan is secured. I feel confident the profession as a whole will do all in its power to assist Mr. Bell in this philanthropic undertaking.  
Yours, truly,  
LEONORA BRADLEY.

## EXCEPTIONAL AUDIENCES.

The audiences that have witnessed Mrs. Fiske's production of Mary of Magdala at the Manhattan Theatre have been notable not only for their numbers, but also for their standing. Mrs. Fiske, always a favorite with the best class of metropolitan theatregoers, has drawn this season even more than before the culture and wealth of New York. Never, it is generally admitted, has New York seen so brilliant a series of audiences as have attended the performances at the Manhattan. In addition to the many persons of social and literary prominence, there has been an unusual attendance of clergymen, for whom the theme of the play has a special interest. Among those who have been present are Edmund Clarence Stedman, South Wharton, Norman Hapgood, John Kendrick Bangs, Bishop W. H. Merriam, of Sacramento; John Lloyd Thomas, president of the Nineteenth Century Club; Justice Charles H. Truax, former Mayor Robert A. Van Wyck, St. Clair McKelway, Richard Watson Gilder, Jeanette L. Gilder, the Rev. Ernest M. Struss, of St. Thomas Church; Rev. Percy Grant, of the Church of the Ascension; Helen Gould, John Jacob Astor, Mrs. W. D. Sloane, August Belmont, Miss Anne Morgan, the Rev. Dr. Henry Lebeck, the Rev. John Talbot Smith, the Rev. Thomas P. McClellan, the Rev. Joseph Silberman, Mrs. Hillhouse Roosevelt, George W. Cable, the Rev. Minot J. Savage, Felix Adler, former Governor Frank B. Black, and many others. Every audience at the Manhattan, in fact, includes persons eminent in the arts, literature, the church, society and other fields.

## NEW THEATRES AND IMPROVEMENTS.

Helena will have one of the finest playhouses in Montana. It is said; the work of construction to begin in the early spring. This has been practically decided by A. M. Holter and Herman Kling, two citizens of Helena who will build the theatre to lease and management by Howe and Marks. The new building will cost \$200,000 and will be modern and up-to-date in all respects. Plans have already been drawn and submitted to a prominent theatrical architect in New York, who approved of them.

The New Gottschalk Theatre at Aberdeen, S. D., was opened to a very large house on Nov. 24 by the James Hall company.

It is said that the town of Hattiesburg, Miss., will have a modern theatre built in the near future. Hattiesburg is now closely connected with Mobile by the Mobile, Jackson and Kansas City Railroad.

The Rapids Club, of Alexandria, La., has made a proposition to the city to grant them the privilege to build an opera house on the City Square. Should the city grant them the request they will erect an opera house costing \$40,000.

It is reported that Louis Hanner, of Toledo, Ohio, has purchased an acre of ground in the rear of the Farm Theatre, on which he intends to build an addition to the playhouse.

It is rumored about town that the Sire Brothers have come into possession of a new theatre site at the northeast corner of Broadway and Forty-fifth Street, where they will build a theatre of large proportions.

The new Theatre Republic at San Francisco was opened on Nov. 29 with The Sporting Duchess as the attraction.

It is reported that McVicker's Theatre company, of Chicago, are desirous of erecting a new twenty-story building on the present site of their theatre. The only objection is the fact that the City School Board owns the land upon which the present structure stands, and will not waive a portion of the agreement in the present lease of the McVicker Company to the property that does not expire until 1905. This clause states that a revaluation of the property shall be taken in 1905. A meeting between representatives of the company and the School Board was held recently, when the matter was discussed. No definite action has as yet been taken. Should the company carry out their plans, it is said, that they will erect an office building to contain a new theatre that would cost in the neighborhood of \$300,000.

## MUSIC NOTES.

John Philip Sousa and his band will sail Dec. 24 for a European tour of twenty weeks.

Kocian, the Bohemian violinist, will appear at the Metropolitan Opera House Sunday evening, Dec. 21.

The first of the People's Symphony Concerts crowded Cooper Union Hall Tuesday evening.

The second Bagby musical was given at the Waldorf-Astoria Monday morning.

Madame Roger-Miles, the French pianist, has lately played at the Colonne concert, her last public appearance in Paris preparatory to her departure for this country. She is to be heard first with the Dumbore Orchestra in New York, then at several recitals. Then she will begin her tour of the principal cities, extending to the Coast.

## AMATEUR NOTES.

The young men of the Cathedral Gymnasium of Mobile, Ala., presented The Hidden Gem Nov. 27 at Mobile Theatre to their many friends.

St. Peter's Catholic Club, of Haverstraw, N. Y., gave an entertainment Nov. 28, under the direction of the Rev. Father Murray.

An amateur theatrical performance was given by Mrs. H. L. Roosevelt at her residence at 301 Lexington Avenue, New York, on Dec. 4. The entertainment consisted of a one-act sketch, entitled Why Men Smoke, some recitations, monologues and musical selections.

## QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

[No replies by mail. No attention paid to anonymous inquiries or irrelevant queries. No private addresses furnished. Questions regarding the whereabouts of players will not be answered. Letters to members of the profession addressed in care of The Mirror will be forwarded if possible.]

K. D., Philadelphia.—Enquire of the Actors' Society of America, 114 West Fortieth Street, New York city.

J. J. McD., New Martinsville, La.: The more important books of the late Alfred Ayres are "The Orthologist," "The Verbalist," "The Mentor," "Acting and Acting," "Some Ill-Used Words" and "The English Grammar" of William Corbett, revised and annotated. These books are published by D. Appleton and Company, No. 72 Fifth Avenue, New York.

E. B., New York: The roster of the Arizona company this season is as follows: Kirke La Shelle, proprietor; James H. Polzer, manager; Frank Buckley, advance agent; B. D. Dean, stage manager; J. D. Ferris, property man; John W. Cope, John Burke, Leslie Matthews, Frank Campan, Ben D. Dean, Dunstan Farnham, Charles E. Graham, C. H. White, H. Bradley Baker, Agnes Muir, Edith Lemmert, Mary Churchill, Eleanor Wilton, and Alma Bradley.

E. K. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.: Humanity was originally produced at the Bowdoin Square Theatre, Boston, Dec. 24, 1894. It was presented in New York at the Fourteenth Street Theatre Feb. 4, 1895, with the following cast: Lieutenant Cranbourne, Joseph E. Grimmer; Sir Felix Cranbourne, Scott Cooper; Lady Cranbourne, Mary Davenport; Vera Cranbourne, Belle Buckland; Major Dargrind, Fraser Coulter; Lieutenant Puntel, Charles J. Jackson; Matthew Penn, Theodore Hamilton; Kenneth Penn, Kate Vining; Leslie Penn, Agnes Rose Lane; Misses Marks, Dora Davidson; Ray Marks, Edith Price; Jerry Gratton, James E. Sullivan; Isaac Marks, Arthur Abbott; Corporal Lockman, Samuel Gray; Alma Dargrind, Phoebe Davis.

## PERSONAL.



BONELLI.—William Bonelli is starring this season with Rose Stahl in Janice Meredith and has been meeting with success throughout the States. An American Gentleman, of which Mr. Bonelli is proprietor, is now in its twentieth week and also prospering. It is reported that he will make two new productions before the close of the season.

McCANN.—John Ernest McCann has sold to George Samuels a new four-act melodrama, Fortune's Wheel, for early production.

BLANC.—Julia Blanc, after closing a successful vaudeville engagement, has been re-engaged by Weis and Greenwall for the American Theatre Stock co., to open Dec. 22.

RAFTER.—Adèle Rafter, a graduate of the American School of Opera, has been engaged for the forthcoming production of Blue Bird at the Knickerbocker Theatre on Jan. 11.

ROBERTS.—H. R. Roberts, the young Australian star, now under contract with David Belasco and appearing with Mrs. Carter in Du Barry, will resume his starring tour at the close of his present engagement. Mr. Roberts' success as David Garrick on the Coast was most notable.

CHIPPENDALE.—Frederick Chippendale, now a guest at the Edwin Forrest Home, whose recent illness caused great concern among his many friends, is reported to be well on the road to recovery.

VINCENT.—John Vincent, the noted old actor and stage-manager, and Mrs. Vincent are soon to be admitted as permanent guests at the Actors' Fund Home on Staten Island.

BJORNSSON.—Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the Norwegian dramatist, celebrated his seventieth birthday at Christiania on Dec. 8. The city was decorated with flags, and a congratulatory address signed by thirty thousand citizens of Norway was presented to him. In the evening a torchlight procession was given in the dramatist's honor, and he attended a gala performance at the National Theatre.

## PLAYS COPYRIGHTED.

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THE MOTOR GIRL. Book and music by Arthur Weld. Lyrics by R. B. Smith. Copyright by Louise Brandt.

THE OLD MILL STREAM. By John Fitzgerald Murphy.

TRACT IN WASHINGTON. By William Adams. TWENTY MIDNIGHT AND MORE. By Harry L. Newton Pub. Company.

WHEN THERE IS NOTHING. By W. B. Yeats. WHO IS CLARA. By Harry L. Newton Pub. Company.

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## OBITUARY.

Reverend Thomas McLaughlin, uncle of Maurice E. McLaughlin, of The Mirror staff, died on Dec. 8, of heart failure. He was stricken while celebrating mass in the magnificent marble church in New Rochelle, N. Y., which he built after he had reached the age of seventy years, to replace the former edifice, which was destroyed by lightning. Father McLaughlin was appointed pastor of New Rochelle almost fifty years ago, and his out missions took in almost all of Westchester County at that time. He was always an earnest advocate of the rights of the "underdog," and was an ardent advocate of the theories of Henry George, which he firmly believed contained the solution of many of the most harassing problems that confront society at the present day. He leaves behind him a spotless record that will keep his memory green in the hearts of those who loved him for his unswerving honesty, his manliness and his unflinching courage in the face of opposition, in fighting the battle for the weak and down-trodden against those who would oppress them.

Joseph A. Davis, the theatrical lawyer and organizer of the Columbian Amusement Company, died at the Hahnemann Hospital, on Dec. 10, of apoplexy. He was twenty-nine years old, and is survived by a widow and one child. The remains were buried at Jamaica, L. I., on Friday.

Mrs. Felix Hill, mother of C. H. Andrews, died at her home at Winnetka City, Minn., on Dec. 7; aged seventy-four years.  
James B. Preston, the father of E. J. Preston, the manager, died at his home at Onida, N. Y., on Dec. 8; aged eighty-four years.

## BORN.

GRIFFIN.—A daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Griffin, at Albion, La., on Nov. 28.

## MARRIED.

DE BRETLEY-MARTINOT.—William De Bretley and Edith Martinot, at Litchfield, Minn., on Dec. 8.  
HAYNES-DE BEAR.—D. B. Haynes and Maude De Bear, at Boston, O., on Dec. 8.



## THE USHER



The year now closing has been notable in the theatrical world of America in more than one respect, and Christmas will be celebrated with unusual satisfaction by many actors and managers. The star of hope burns brightly in the dramatic heavens.

To begin with, the general prosperity of the country has continued without interruption, and the stage has enjoyed its share of recompense. There seems to be nothing in sight that threatens this happy condition of things.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Theatrical Trust has ruled off the tax it imposes upon many theatres and attractions for permitting them to do business, theatrical patronage has been so generous that even these victims have enjoyed a measure of the universal prosperity. They are to be congratulated especially on the good times that give them a margin for profit despite the distressing bondage into which they blindly and foolishly ventured.

A development of more interest and significance is the triumph of several individual and independent actors and managers in the line of artistic and important productions.

Indeed, the producers of the Trust this season find themselves overshadowed and supplanted by these courageous factors that in the face of the disadvantages and hindrances created for them by the Ring have contributed to the dramatic year its only distinctive features.

This is an aspect of the present situation that is full of strength and promise. Clearly revealed, against a background of sordid commercialism and crass artistic ignorance, we have here an example of what the stage would be in this country were it freed from the incubus that for half a dozen years has retarded its progress.

Third, but by no means last, among the reasons for good cheer among player-folk this Christmas is the unification of the independent interests of our stage and their determination to restore healthy conditions in the business of the theatre.

This movement is constantly gathering strength, and there is no doubt that it will gather an irresistible force.

When it does the intolerable conditions created and maintained by the Trust will be swept away, and actors and managers once again will live and breathe and pursue their activities without having to secure permission by purchase or otherwise. Emancipation is not far off, unless all signs fail.

The Mirror, too, furnishes its quota to the happiness of the holiday season in the form of this Christmas number, which is crowded with interesting features, pictorial, literary and of other kinds. It combines with the regular issue a variety of special matter, and it furnishes this double number without an increase in price. How well the profession understands and appreciates the unequalled advertising value of The Mirror is found by reference to the advertising pages.

## AL. H. WILSON.

Al. H. Wilson is starring this season in a new comedy, *The Prince of Tatters*, in which he has recorded at every stand an unequivocal success. Mr. Wilson, whether considered as a sweet singer or a clever actor, is immensely popular and his following is large in all the principal cities. His new starring medium affords ample opportunity for the display of his dramatic talent as well as his admirable voice, and its reception has been uniformly cordial. Mr. Wilson now takes rank as one of the most popular and profitable stars in the country, and any new effort of his will be awaited with unusual interest.

## FINE PLAYS FOR STOCK.

Allice Kauer, the dramatist's agent, on another page announces a fine list of recent successful plays for stock and to be let for specified territory. They include *Hearts Afire*, *More Than Queens*, *Mrs. Dane's Defense*, *A Royal Family*, *Twilight of the Wells*, *The Way of the World*, *Darcy of the Guards*, *Heartsease*, *Nathan Hale*, and *Her Lord and Master*. Full scenic equipment is procurable with these, and Miss Kauer also has a number of plays that have scored emphatically this season. Her offices are at 1432 Broadway.

## THE ELKS.

Memorial Day was observed by the Carlisle, Pa., Lodge of Elks, No. 518, on Sunday, Dec. 7, in the Opera House. The lodge was assisted by the Germania Orchestra of Reading, Pa., and by Misses Beck and Breda and Hugh R. Miller, prominent scientists throughout the Cumberland Valley. A large attendance was present.

The Penn. R. D. Lodge, No. 230, will hold memorial service in Theatre building 7, Hon. Childs, of Minnesota, addressing.

The Montgomery, Ala., Elks hold a memorial service Dec. 7 at Montgomery Theatre that was largely attended.

A memorial service was held by the Racine, Wis., Lodge, No. 1000, Dec. 7, before a large audience. An eloquent address was delivered by Rev. H. P. Hyltett. Several fine musical numbers were also rendered.

## HART CONWAY'S PUPILS IN EVERYMAN.

The students of the Hart Conway School of Acting in Chicago appeared at the Studebaker, in that city, on the afternoon of Dec. 4 in the morality play, *Everyman*, and a new one-act play by L. Du Font Syle, entitled *In Southern El Dorado*. Mr. Conway's presentation of *Everyman* was the first that had been given in Chicago and it attracted wide attention among the literary folk and serious theatregoers of the city. The dramatic critics were all greatly impressed by the performance and were enthusiastic in their praises of it.

Mr. Conway made in the production several departures from the traditions unearthed by the Elizabethan Stage Society and which are followed by Ben Greet's English company that recently appeared in New York. Adonai (the deity) was not made visible. The theatre was darkened when he spoke. Death was arrayed in long robes instead of being attired in grotesque fashion. And the names of the players appeared on the programme—which has not been the case in any of the earlier presentations. The cast was as follows:

Messenger	Josephine Ross
Adonai	John A. Mosen
Death	Peter Thomas
Everyman	Rudolph Magnus
Fellowship	John A. Mosen
Kindred	Harry L. Wright
Cousin	Grace E. Mills
Goods	Paul T. Case
Good-deeds	Elmore Hayden
Knowledge	Anna Harding
Confession	Franklin P. Benson
Beauty	Harriet Worthington
Strength	Ralph Bennett
Discretion	Clara W. Brown
Five-wise	Allie Talman
Angel	Florence Powers

The students approached their difficult task with earnestness and reverence, and their work created the same feeling of awe that was experienced by those who saw the English company. Rudolph Magnus won very high praise for his performance of the principal role, and the other parts were without exception in capable hands. Dr. Louis Falk was at the organ, and an Ave Maria was sung by a quartette composed of Uria Beatrice Kottger, Victoria Harrel, Lulu F. Slocum, and Anna Ingold.

The curtain-raiser, *In Southern El Dorado*, proved to be a bright and entertaining bit of a play, and it was well acted by the following cast:

John Thorold	Peter Thomas
Lacy	Pauline Brooks
Virginia Corlison	Jean Murray
George Ashby	Rudolph Magnus
Tom Roper	Ralph Bennett

Mr. Conway, whose achievements as an actor during his long stage career are well remembered, has been very successful indeed with his school, and the public performances by his pupils have come to be extremely popular with Chicago playgoers.

## CUES.

Sullivan, Harris and Woods are preparing to send out a company in *For Her Children's Sake* through England and Australia next year.

Clay T. Vance's forthcoming production of *The Little Church Around the Corner* is said to be a melodrama of heart interest without too much of the sensational. The cast will include Clarence Heritage, George Baker, George W. Mitchell, Louis Haines, Thomas Meagan, Lillian Dix, Kathleen Kinsella, Avon Dreyer, Edith Fabbini, and Marion Russell, the authoress of the drama.

Claus Bogel, who was playing *Jirgi* with Mrs. Brune in Wallace Munro's production of *Unorna*, has been transferred by Mr. Munro to his Rupert of Hentzau company, pending Mrs. Brune's recovery.

Gormand and Ford on Dec. 1 ended the third successful year of the Gormand and Ford Repertoire company, under the management of Harry Gormand and Bart Ford, having played continuously Summer and Winter, losing but four performances in the entire period. Although perhaps the two youngest actor-managers in repertoire, they have established a record that can hardly be equaled by any of the "old-timers."

Edward McWade's war drama, *Winchester*, will be presented in London, in April, with Margaret May as the star.

Will S. Rising has signed to open in Bobadil, Lucombe Searell's new opera. Mr. Rising appeared in London in Searell's *Estrella* and also in New York at the old Standard Theatre at the time it was burned, during the first week of the opera.

Manager John Grahame is rehearsing his new Southern Specialty company in Boston, and will open his season in Providence week of Dec. 22.

Allen and Bright are in their twelfth week with the Myrtle-Harder Stock company (Eastern) as a feature, introducing their specialty between acts.

In Williamsport, Pa., Andrew Lynam suddenly being retired from the dialect part in *Man to Man*, Charles J. Farrell offered to play Giovanni and went on with less than an hour's study, scoring a success.

Butterfield and Bromfield came very near losing their trick bear, "Frank," on Dec. 1 at Clearfield, Pa. The bear was being paraded by his trainer when a hunter who had imbibed rather freely happened to see him and blazed away at him. Luckily the shot went wild.

William D. Emerson has replaced Thomas J. Grady as stage-manager and to play *Awful Rick* with Murray and Mack's *A Night on Broadway*. W. A. Harold is now in advance of the company, replacing W. G. Shand.

Georgia Munson has retired from *The Night Before Christmas* and has joined Under Southern Skies.

B. H. Mills, after a short rest since the closing of the Forepaugh and Sells Brothers' Shows, has joined the Gormand and Ford company for the rest of the season.

The Spring and Summer tour of Harry Laurence, under the management of Harry Markham, will commence April 13, 1933.

Marion Russell's new play, *The Little Church Around the Corner*, opened its regular season at Elizabeth, N. J., Dec. 15. It was a gala occasion, Elizabeth being the home town of the young authoress.

Johnstone Bennett, who has been out of the cast of *The Silver Slipper* for the past few days, has been replaced by Josie Sadler, who, it is said, may play the part of the slave permanently should Miss Bennett remain out of the company.

T. C. McDonough, who has been playing the part of Hiram Garvey with Holden Brothers' Denver Express company for the past two seasons, closed Dec. 2, and opened Dec. 6 with *The Convict's Daughter* company at Sedalia, Mo.

The annual French Ball, conducted by the Cercle Français de l'Harmonie, will be given at Madison Square Garden on the night of Jan. 12.

Mrs. Langtry, who it is said will come to this country next January, has again been honored by King Edward. She is touring England in her new play, *Crossways*, and the King commanded her to appear at the Imperial Theatre, London, on Dec. 8, in the drama, when he was present with the Queen.

Why Women Sin will open at Young's Pier, Atlantic City, on New Year's Day. Rehearsals started at Lyric Hall, this city, last week.

Charles Peyton's next story, "How Spot Became An Actor," will appear shortly in the *Sunset Magazine*. Mr. Peyton is working on another tale, to appear next March, entitled "Wanted, a Bookbinder."

Students of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts will present five one-act plays, written by John Oliver Hobbes, Arthur Hornblow, Edith Wharton, Florence Wilkinson, and Louisa Meigs Green, at the Empire Theatre on the afternoon of Dec. 13.

Hal Brown made a distinct hit in the central figure. *The Brooklyn Times*.

## THE MATINEE GIRL



Christmas for the lucky actor always means no dinner and two performances.

The unlucky actor, out of an engagement, may accept one of the many invitations that come to good people at this time of year, but the fortunate ones, paradoxical as it may seem, are destined to be dinnerless until midnight; for few there are with sufficient courage to look upon the American national bird before matinee time or in the interim between the afternoon and evening.

One of the best things about the actor is that he probably values his dinner less than other men. He early grows out of the vice of self-indulgence.

He gets over the turkey-holiday fever early in the game, and even the dinner habit ceases to be a fixed one with him owing to the exigencies of travel and the bad hotels in the small towns that make dinner a mockery.

This is one of the charms that make the actor more interesting than the average man, who regards the evening meal as one of life's bright milestones marking each twenty-four hours by its reappearance.

The importance of one's dinner should really become less as one gets older and more intelligent, and on great holidays it would seem as though dinner should be a secondary consideration.

Quite the opposite is the case, though. People are so keen about their dinners on holidays that it is almost pathetic. Family gatherings sit about, sometimes three or four generations being represented, but a deep silence falls after the first joy of meeting is over and then everyone waits respectfully but firmly for the dinner gong.

One never knows the real true joy of living until one grows superior to the dinner habit—to breakfast on something deviled that other people like to have for supper; to dine on nothing and to have a sandwich for dinner.

There are many who imagine that to court such a diet as this would be to invite disaster and sudden death, but in reality the importance of dinner is overestimated by most people.

It is excusable in children who are undergoing the process of growing and therefore are supposed to require quantities of things with puddings, pies and ice cream, raisins, nuts and fruit on holidays; but the enthusiasm of some grown people on the subject of dinner is deplorable.

The Matinee Girl may be criticised for attacking dinner as an evil, but there is nothing, after all, like striking out in a new line of thought.

Reading the other day a highly philosophical leader in an evening extra on the subject of sleep, I was struck with the new thought introduced in the idea that the most important sleep of the twenty-four hours was the hour before awaking.

For any number of years persons have dwelt in the idea that the early hours of the night were the really important hours to consecrate to sleep, but this writer evolved the novel view that the last hour, the holy hour from which boys, and sometimes girls, are yanked by force, is the time in which the mysterious brain cells formulate gay matter.

The intricate way in which the writer explained how the light might be kept out during this precious last hour of sleep was rarely cunning. If one slept in a latticed brass bed, the foot of which frequently presents the appearance of a cage, from behind which children frequently simulate wild beasts, tigers and lions, in their childish gambols, if turned toward the light should be swathed, the writer explained, with bed quilts, counterpanes or rugs.

If, however, one were so far behind the times as to sleep in an old-fashioned wooden bed, it should be reversed, presumably on a switch which should be built in the floor, so that the rays of the rising sun might beat upon it but never touch the sleeper, whose brain was then churning in the last hour of sleep.

It was a beautiful thought and one that the youth of the country will hail with far greater delight than the idea of dinner as an evil. There was a niceness of detail about it that commanded respect, with the exception of a blank as to when the preparations as to warding off the sun's first rays should be conducted.

To make such preparations in the hour of retiring would argue an over-elaboration of methods, not to speak of the noise which would be caused by the revolution of a bed upon the floor, which in the case of flatters would never prove popular with persons on the floor below.

The draping of the foot bars would be noiseless and artistic, but would suggest too much concentration of thought and an entire lack of humor, which is a worse affliction to suffer than even the loss of the last hour's sleep.

But to those to whom it may appeal it is here offered with the idea of dinner as a bad thing. If it makes you think it is all right, and if it makes you laugh it is even better.

Le Gallienne—or was it Pottle—has said that the trouble which some people go to in

order to save their own souls is the highest form of selfishness!

The actor has to cultivate his brain and his body under difficulties. He frequently has to rehearse all day and travel all night, with a performance in the evening, and sometimes meals in a sketchy way on buffet cars and railway lunch counters.

One can always pick out the actor who has begun to be particular about his dinner. He is never gray over the ears, but he suggests domesticity, a fireside attachment and slippers and a smoking coat in the evening.

Domesticity is considered, and the Matinee Girl is beginning to think it a blight if one is an actor. If Art has a goddess she is only at home after midnight at the Lamb.

For the actor may be careless as to breakfasts and dinners, but is strong in the matter of supper. While others are wrapped in slumber and complexion cream he regains vitality from grilled bones and rarebits.

The satire of the Detroit hotel steward who gets out his excellent dinner menu cards with the heads of actors peering out cutely amid the dishes is apparent.

An actor sees his face the world over on fences, programmes and in newspapers, but he has to visit Detroit to find it gazing soulfully back at him over a roast chicken with giblet dressing.

On some of these bills of fare, which I receive in bunches with keen joy every now and then, I have grown accustomed to Mansfield's keen, intelligent gaze gleaming over Boston clam chowder.

Faversham peers moodily over Georgia corn pone and buttermilk, while James K. Hackett's profile shows up in connection with imperial pudding and brandy sauce, or cherry pie—the or in italics. Sothen as Hamlet stands guard beside boiled pickled with parsley sauce, while Nat Goodwin as Shylock is among the ices, and Henry H. Dixey is up against sliced tomatoes or mixed pickles—the or again in italics.

The Matinee Girl, knowing the Christmas joy and good fellowship that will exude through the pages of the CHRISTMAS MIRROR this week, sends from her corner a greeting to you all and congratulations upon the genuine advance and progress of the year.

There is no need to preach the doctrine of love and good will toward men to the theatrical profession.

These emotions, which others of us have to stir up annually, are always bubbling in the heart of the actor. The stage seems to hold such a monopoly of these traits that there is not enough left to go around among church members all the year through.

Witness the generous response that followed the announcement of a benefit for Georgia Cayvan! And this actress has been so long away from the stage that in any other world but the world of the stage she would be nearly forgotten.

But the charm of her womanly, gracious personality is still felt and remembered and her name must always stand beside that of the women who have lent a dignity and fineness to their profession that would be sufficient in itself, even if they possessed no talent—just as talent is accepted as all-sufficient by some accompanied by no other quality than itself.

But the children of the stage have matured wonderfully even within the last decade. They have become more serious, more averse to sensational advertising, and the lives of the most successful actors and actresses are lived as quietly and as far removed from publicity and display as possible.

So there is much to joy in this Christmas-time among the stage people and those who are interested in their work and their achievements.

A few years ago and it seemed as though the theatre was becoming entirely a money-making enterprise, with no high ideal or purpose in art.

Since then the elements that threatened it have decayed and fallen away like the fungus that sometimes fastens upon a sturdy, beautiful tree. Art for the pocket's sake is a failure, and even in the cheapest form of entertainment nowadays there is a demand for a certain intelligence, an absence of vulgarity, and scenic excellence of a higher order than the stage has ever known.

So, dinnerless or not, the actor keeps Christmas Day this year happily secure, with great anticipations of what will be done within the near future, what even the coming year may bring to those who have waited faithfully, believing in the omnipotence of earnest purpose and indefatigable industry in the vanquishing of evil and the upholding of good in everything.

## THE MATINEE GIRL.

## MISS SPENCER AS UNORNA.

Mrs. Brune, who has been starring in *Unorna* under Wallace Munro's management, was unable on account of her illness with typhoid fever to appear in the performance at Memphis on Thanksgiving Day. Isabel Fenger Spencer was selected to take her place, and she appeared in the two performances, before very large audiences, after but one rehearsal in the exacting role. The local dramatic reviewers spoke highly of her impersonation and she was called before the curtain after almost every act.

## STUDENTS IN LONELY LIVES.

The advanced students of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts presented for the first time in this country Gerhart Hauptmann's drama, *Lonely Lives*, at the Empire Theatre last Thursday afternoon. The audience, which completely filled the theatre, received the play with great appreciation. Owing to lack of space in this issue of THE MIRROR the review of the performance will be deferred until next week.

## ENGAGEMENTS.

Alma Mae Polton, Irene Jernon, and Lucius Fairchild, with Gordon and Bennett's *A Royal Slave* company.

Through the Actors' Society: Fred Gilbert, with Harrington Reynolds; Hermoine De Vere, for Gay Lord Quetz; Mark Ellsworth, for Henrietta Crossman company; Clarence T. Arbet, for Markins' Stock company; H. O. Crane, for A Kentucky Feed company; Florence Oldcastle, for Caste; Starr Pixley, for Judged Guilt; Gertrude Norman, for Alice of Old Vincennes; Lillian Dix, for The Little Church Around the Corner; Frank Opperman, for The Game of Life; Louis Haines, for The Little Church Around the Corner; B. J. Radcliffe, for Nance O'Neil, San Francisco; Beth Smith, for Audrey; George E. Murphy, for Only a Shop Girl company; W. A. Evans, for Caste; Clayton Leach, for Scarlet Letter company; Henrietta Browne, for Girard Avenue Stock company, Philadelphia; George Meach, for The White Slave company.

Earl Browne, to succeed Scott Craven in *Mary of Magdala*. William H. Barwell, who originated the part of Hamlet at short notice with James O'Neill in *The House of the Humbles*, by Liebler and Company for The Manhattan.

Leon Kohlmair, as assistant stage director for *His Beard*. Bernhard Nimmer, for *Halsing*.

Young Tule Bunch, not a doll minute.



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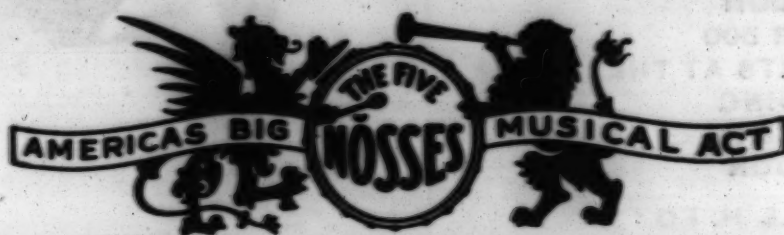
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## LEE OREAN SMITH.



Photo by Wheeler, New York.

Lee Orian Smith, of whom the above is an excellent likeness, is now connected with the Vandersloot Music Company. Mr. Smith is well known as a writer of compositions of the higher order, and his success in that line is familiar to musical circles. He is considered an authority on correct harmony, and his hand and orchestra arrangements are played by the leading bands of the country. Mr. Smith has just completed the score of a musical comedy which is to receive its initial production soon.

## DOWN IN MUSIC NOW.

Holland and Byrd, recently playing in Chicago, scored emphatically with Will Hand's "Oh! Didn't He Ramble."

Montague and Van Nieuwen have added to their clever act William H. Penn's ballad, "There's Nobody Just Like You," which is meeting with much success.

Violet Villiers is still singing "My Carolina Carol." She has in preparation "Mollie," both published by the Windsor Music Company.

Horvitz and Brown have three excellent interpretations in Harp and Banjo: "The Major and the Judge," "Waltz Up, My Little Sweetheart," "Annie Was a Wise, Wise Girl," and "The Loveliest Watermelon."

Belmont and Belmont have recently joined hands and will feature William H. Penn's "Sunflower and the Sun."

Minnie Gonsville will feature "Duty to Home and Flag," by Ed Rogers, published by the Windsor Music Company.

The following artists are singing "Ring Down the Curtain," "Coney Isle," and "Down in the Depths": J. K. Bennett, Emma Carlton, William Elmido, Casper Barnes, Charles E. Stutman, Fannie Edwards, Gusie Vivian, Vera Haskins, George Woods, the Brooklyn Quartette, the World's Comedy Four, the Troubadour Four, the Quinlan Trio, Joseph Crowl, the Barons, Von Tille, Grace Oswald, Ida Russell, Marie Hilway, the Dumorey Sisters, and Jeanette Harrows.

Lucille Noel, at present singing in the Central West, is using Cole and Johnson's "My Cattle on the Nile," Williams and Walker's "When It's All Goin' Out and Nothin' Comin' In," and "No One But You, 'Cause You Know the Reason Why."

One of the features of Miss New York, Jr., is "My Carolina Carol," an ensemble which calls for several encores at every performance.

The city of St. Louis reports the prevalence of the "Bambou" fever and traces the infection to Lydia Barry, who succumbed to it at the Chicago offices of Joseph W. Stern and Company. Doctors Cole and Johnson had the greatest success in the case, and pronounced it beyond a doubt a clear case of "Under the Bamboo Tree" infection.

Charles Bagley, of Bagley and Lorraine, is using "Down in the Depths" with success.

"I'll Be Your Baboon," J. Fred Bell's dainty plantation song, is being given with success by the Van Nieuwen, Grace Leonard, the Comedy Brothers, Marilla and Lillian, Anna Hale, Al Harvey, company, the Brooklyn Sisters, Fannie Allen, Harry and Edna, Marjorie Henderson, Johnnie Carroll, Johnnie Berry, Madge Fox, Harold Kennedy, Marshall and Lorraine, the Berlin Sisters, and Emma and Emma.

Thomas Christy will again enter vanguard and feature "Oh! Lala," published by the Windsor Music Company.

Humes and Humes are playing New England and are singing "Swinging Will Hand's Oh! Didn't He Ramble" and "Sun and Moon's" "Penny Leave the Gals Ajar."

Marguerite Cullen is using "Ring Down the Curtain, I Can't Sing To-night," at every performance.

The Ladies, who were last week at Keith's, will feature J. Fred Bell's "The Spirit of '76" on the Keith and Proctor circuits. Al Lawrence will also add this song to his repertoire over the same circuits.

James Whitley, the boy vocalist, has added to his repertoire "Three Stripes Out." He written to the Windsor Music Company: "The song and others are a scream and a hit everywhere."

Fred Gladish has returned to vanguard and will use "Mollie," written by George Hany and Frank Tammill, Jr.

The Gonsville Sisters and Lillian Palmer are singing "Every Day is Sunday Down at Coney Isle."

"If You Can't Be a Bull Cow, Fall in Behind," J. Fred Bell's own song, is one of the greatest hits this successful writer has ever written. During the past week the following artists have added this song to their repertoires: Baker, Wilson and Baker, Irving Jones, Harry Brown, Clara Allen, Mollie and McCarty, McIntyre and Peterson, Sam Carlin, Tammill, Laura Bennett, Nedric and Fremont, Dollie Cole, Claude Thardo, Murphy and Slater, Tom Fletcher, Grant and Grant, Leighton and Leighton, Clark and Floretta, and Clifford and Harvey.

The Roberts Four are making a success singing "Swing Down the Bamboo Tree" and "We All Gave Old in Time," two pretty ballads; also the beautiful song, "Three Stripes Out," by Ed Rogers, published by the Windsor Music Company.

Fay Tompkins's rendition of "Under the Bamboo Tree," at Weber and Fields, is one of the

## MUSIC PUBLISHERS.

## HERE'S TO THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

A great big belted hit is just about due, and it looks very much like Leo Feist will deliver the goods in the shape of his latest publication, "Here's to the Old Folks at Home." This song is by Andrew B. Sterling, the man known the world over as a writer of big hits; for instance, "My Old New Hampshire Home," "When the Harvest Days Are Over," "On a Sunday Afternoon" and others too numerous to mention. In his latest song, "Here's to the Old Folks at Home," Mr. Sterling has outdone all former efforts and given the public a good, solid song that will appeal to every one. The words are out of the ordinary and the melody is away above the average. Although the song is brand new, everybody who has heard it is unanimous in the opinion that this is Sterling's best ballad. The very best singers have taken a fancy to "Here's to the Old Folks at Home," and the whole office force at three down West Twenty-eighth Street are kept busy writing orchestration for the singers who are anxious to be the first to sing it. This is a splendid song and you won't regret the time spent in sending for it. Just say Andrew Sterling's latest and best song, and you'll receive "Here's to the Old Folks at Home."

most artistic hits of mimicry ever attempted by this consummate artist.

Dorothy Halden is using "Mollie" to great advantage. This song is published by the Windsor Music Company.

Elizabeth Murray last week charmed Chicago audiences with her unique interpretation of Williams and Walker's "When It's All Goin' Out and Nothin' Comin' In."

Frank Eldridge is singing William H. Penn's "Smiles, Smiles, Smiles," also a new song, "The Wide, Wide World."

The little lady with a big voice, Amy Butler, is making a feature of "Two is Company, and Three is a Crowd."

Any Whaley, the favorite singing artist, has captured Boston with her rendition of Edward F. Corlies' ballad, "Star of My Life."

Belle Fox put on Jerome and Schwartz's latest comic song, "Hamlet Was a Melancholy Dane," at the Illinois recently with The Wild Rose.

Grace Cameron is having success in Percy Grant's "Darling of My Heart," in A Normandy Wedding.

William McGraw, in the Margaret Fisher company, is using "Strong, Strong, Strong," and "You're Not in Obedience Now."

Hattie Kemble, Nellie Everett, McIntyre and Sears, Lillian McGraw, Jennie Mack, Gilbert Sisters, Baby Land, Jay and Clayton, Maudie Delmar, Dorothy Kemble, Emma Hale, and Florence Beach are all using "Tantalizing Eyes," Bryan and McNamee's successor to "Josephine, My Jo."

The Globe Comedy Four, known the world over as a quartette who are constantly furnishing mirth and song, were at Proctor's last week, treating the audience that beautiful ballad by the late Tony Stanford, entitled "In the Valley of Kentucky."

Tammi played Proctor's Newark house last week, and is warming up the chilled air by singing the famous "Home Ain't Nothin' Like This."

Gladys Valley, of the Broadway Extravaganza company, is making special feature of "Ring Down the Curtain, I Can't Sing To-night," "She's a Singer but a Lady Just the Same," and "I Want My Mama," three songs from the pen of Brennan and Story, published by William H. Aldred, of 51 West Twenty-eighth Street. Miss Valley is a talented singer and a graceful dancer and always makes good with her songs.

The Tumbler Quartette, composed of B. Mart, Robertson, W. Lawrence, and D. Lohman, are meeting with success in their artistic rendition of "Ring Down the Curtain, I Can't Sing To-night" and "Down in the Depths." Both songs are published by William H. Aldred, of West Twenty-eighth Street.

## CUES.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Griffin, at Albion, N. Y., on Nov. 22.

Ida Hawley has scored a large sized success in Adelle Ritchie's original role in A Chicago Honey-moon (No. 2).

Rehearsals of Peggy From Paris will be begun this week by Henry W. Savage's company preparatory to the production of the piece at the Webster Theatre, Chicago, in January. The scenery for the musical comedy has been painted by Walter Burridge.

William J. Fleming secured on Nov. 11 a renewal of copyright on Round the World in Eighty Days, selected from the French of Jules Verne by Felix G. de Verna. Harry Harwood Leach and Charles Doolittle, with original dialogue, music and spectacular effects.

Mrs. Langley's engagement at the Garrick Theatre will begin on Dec. 23, and Annie Russell will follow in June and Sam on Jan. 18.

William Collier, it is said, may retire from Weber and Fields' company at the end of the present season to resume starring, and there are rumors that he may be seen at the Bijou Theatre next season.

Felix Williams is to star next season under management of Edwin La Roche. This season he will appear at the Empire in Robert Marshall's new comedy, The Unknown.

Clara Marshall, the three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Marshall, will impersonate Santa Claus at the Christmas festival of the little people of the Free School for Crippled Children.

## MATTERS OF FACT.

Charles E. French is at Albany, as the owner of Broadway Play announced last Saturday night. He may be abandoned one of this city.

Christmas and New Year's at Middlebury, N. Y., are over, and the city has been a success. Mrs. M. A. French.

Christmas Day is over at the Empire Theatre, North Adams, Mass.

An up-to-date burlesque and comedy can be secured by addressing "Grove Company," care of this office.

M. Armstrong and Sam, comedy artists, of Columbia G. made an excellent record last season in supplying comedy for the New York production and their own theatres. Their studies are kept busy with their work.

The Universal Stage Lighting Company, 514 Broadway, proprietors, with offices at 100 Broadway, this city, proprietors, church stage light apparatus and effects of every description. They are contractors to the Metropolitan Opera House and their work for the production of the Barling of the Gods has called forth unanimous praise.

Damon Levy has been connected with some of the latest success of the theatrical season, having played all kinds of parts, with Augusta Felt, George Felt, Richard Marshall, two comers, Felt and Felt, Sam O'Brien, Rich and Harris, and in a number of other operas. Mr. Levy made a hit in The Golem after which he went to Europe and from the Chicago press has been called the "Golem King."

Manover J. R. Barry reports that One Night in June is having return dates called for by all managers.

Business Representative John J. Campbell is with One Night in June.

Richard J. Carroll engaged in Seattle, Wash., on Nov. 1 from Seattle for the purpose of singing, in which he was featured as Richard Marshall.

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Nobody's Business But de Devil an' de Moon.  
No One But You.  
Down Where the Cottons Grow.  
Don't Forget You're Talking to a Lady.  
When It's All Goin' Out and Nothin' Comin' In.  
Bell on Mr. Moon.  
The Whistling Girl.  
Once Upon a Time.  
Davy Jones' Locker.

(Instrumental.)  
Monkey on a Stick.  
While the Convent Bells Were Ringing.  
The Making with the Dreaming.  
Nasty Wren! You Let Me Be Your Queen.  
I'm Through.  
The Ghost of a Convent.  
The Photographer Convent.  
In the Valley Where the Blue Birds Sing.  
Madeline.  
Cloud Faces in the Sky.  
Courage.

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Press Notices on The Darling of the Gods:

The lightning effect added greatly to the beauty of the scene.—N. Y. Herald.  
The Red Bamboo Grove with its golden red and glowing sun must be seen, not missed.—N. Y. Sun.  
The Mountain and Mist Effects had the delivery of some beautiful scenes.—Evening Post.  
Wonderful use of electric light; shades of wondrous light shed out upon the scene, the whole magical and sparkling in the background.—N. Y. World.  
The manipulation of the lights alone is worth going to see.—Evening Telegram.



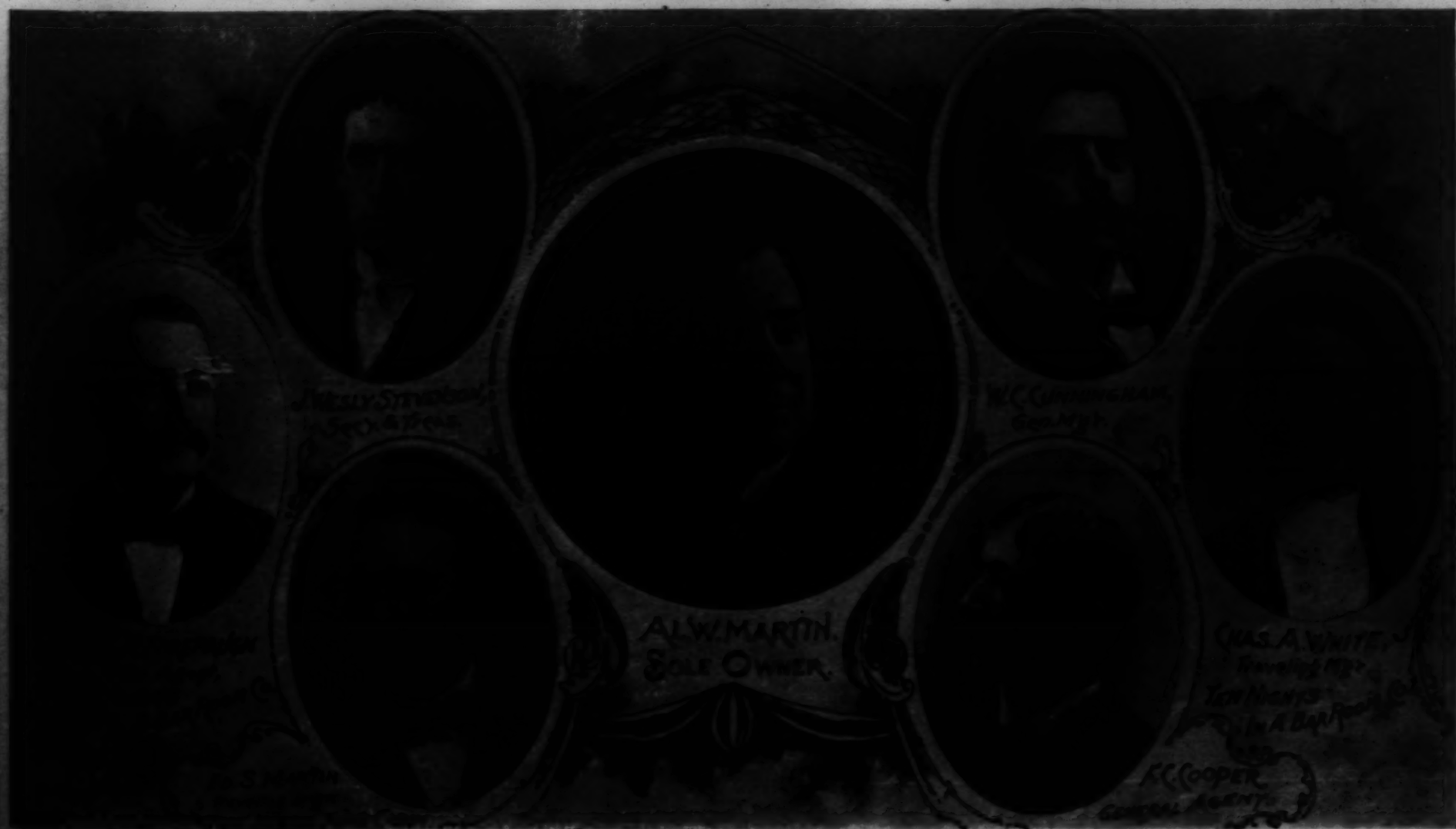
## SEASONS 1902-1903-1904

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